THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Old Tea Drinkers Appreciate

Blue Ribbon TEA

They have tried many other kinds which made great claims, but found that none of them had the Strength or delightful Richness and Fragrance of Blue Ribbon Tea.

Besides, no other tea has the fine rich Flavor which has made Blue Ribbon Tea so popular all over the West.

People using it for the first time should remember that Blue Ribbon Tea is much Stronger and Richer than other teas, and should put less in the pot.

Flavor and Economy

I have been induced to try other teas by samples given, but although the price was sometimes more, I cannot conscientiously say that any other tea we have tried is equal to Blue Ribbon either in flavor or economy, as this requires but little tea to produce a teapotful of medium size. I have often strongly recommended Blue Ribbon Tea to my friends, for I think it cannot be excelled.

MRS. JOHN C——, Virden, Man.

All Like It Very Much.

We have been using Blue Ribbon Tea for about 8 or 9 years, first at home and now I'm married I use it in my own home. We all like it very much.

MRS. FRANK C——, Pincher Creek, Alta.

Enjoys Good Tea.

I have used the Blue Ribbon Tea for years and recommend it always to my friends as being the best tea I can get in Canada, and being English, I well enjoy a cup of good tea.

MRS. CHAS. B. S——, Raymond, Alta.

Back to Blue Ribbon.

I think one mostly tires in a short time using the same tea, but it is not so with Blue Ribbon. I have used it over 9 years now and will not use any other. Sometimes the storekeepers have talked me into trying another tea, but I have always been thankful when it was used, so as to go back to Blue Ribbon. A number of friends who have tried it at my house have taken to using it themselves.

MRS. JOHN L. B——, Pense, Sask.

Ask your grocer next time for Blue Ribbon Tea

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

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A Voyage on an Ice-Floe.

By DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

[Dr. Grenfell may be described as the "Good Angel of Labrador," having for years devoted himself to ministering to the hardy toilers who live in that grim land of snow, ice and fog. In the enthralling story he describes how, while on an errand of mercy, he and his dog-team got adrift in the open sea on a tiny cake of ice; how he killed three of the dogs to provide himself with warm clothing; how he made a flagstaff out of their bones; and how he was finally rescued when hope was well-nigh dead.]

IT was Easter Sunday, but still winter with us, and everything was covered with snow and ice. Immediately after morning service word came from our hospital to say that messengers with a large team of dogs had come from sixty miles to the southward to get a doctor for a very urgent case—that of a young man on whom we had operated about a fortnight before for an acute bone disease in the thigh.

There was obviously no time to be lost, so, having packed up the necessary instruments, dressings, and drugs, and fitted out the sleigh with my best dogs, I left at once, the messengers following me with their own team.

Late in April there is always a risk of getting wet through on the ice, so that I was prepared with a spare outfit, which included, besides a change

The Author, DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G.

of garments, snowshoes, rifle, compass, and axe, and oilskin overclothes.

My dogs, being a powerful team, would not be held back, and though I managed to wait twice for the other sleigh I had reached a village about twenty miles on the journey before nightfall, had fed the dogs, and was gathering one or two people for prayers, when they caught me up.

During the night the wind shifted to the north-east. This brought in fog and rain, softened the snow, and made travelling very bad, besides sending a heavy sea into the bay. Our drive next morning would be somewhat over forty miles—the first ten miles across a wide arm of the sea, on salt-water ice.

In order not to be separated too long from my friends, I sent them ahead two hours before me, appointing a rendezvous at a log shanty we had built in the woods for a half-way house. There is no one living along all that lengthy coast-line, and so, in case of accident, we keep dry clothes, food, and drugs at the hut.

The first rain of the year was falling when I left, and I was obliged to keep on what we call the "ballicaters,"

"One of the dogs got on my shoulders, pushing me farther down in the ice."

or ice barricades, much farther up the bay than I had expected. The sea of the night before had smashed up the ponderous covering of ice right to the land-wash, and great gaping chasms between the enormous blocks, which we call "pans," made it impossible to get off. As soon as I topped the first hill outside the village I could see that half a mile out it was all clear water.

An island which lies off about three miles in the bay had preserved a bridge of ice, however, and by crossing a few cracks I managed to reach this island. The arm of the bay beyond this point is only about four miles straight across. This would bring me to a rocky promontory and would save some miles on the round. As far as the eye could see the ice seemed good, though it was very tough. Obviously it had been smashed up by the sea, and packed in again by the strong wind from the north-east, but I judged it had been frozen solid together again.

I set off to cross this stretch, and all went well till I was about a quarter of a mile from the landing point. Then the wind suddenly fell, and I noticed I was travelling over loose "sish" ice, almost of the consistency of porridge; by stabbing down, I could drive my whip-handle clean through it. This "sish" ice consists of the tiny fragments made by large pans pounding together on the heaving sea.

So strongly did the breeze now come off-shore, and so quickly did the packed mass, relieved of the wind pressure, begin to scatter, that already I could not see one floe larger than ten feet square. I realized at once that retreat was absolutely impossible; the only thing to be done was to make a dash for it and try to reach the shore.

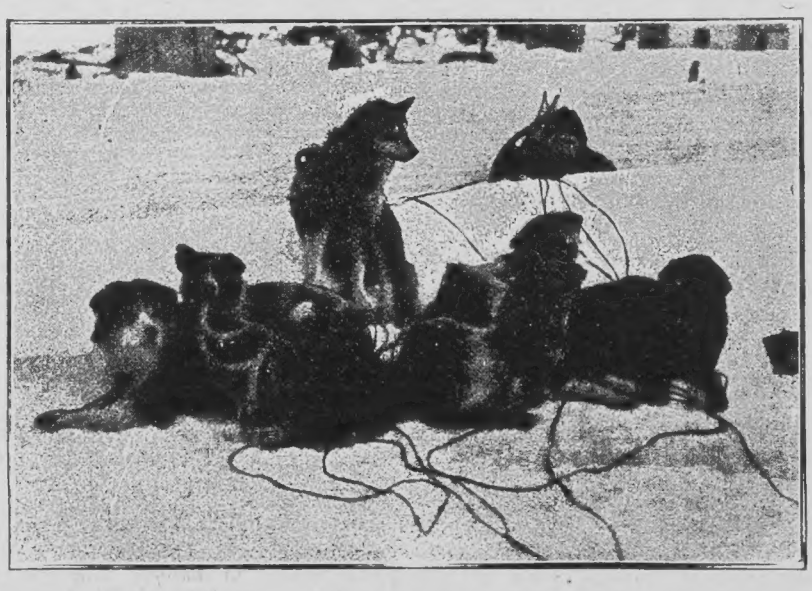
There was not a moment to lose, so I tore off my oilskins, threw myself out on my hands and knees by the side of the komatik to give a larger base to hold, and shouted to the dogs to go ahead.

Before we had gone twenty yards, the animals, divining their peril, hesitated for a moment, and the komatik instantly sank into the slush. It then became necessary for the dogs to pull, and they promptly began to sink in also. Earlier in the season the father of the man I was going to operate on had been drowned by his dogs tangling their traces round him in the "slob." This unpleasant fact now flashed into my mind, and I managed to loosen my sheath-knife, scramble forward, find the traces in the water, and cut them, meanwhile taking a turn with the leader's trace around my wrist.

There was a pan of ice some twenty-five yards away, about the size of a dining-table, and on to this the leader very shortly climbed. The other dogs, however, were hopelessly bogged in the slushy ice and water.

Gradually I hauled myself along the leader's line towards the pan, till he suddenly turned round and slipped out of his harness. It was impossible to make any progress through the "sish" ice by swimming, so I lay there helplessly, thinking it would be soon over, and wondering if anyone would ever know how the tragedy happened. Suddenly I saw the trace of another big dog, who had himself fallen through just before he reached the pan. Along this I hauled myself, using the animal as a bow anchor, but much bothered by the other dogs, one of which, in his struggle for life, got on to my shoulders, pressing me farther down in the ice. Presently, however, I passed my living anchor, and soon, with the dogs around me, I lay on the little piece of ice. I had to help the dogs on to it, though they were able to work their way to me through the

The Author as he appeared after his terrible experience on the ice-floe, showing the flagstaff made of dogs' bones.



The Author's Dog Team.

lane of water that I had made. We were safe for the moment, yet it was obvious that we must be drowned before long if we remained on this little fragment, so, taking off my moccasins, coat, gloves, and cap, and everything that I could spare, I tied my knife and moccasins separately on the backs of the dogs. My only hope of life seemed to be to get ashore at once. Had I been able to divine the long drift before me, I might have saved, in the same way as I saved my knife, a small bag of food. The moccassins, made of tanned sealskin, came right up to my thigh, and, as they were filled with water, I thought they accounted for my being able to make no progress.

Taking the long traces from all the dogs but the two lightest, I gave them the full length of the lines, tied the near ends around my own wrist, and tried to make the animals go ahead. Nothing would induce them to move, however, and though I threw them off the pan two or three times, they always struggled back on to it. Fortunately, I had with me a small black spaniel, a featherweight, with large furry paws, something like

snowshoes, who will retrieve for me. I threw a piece of ice for him, and he managed to get over the "slob" for it, on to another pan about twenty yards away. The other dogs followed him, and after much painful struggling all of them got on but one.

Taking all the rush I could get on my little pan, I made a rush, slithering with the impetus along the surface till once more I sank through. After a tough fight I was able to haul myself by the long traces on to this new pan. I had taken care this time to tie the harnesses, to which I was holding, under the dogs' bellies, so that they could not slip them off. But the pan I was now on was still not enough to bear us, and so this exhausting process had to be repeated immediately to avoid sinking with it.

I now realized, much to my dismay, that though we had been working towards the land, we had been losing ground all the time, for the off-shore wind had now driven us a hundred yards further out. The widening gap was full of pounded ice, which rose to the surface as the pressure lessened. Through this no man could possibly make his way.

I was now resting on a floe about ten feet by twenty, which, when I came to examine it, was not ice at all, but simply snow-covered "slob," frozen into a mass, and which I feared would soon break up in the general turmoil and heavy sea, which was continually increasing as the ice drove off-shore before the wind.

At first we drifted in the direction of a rocky point on which a heavy surf was breaking, and I made up my mind, if there was clear water in the surf, to try to swim for the land, But suddenly we struck a rock, a large piece broke off the already small pan, and what was left swung around in the backwash and went right off to sea. I saw then that my pan was about a foot thick.

There was nothing now for it but to hope for rescue. Alas! there was no possibility of being seen by human eyes. As I have already mentioned, no one lives around this big bay. It was just possible, however, that the people on the other komatic, knowing I was alone and had failed to keep my tryst, would, perhaps, come back to look for me. This, however, they did not do.

Meanwhile the westerly wind—our coldest wind at this time of the year—was rising rapidly, it was tantalizing, as I stood there with next to nothing on, the wind going through me, and every stitch soaked in ice-water to see my komatik some fifty yards away. It was still above water, packed with food, hot tea in a Thermos bottle, dry clothing, matches, wood, and everything for making a fire to attract attention, if I should drive out far enough fo someone to see me—and yet it was quite beyond my reach.

It is easy to see a black object on the ice in the daytime, for its gorgeous whiteness shows off the least thing . But, alas! the tops of bushes and large pieces of kelp have so long deceived those looking out that the watcher hesitates a long time before he takes action. Moreover, within our memory no man has ever been thus adrift on the bay ice. The chances were one in a thousand that I would be seen at all, and, even if I were, I should probably be mistaken for a fragment of driftwood or kelp.

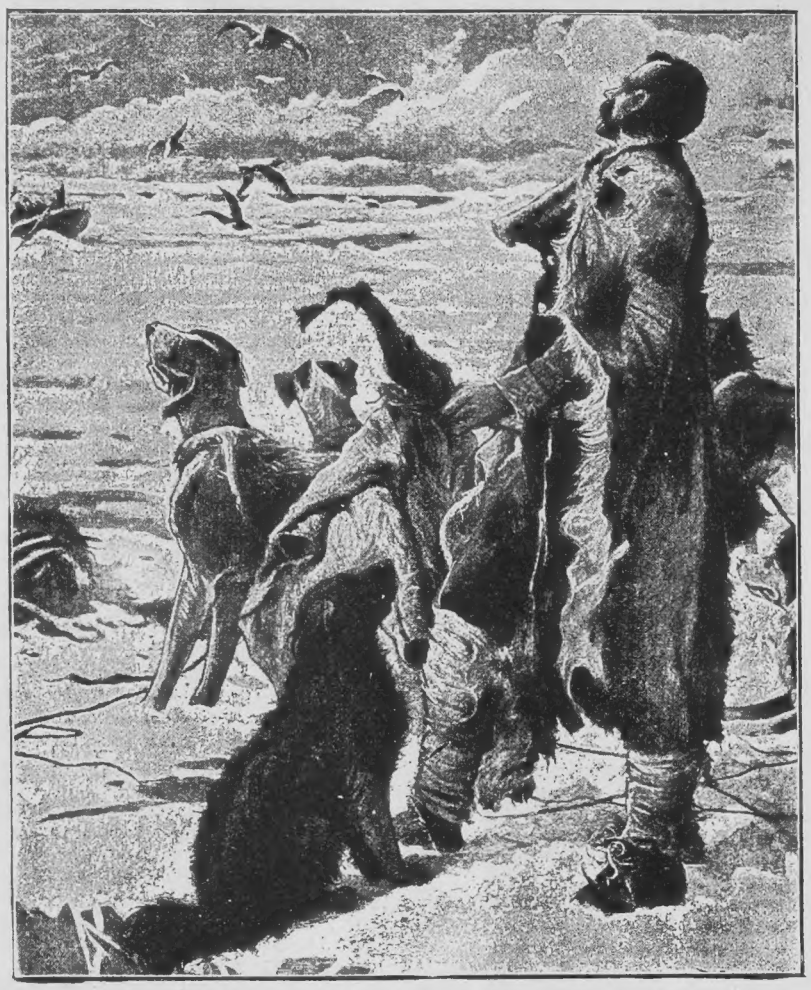
To keep from freezing I took my long moccasins, strung out some line, split the legs, and made a kind of jacket, which preserved my back from the wind down as far as the waist.

I had not drifted more than half a mile before I saw my poor komatik disappear through the ice, which was every minute loosening up into small pans. The loss of the sledge seemed like that of a friend, and one more tie of home and safety lost.

By midday I had passed the island and was moving out into the ever-widening bay. It was scarcely safe to stir on the pan for fear of breaking it, yet I saw I must have the skins of some of my dogs—of which there were eight on the pan—if I was to live the night out. There was now from three to five miles of ice between me and the north side of the bay, so I could plainly see there was no hope of being picked up that day. even if seen, for no boat could get out.

Unwinding the sealskin traces from my waist, around which I had them coiled to keep the dogs from eating them I made a slip-knot and passed it over the first dog's nead, tied it around my foot close to his neck, threw him on his back, and stabbed him to the heart. Poor beast! I loved him like a friend, but we could not all hope to live. In fact, at that time I had no hope that any of us would, but it seemed better to die fighting.

In the same way I sacrificed two more large dogs receiving a couple of bites in the process, though I fully expected that the pan would break up in the struggle. A short shrift seemed to me better than a long one, and I envied the dead dogs, whose troubles were over so quickly. Indeed, I began to debate in my mind whether, if once I passed into the open sea, it would not be better by far



"I could see that my rescuers were frantically waving."

to use my faithful knife on myself than to die by inches. There seemed no horror whatever in the thought; I seemed fully to sympathize with the Japanese view of hari-kari. Working, however, saved me from dangerous philosophizing. By the time I had skinned the dogs and strung the skins together with some ropes unravelled from the harnesses I was ten miles on my way and it was already getting dark.

Away to the northward I could see a single light in the little village where I had slept the night before. One could not help picturing them sitting down to tea, little thinking that there was anyone watching them, for I had told them not to expect me back for four days. I could also see the peaceful little schoolhouse on the hill, where many times I had gathered the people for prayer.

I had now frayed out some rope into oakum and mixed it with some fat from the intestines of my dogs, with the idea of making a flare, but I discovered that my matchbox, which was always chained to me, had leaked, and my precious matches were in pulp. Had I been able to make a light, it would have looked so unearthly out there on the ice that I felt sure they would have seen me. However, I kept the matches, hoping that I might be able to dry them if I lived through the night. While working at the dead dogs, about every five minutes I would stand up and wave my hands towards the land. I had no flag and I could not spare my shirt, for, wet as it was, it was better than nothing in that freezing wind, and, anyhow, it was nearly dark.

Unfortunately, the coves along the cliffs are so placed that only for a very narrow space can the people in any house see the sea. Indeed, most of them cannot see the sea at all, so that whether it was possible for anyone to see me I could not tell, even supposing it had been daylight.

Not daring to take any snow from the surface of my pan to break the wind with, I piled up the carcasses of the dogs. Moreover, I could now sit down on the skin rug without finding myself in a pool of water, thawed out by my own heat. During these hours I had continually taken off all my things, wrung them out, swung them in the wind, and put on first one and then the other inside, hoping that what heat there was in my body would thus serve to dry them. In this I had been fairly successful.

My feet were the most trouble, for they immediately got wet again on account of my thin moccasins being easily soaked through on the snow. I suddenly thought of the way in which the Lapps, who tended our reindeer, manage to dry socks. They carry grass with them, which they ravel up and put into the shoe. Into this they put their feet, and then pack the rest with more grass, tying up the top with a binder. The ropes of the harness for our dogs are carefully "served" all over with two layers of flannel, in order to make them soft against the animals' sides. So, as soon as I could sit down, I started with my trusty knife to rip up the flannel. Though my fingers were more or less frozen, I was able to ravel out the rope, put it into my shoes, and use my wet socks inside my knickerbockers, where, though damp, they served to break the wind. Then, tying the narrow strips of flannel together, I bound up the tops of the moscasins, Lapp fashion, and carried the bandage on up over my knee, making a ragged though most excellent puttee.

In order to run easily and fast with our dogs in the spring of the year, when the weather is usually warm, we wear very light clothing; thus we do not perspire at midday and freeze at night. It chanced that I had recently opened a box of football garments which I had not seen for twenty years. I had found my old Oxford University running "shorts," and a pair of Richmond Football Club stockings of red, yellow, and black, exactly as I wore them twenty years ago. These, with a flannel shirt and sweater, were all I now had left. Coat, hat, gloves, oilskins—everything else — were gone, and I stood there in that odd costume exactly as I stood in the old days on a football field. These garments, being very light, dried all the quicker until afternoon; then nothing would dry any more, everything freezing stiff.

My occupation till what seemed like midnight was unravelling rope, and with this I padded out my knickers inside and my shirt as well, though it was a clumsy job, for I could not see what I was doing. Now, getting my largest dog, as big as a wolf and weighing ninety-two pounds, I made him lie down in order that I could cuddle around him. I then piled the three skins so that I could lie on one edge, while the others came just over my shoulders and head.

My own breath, collecting inside the newly flayed skin, must have had a soporific effect, for I was soon fast asleep. One hand I had plunged down inside the curled-up dog, but the other hand, being gloveless, had frozen, and I suddenly woke, shivering enough, I thought, to break my pan. What I took to be the sun was just rising, but I soon found it was the moon, and then I knew it was about half-past twelve. The dog was having an excellent time; he had not been cuddled up so warmly all the winter. He resented my moving with low growls, till he found it wasn't another dog.

The wind was steadily driving me now towards the open sea, where, short of a miracle, I could expect nothing but death.

Still I had only this hope—that my pan would probably be opposite another village, called Goose Cove, at daylight, and might possibly be seen from there. I knew that the komatics would be starting at daybreak over the hills for a parade of Orangemen about twenty miles away. I might, therefore, be seen as they climbed the hills, though the cove does not open seaward. So I lay down and went to sleep again.

I woke some time later with a sudden thought in my mind that I must have a flag to signal with. So I set to work at once in the dark to disarticulate the legs of my dead dogs, which were now frozen stiff, and seemed to offer the only chance of froming a pole to carry a flag.

Cold as it was, I determined to sacrifice my shirt for that purpose with the first streak of daylight. It took a long time in the dark to get the legs off, and when I had patiently marled them together with old harness rope they formed the heaviest and crookedest flag-post it had ever been my lot to see. Still it had the advantage of not being so cold to hold because the skin on the paws made it unnecessary to hold the frozen part with my bare hands.

What had awakened me this time, I found, was the pan had swung around and the shelter made by my dog's bodies was on the wrong side, for, though there was a very light air, the evaporation it caused from my wet clothes made quite a difference. I had had no food since six o'clock the morning before, when I had porridge and bread and butter. I had, however, a rubber band on instead of one of my garters, and I chewed that for twenty-four hours. It saved me from thirst and hunger, oddly enough. I did not drink from the ice of my pan, for it was salt-water snow and ice. Moreover, in the night the saltwater had lapped up over the edges, for the

pan was on a level with the sea. From time to time I heard the cracking and grinding of the newly-formed "slob," and it seemed that my little floe must inevitably soon go to pieces.

At last the sun really did rise, and the time came for the sacrifice of my shirt. I stripped, and much to my surprise and pleasure, did not find it half so cold as I had anticipated. I now re-formed my dog skins, with the raw side out, so that they made a kind of coat, quite rivalling Joseph's. But with the rising of the sun the frost came out of the joints of my dog's legs, and the friction—caused, I suppose by waving it—made my flag-pole almost tie itself into knots. Still, I could raise it three or four feet above my head, which seemed very important.

Now, however, I found that, instead of having drifted as far as I had reckoned, I was only off some cliffs called Ireland Head, near which there is a little village looking seaward, whence I should certainly have been seen had the time been summer. But as I had myself, earlier in the season, been night-bound at the place, I had learnt that there was not a single soul living there in the winter. The people had all, as usual, migrated to their winter houses up the bay, where they get together for schooling and social purposes.

It was impossible to wave so heavy a flag as mine all the time, and yet I dared not sit down, for that might be the exact moment someone would be in a position to see me from the hills. The only thing in my mind was how long I could stand up, and how long go on waving that pole at the cliffs. Once or twice I thought I saw men against their snowy faces, which I judged were about five or six miles from me. In reality, however, all the time I knew in my heart of hearts that the black specks were only trees. Once, also, I thought I saw a boat aproaching. A glittering object kept appearing and disappearing in the water, but it was merely a small piece of ice sparkling in the sun as it rose on the surface.

Physically I felt as well as I ever did in my life, and with the hope of a good long sunny day I felt sure I was good to last another twenty-four hours if my ice-raft would only hold out. I determined to kill a big Eskimo dog I had at midday and drink his blood (only a few days before I had been reading an account of the sustaining properties of dogs' blood in Dr. Nansen's book) if I survived the battle with him.

I could not help feeling, even then, my ludicrous position, and I thought if I ever got ashore again I would have to laugh at myself standing hour after hour waving my shirt at those lofty cliffs, which seemed to assume a kind of sardonic grin, so that I could almost imagine they were laughing at me. I thought of the good breakfast my colleagues were enjoying just at the back of those same cliffs, and of the snug fire and comfortable room which we call our study.

I can honestly say that from first to last not a single sensation of fear entered my mind, even when struggling in the "slob" ice. It all seemed so natural; I had been through the ice half-a-dozen times before. Now I merely felt sleepy, and the idea was very strong in my mind that I should soon reach the solution of the mysteries that I had been preaching about for so many years.

It was a perfect morning, a cobalt sky, and an ultramarine sea, a golden sun, and an almost wasteful extravagance of crimson pouring over hills of purest snow, which caught and reflected its glories from every peak and crag. Between me and their feet lay miles of rough ice, bordered with black "slob" formed during the night. Lastly, there was my poor little pan in the foreground, bobbing up and down on the edge of the open sea, stained with blood, and littered with carcasses and debris. It was smaller than last night; the edges, beating against the new ice around, had heaped themselves up in fragments that, owing to its diminutive size, it could ill spare. I also noticed that the new ice from the water melted under the dogs' bodies had also formed at the expense of its thickness. Five dogs and myself in a colored football costume and a blood-smeared dogskin cloak, with a grey flannel shirt on a pole of dogs' legs, completed the picture.

The sun was almost hot by now, and I was conscious of a surplus of heat in my skin cloak. I began to look longingly at one of my remaining dogs, for an appetite will rise even on an ice pan. The idea of eating made me think of fire, so once again I inspected my matches. Alas! the heads had entirely soaked off them all, except three or four blue-top wax matches which were in a paste. These I now laid out to dry, and I searched around on my snow pan to see if I could get a piece of transparent ice with which to make a burning-glass, for I was pretty sure that, with all the unravelled tow stuffed into my nether garments and the fat of the dead dogs, I could make smoke enough to be seen if I could only get a light.

I had found a piece which it seemed might answer the purpose, and had gone back to wave my flag, which I did every two minutes, when suddenly, for the second time, I thought I saw the glitter of an oar. It did not seem possible, however, for it must be remembered that it was not water that lay betwen me and the land, but "slob" ice, which, a mile or two inshore of me, was very heavy. Even if people had seen me, I did not think they could get through, though I knew all of them would be trying. Moreover, there was no smoke rising on the land to give me hope that I had been seen. There had been no gun flashes in the night, and I felt sure that, had anyone seen me, there would have been a bonfire on every hill to encourage me to keep going. So I gave it up and went on with my work. But the next time I went back to my flag it seemed very distinct, and though it kept disappearing as we rose and fell on the surface, my readers can well imagine I kept my eyes in that direction. Through my dark spectacles having been lost, however, I was already partly snowblind.

I waved the flag as high as I could raise it in a direction to be broadside towards those places where I thought people might have gone out around the ice after ducks, which is their main occupation a little later in the year. I hoped that they might have seen my flag and come straight on for me. At last, beside the glitter of a white oar, I made out the black speck of the hull. I knew then if the pan held out for another hour that I should be all right.

With that strange perversity of the human intellect, the first thing I thought of when I realized that a rescue boat was under way was what trophies I could carry with my luggage from the pan! I pictured the dog-bone flagstaff adorning my study —the dogs intervened, however, and ate it later on—and I thought of preserving my ragged puttees in my museum.

I could see that my rescuers were frantically waving, and when they came within shouting distance I heard someone shout, "Don't get excited; keep on the pan, where you are." As a matter of fact, they were infinitely more excited than I. Already it seeemed just as natural to me to be saved as half an hour before it seemed inevitable that I should be lost. Had my rescuers only known, as I did, the sensations of a bath in the ice when you cannot dry yourself afterwards, they need not have expected me to throw myself into the water.

At last the boat came up, crashing into my pan with such violence that I was glad enough to catch hold of the bow, being more or less acquainted by now with the frail constitution of my floe, and being well aware it was not adapted for collisions. Moreover, I felt for the pan, for it had been a good and faithful friend to me.

A hearty handshake all round and a warm cup of tea—thoughtfully packed in a kettle—inside, and we hoisted in my remaining dogs and instantly started back, for even then a change of wind might have penned the boat with ice, which would have cost us dearly. Indeed, the men thought we could not return, and we started for an island, in which direction the way was all open.

There were not only five Newfoundland fishermen at the oars, but five men with Newfoundland muscles on their backs and arms and five as brave hearts as ever beat in the bodies of human beings. So we presently changed our course and forced our way through to the shore.

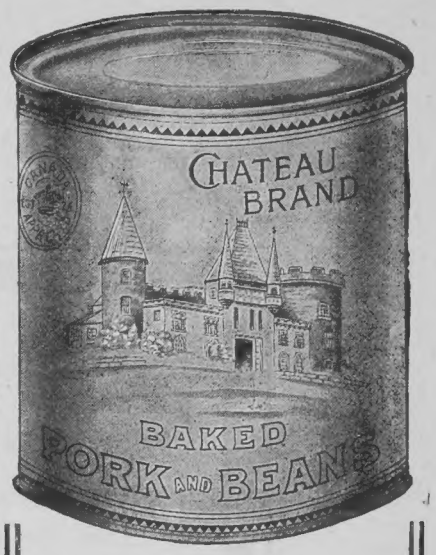
To my intense astonishment they told me that the night before four men had been out on a point of land, from which the bay is visible, cutting some dead harp seals out from a store. The ice had been extraordinary hard, and it had taken them till seven o'clock at night to cut out twenty-four seals. Just at the very moment before they left for home, my pan of ice had drifted out clear of the island called Hare Island, and one of them, with his keen fisherman's eyes, had seen something unusual. They at once returned to their village, saying there was a man on a pan, but they had been discredited, for the people there thought it could only be the top of some tree.

All the time I had been driving along I knew well that there was one man on the coast who had a good spy-glass, and that he had twelve children, among them some of the hardiest young men on the coast. Many times my thoughts had wandered to him, for his sons are everywhere, hunting seals and everything else. It was his sons, and another man with them, who saw me, and were now with him in the boat. The owner of the spy-glass told me he got up instantly in the middle of tea on hearing the news, and hurried over the cliff to the lookout with his glass. Immediately, dark as it was, he made out that there really was a man out on the ice. Indeed, he saw me wave my hands every now and again towards the shore. By a process of reasoning very easy on so unfrequented a shore, they immediately knew who it was, but tried to argue themselves out of their conviction. They went down at once to try and launch a boat, but found it absolutely impossible. Miles of ice lay between them and me, the heavy sea was hurling great blocks on the land-wash, and night was already falling, with the wind blowing hard on shore. These brave fellows, however, didn't sit down idly. The whole village was aroused, messengers dispatched at once along the coast, and look-outs told off to all the favorable points, so that while I considered myself a laughing-stock, waving my flag at those irresponsive cliffs, there were really men's eyes watching from them all the time.

Every soul in the village was on the beach as we neared the shore, and everybody wanted to shake hands when I landed. Even with the grip that one after another gave me, some no longer trying to keep back the tears, I did not find out that my hands were frostbitten—a fact I have not been slow to appreciate since. A weird sight I must have looked as I stepped ashore—tied up in rags stuffed with oakum, wrapped in the blood-stained skins of dogs, with no hat, coat or gloves, and only a short pair of knickers on! It must have seemed to some of them as if the Old Man of the Sea had landed.

No time was wasted before a pot of tea was exactly where I wanted it to be, and some hot stew was locating itself where I had intended an hour before that the blood of one of my remaining dogs should have gone.

Rigged out in the warm garments that fishermen wear, I started with a large team as hard as I could race for hospital, for I had learnt that the news had gone over that I was lost. It was soon painfully impressed upon me that I could not much enjoy the ride; I had to be hauled like a log up the hills, my feet being frost-bitten so that I could not walk. Had I guessed this before I might have avoided much trouble.



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Many people have the idea that all baked beans are hard to digest.

Home made baked beans, and many varieties sold in tins are indigestible.

It's impossible to thoroughly bake beans in a home oven, because the heat used is not great enough nor even enough.

There's only one way to properly prepare them and that is the method used in preparing Clark's "Chateau Brand."

Chateau Brand Baked Beans are baked at a uniformly high temperature, maintained for just the right time.

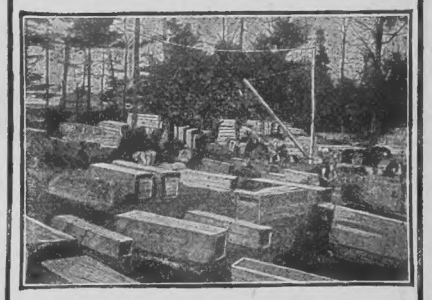
The result is that Chateau Brand Baked Beans are always perfectly cooked.

You'll never say that Baked Beans are indigestible after you've used "Chateau Brand."

Your grocer has them in tins, either plain or with Tomato Sauce.

Remember the name "Chateau Brand."

WM. CLARK, Mfr., Montreal.



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We supply large and well developed trees and plants which **will withstand severe cold.**

Write for terms. State whether you can work whole or part time. Address Manager

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If you farm for profit, you need one of my scales.

ONLY my scales are sold direct from the one Canadian maker who has made good with the Canadian farmer on a straight business basis.

I will make the price right and the terms easy.

You can't farm right without a scale; and you can't find a scale that is equal to those I make.

MANSON CAMPBELL, President.

EVERY CHATHAM PITLESS SCALE is sold with a Government Inspection Certificate that warrants its accuracy.

There is no extra charge for this warranty, signed by a resident Government Inspector, who tests every scale we make before it leaves the factory.

This Scale is COMPLETE.

Any other scale comes to you as a few parts with a huge blue print, showing how you can build the rest of it; and you have to build it, too, before you do any weighing. This Chatham Pitless Scale is absolutely complete, built of heavy steel, staunchly bolted together, easily erected ready for use in a few hours. Read Mr. MacLean's letter below. It stands solidly on its broad steel feet, clear above ground, needing no fixed foundations. Move it readily anywhere. You cannot do that with a pit scale.

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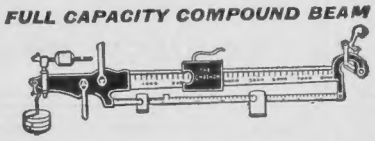
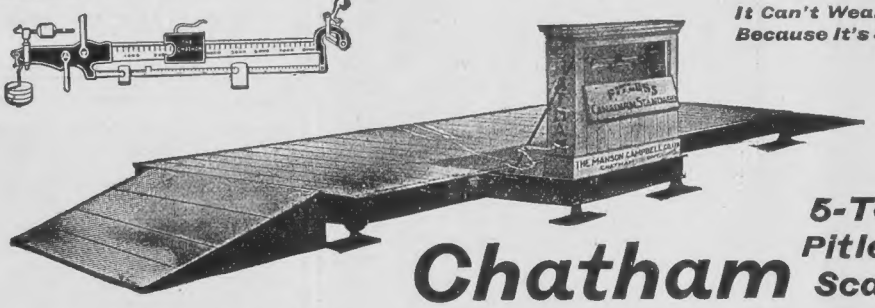


It Can't Wear Out Because It's Steel



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Mr. W. F. MacLean M.P. for East York, says this about The Scale:

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"Some days ago the Chatham 5-Ton Pitless Scale ordered from you came to hand. The farm foreman and another man went to work at it in the morning, and in the afternoon they had it all set up and were weighing on it before supper. The directions were so explicit, and the parts so simple that they had no trouble in putting the scale together and verifying the weighing capacity. As well as being useful for weighing hay and straw and things of that kind, it is very useful for weighing cattle and other live stock. One good way of selling horses is to be able to give their exact weight; and the way to get most for cattle and hogs is to know their weight before leaving the farm. Your scales are admirably adapted for every kind of work on the farm."

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The Chatham's Platform is 8 x 14 feet—ample room for big load of hay, six fat steers, twelve hogs, etc. Platform can't sag, won't wobble, won't get sprung. Whole outfit built so it will last a lifetime and be good every minute. Sold for a fair price, on easy terms, and fully warranted in every way.

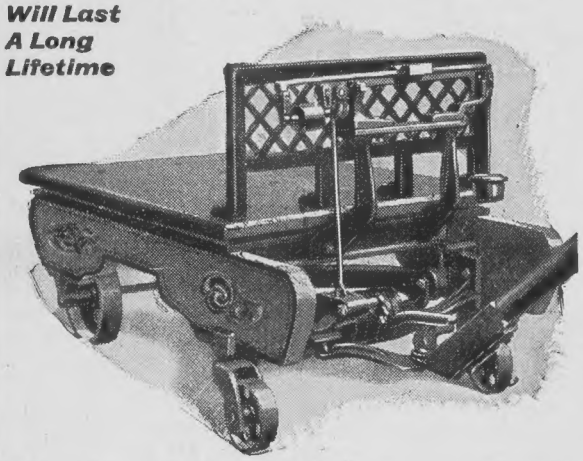
Your farm needs such a scale

You ought to weigh all you buy, all you sell; ought to weigh your stock regularly; ought to keep track of your farm's yield—be a BUSINESS farmer. This scale makes it easy to do all this, and thus save its cost to you over and over—because you can't cheat yourself, nor can you be cheated with this on your farm.

The Scale Every Farm Needs

Weighs Up To 2,000 Lbs. Accurately

Will Last A Long Lifetime



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BRANDON MOOSEJAW CALGARY

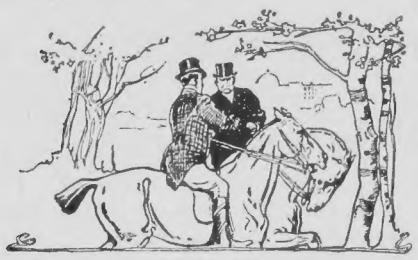
Loosed.

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER.

TWO days before the wedding of Elizabeth Winston and Elmer Craddock, Miss Winston's father met the prospective bridegroom in the Park. Both were on horseback, and each reined in as he saw the other.

"Ah, good morning, my boy," cried Winston, turning about. "I've been wanting a few words with you for some time; and at the house — well, the fuss and feathers there just now are not conducive to that sort of thing; eh?"

A tender light flamed into the younger man's eyes.



In the Park.

"They are not," he agreed, with a smile. "But they'll soon be over, sir."

The other did not reply. His eyes were studying the young man's face. At last he drew a deep breath and placed a heavy hand on the broad, square-cut shoulder near him.

"Egad, Craddock, I'm sure I can trust her to you—my Betty!"

"I hope so, sir," Craddock said simply.

"She's so affectionate — Betty is," Winston resumed. "So tender, so delicate, so—well, perhaps she's a little spoiled. She—she's always had her own way," he added, with an apologetic little laugh.

"And it shall be my pleasure still to give it to her," declared the lover fervently.

The older man smiled.

. . . . . .

In November, Mr. and Mrs. Craddock opened their modest little establishment on West Eighty-second Street and began life in earnest.

"And to think you've got to leave me and go to that tiresome old office!" demurred Elizabeth the first morning, her hands upraised to her husband's shoulders.

"Sure, dear; but I'm a responsible citizen now," laughed Craddock. "I'm no longer a floating atom; I'm a family man with duties to myself and the commonwealth!" he finished with mock impressiveness.

"You'll be lonesome!"

"Of course."

"You'll just long to see me!"

"Indeed I shall."

"Maybe—maybe I'll come down!"

Craddock laughed, kissed her tenderly, and ran down the steps for his car. He had forgotten all about the matter when, three hours later, she hurried into his office, flushed, trembling, and angry-eyed followed by an expostulating office-boy.

"This silly boy did not wish to let me in," began Elizabeth, "—*me*. Wanted to know my name and my business."

"Yes, but he—he was only obeying orders, you see, dear. He——"

"Orders not to let me in!"

"No, dear, no," he said softly. "You don't understand. It's orders for anyone—everyone; I should be tormented to death if——"

"But didn't you tell him I was coming?"

"Why, no, I — didn't."

"You forgot?"

"Well—perhaps I did."

"Oh, shame!" laughed Mrs. Craddoc, shaking a playfully admonitory finger. At this moment the boy entered and handed Craddock a card. The man made an impatient gesture and threw a helpless glance at his wife.

"It's Henderson. I had an appointment. Er—I'm sorry but—I must see him."

"Dear me, how tiresome! Well, never mind; I'll wait."

"Yes, but you—he—I—come in here, then," said Craddock hurriedly, opening the door to an inner room.

Twice during the next fifteen nervous minutes Craddock heard the door behind him pushed on its hinges. Henderson, who had expected to exert the utmost of his tact and persuasiveness for at least a good half-hour, found himself at the end of these same fifteen minutes ready to depart with papers which represented a deal so advantageous to himself that he hardly believed it real.

"There. I thought he would never go!" cried Mrs. Craddock almost before the door had clicked behind the visitor. "Elmer, when do you go to luncheon? I'm so hungry!"

"Er—now,' returned her husband, with manifest alacrity, as he reached for his hat.

An hour and a half later he was bidding good-by to his wife before the door of an uptown hotel, where they had lunched with long waits—and a yet longer bill.

That was but the first of many vis-

"Oh Fie!"

its. Elizabeth insisted that her husband must be lonely; that it was her duty to look after him, to see that his luncheon was suitable, and partaken of with sufficient moderation.

Craddock's business, also, was taken into her tender care, and grave questions were asked as to his income, his expenses, and his methods of dealing with his employees. A wife ought to know, she said. Incidentally she was able to make many suggestions in the way of improvements.

It was after some six months of married bliss that Craddock came home one night with thoughtful eyes and a preoccupied air.

After dinner he said:

"I'm sorry, dear, but I must go out to-night."

"Out? Why Elmer!"

"It's business, dear — Henderson: I'm to meet him at the club."

"Oh, is *that* it?" laughed Elizabeth. "I was afraid you really were obliged to go. Just telephone him you can't come, of course. As if I was going to give up my evening for any man that ever breathed!"

Her husband's jaw fell.

"But, dearest, I've got to go; don't you see? I said I would."

"You *said* you would, when you knew we always spent our evenings together Why, Elmer!"

"I know, but——"

"Oh, very well, if you prefer it. Never mind. I have a headache; I'll go at once to my room." And she swept through the hall door.

"Well, by George!" muttered Craddock under his breath. He hesitated, twice crossed the length of the room, then hurried to the telephone, there to notify Henderson that, owing to Mrs. Craddock's illness, his engagement could not be kept.

It was a very happy, loving Elizabeth that exerted every power to please during the next two hours, and so successful was she that Craddock vowed he was a brute to think of leaving her; thereafter, business would be attended to during business hours, or not ot all!

Time passed, and Craddock grew strangely restless. He ran across an advertisement one day, the picture of a man bound by slender threads whose number made their strength. It came to him, then, that he was that man. It seemed to him, sometimes, that there was not an hour of his time nor an act of his daily life that did not strain against those cords.

There was his food: he ate, now, not the pies and hot breads which he craved, but the cereals and dry toasts of his wife's ordering, and he drank a grain coffee—a thing he abhorred. Again, his clothes: the cut of his coat and the color of his tie were now accoring to Elizabeth's fancy.

In April Mrs. Craddock was suddenly called to the bedside of her grandmother. Craddock was actually shocked at himself as he realized that during the first week of her absence he had spent six evenings at the club and reveled in pie every day.

It was while Elizabeth was away that she chanced to meet her childhood's friend, Timothy, the old gardener.

"Well, well, Timothy," she exclaimed, "I'm glad to see you! And how does the world use you, these days?—and how's Mary?"

A queer look came over the man's face.

"Mary? Why, Miss 'Liz'beth, didn't yer know We're parted—Mary an' I be."

"Parted! Why, Timothy, I'm ashamed of you—and Mary was such a good woman!"

"That's jest it, ma'am; she was too good—she was."

"Oh, Timothy!"

"Well, she was," reiterated the man. "She was that good she jest thought there wa'nt anyone else in the world that knew nothin'. She made me hoe my pertaters jest so, an' she always bossed my eatin' and drinkin', an' she wouldn't let me work bareheaded."

Mrs. Craddock laughed.

"Oh, fie! Timothy, that was only

Lunched with long waits.

her care of you. Mary used to think a lot of you—I know!—I remember! You should have been pleased that she loved you so well."

"That wa'n't it, ma'am, that wa'n't it," demurred Timothy, with a shake of his head. "I could 'a' stood lovin' —lots of it; but she tied me all up with them notions of hern. I couldn't do nothin', ma'am, nothin' as I wanted to. I tell yer, ma'am, I'll never furgit that first week after she went; I did ev'rythin'—ev'rythin' she hadn't let me do fer so long!"

Four days later Elizabeth returned home. It was earlier in the week than she had written she would come, and she decided to surprise her husband by an unexpected appearance.

An hour after her arrival she called Katie to consult with her about the dinner.

"The Boss has ordered it, ma'am," said the girl; "but maybe you'll be after making some changes. He ordered pie and hot rolls for two things."

"Oh," said Mrs. Craddock, flushing. She bit her lip, then smiled sweetly. "I think perhaps I will change that, Katie; those things are not good for Mr. Craddock. We'll have the meat and vegetables as you've planned, but for dessert, rice-pudding, perhaps, and —coffee, as usual."

"Yes, ma'am—er—you mean cereal coffee, as we used to have?"

"'Used to have'?"

"Yes, ma'am; the Boss has — has had real coffee, you see, lately."

"Oh, I understand; well, the cereal will be better for night, I think," returned Mrs. Craddock hastily.

"Yes, ma'am." Katie hesitated, then she said timidly: "Mr. Craddock ordered dinner to be prompt, ma'am, as he was going out."

"G-going out?"

"Yes, ma'am; the Boss most generally goes out now—you bein' gone, so."

"Very well, Katie, that will do," returned Mrs. Craddock faintly.

Then before here eyes rose a hateful vision. It was Timothy, as he said: "I tell yer, ma'am, I'll never furgit that first week after she went: I did ev'rythin'—ev'rythin' she hadn't let me do fur so long!"

Two minutes later, flushed and trembling, she faced Katie in the kitchen.

"I've changed my mind, Katie," she said. "We'll have hot rolls, pie, and coffee, just as Mr. Craddock ordered."

The Miller of The Dee.

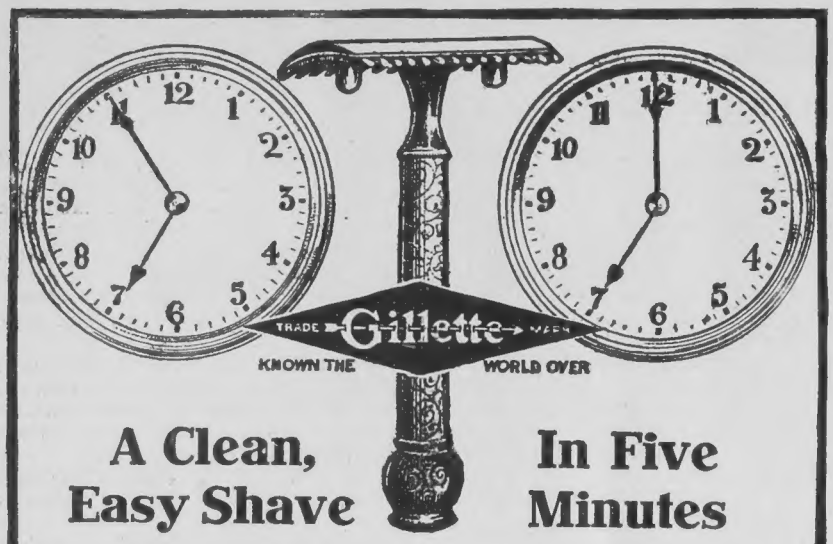
There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the River Dee;
He wrought and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,
"I envy no man, no, not I,
And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
"I earn my bread," quoth he:
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three.
I owe no one I cannot pay
I thank the River Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be:
But say no more, if thou'sdt be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
Oh, miller of the Dee!

—Charles Mackay.



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WINDSOR TABLE SALT

The Family Feud.

BY ANNIE O'HAGEN.

SIDE by side the Caseys and the Dwyers had dwelt in amity for more years than they often took the trouble to count. Amazingly uninterrupted had been the neighborliness between them. The men had voted the same ticket, smoked the same tobacco, marched together in the "Patrick's Day" parades, and employed the same methods of family discipline. Their opinions as to the proper degree of authority of the church in the United States coincided—which was fortunate for both of them, as it enabled them to present a united front against their wives, who argued in a futile, loyal, ignorant feminine fashion for the maintenance of the temporal power everywhere.

John Dwyer had bought the lot of land on which his small frame house stood at the advise of Michael Casey. Casey had bought the adjoining tract, and had built his duplicate small frame house on the enthusiastic testimony of John Dwyer that there was not another such real estate chance in New York—despite the fact that within a stone's throw of their dwellings there were whole rows of similar little houses, standing in similar little rectangles of earth, bulging with monotonous little piazzas, and boasting brick walks that led down besides grass plots to the gates in the wicket fences.

The men had "stood godfathers" for each other's firstborn. The women had been as proud, almost, in their godmotherhood for the second children of each family as they were of their own motherhood. Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. Casey had talked together cheerfully and affectionately on uncounted Monday mornings as they hung out the wash in their respective back yards. On innumerable Saturday afternoons they had taken their broods down to One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street, making a holiday of shoe-buying, a festivity of bringing home the Sunday roast. They had nursed each other's sick and sorrowed with full hearts over each other's dead, sharing their deeper life as simply as they shared cuttings from each other's garden plots, or "drawings of tea."

It was war that ended the idyl. The spring afternoon when John Dwyer had met Michael Casey with the tiding that his eldest son, Jim, had enlisted in the Sixty-Ninth was the fatal day.

"Yis, sorr!" the proud father had rumbled. "Niver a worrud to me, mind ye, till the thing was done, the young rascal! Oh, I had a notion to give it to him hot an' heavy. But I tell ye, Mike, I was proud of the scamp. Only twenty-two, ye mind. Now, if your Johnny gets in the same company of the Sixty-Ninth — the Fightin' Sixty-Ninth, ye mind, they called it durin 'the Civil War—they'll be togither all the time, savin' each other, belike. It's two hayroes we'll be havin' out on Locust Street."

"If my Johnny makes anny such fool of himsilf," Mr. Casey had announced heavily, "it's a bootin' he'll get from me. The Sixty-Ninth, it is? Let him be larnin' his trade an' mindin' his business an' helpin' his parents, not runnin' afther the first band that brays."

The father of the hero, eyed Johnny's father with an indignation almost speechless, but unfortunately not quite so. And when the Casey gate slammed behind its owner with a vicious click, the friendship of more than a quarter of a century was broken. The head of each house, raging greatly, issued its patriachal orders to his clan —"No colloguin' wid the people next dure!"

The "colloguin'" had ceased. The two wives might sigh and shake their heads over the back fence, might even whisper that "this couldn't last long"; but the habit of obedience was strong. Moreover, the quarrel was augmented rapidly. Mr. Dwyer was reported to have called Mr. Casey's courage, and that of all his house, into question at a neighboring resort of refreshment and conversation. Mr. Casey, so the obliging intermediary informed Mr. Dwyer, had met the criticism with a threat.

The whole neighborhood became divided. Jim Dwyer took to feeling himself a hero in every truth, though the idea had been far enough from him in the first flush of his half patriotic, half adventurous enlistment. He adopted what he considered a heroic swagger in consequence. John Casey, on the other hand—a good, steady, hardworking youth, with no deep-seated prejudices against the bearing of arms when that might be necessary—soon found himself cherishing opinions of the most contemptuous sort toward "fire-eaters" and "jingoes."

When Jim Dwyer, from the State camp, used to make occasional descents upon his home, the Casey house next door was darkened. When his regiment was ordered South, and all Locust Street affectionately decided to go to the station to see him off, the Caseys invited relatives to a merry making. When poor Mrs. Dwyer, weeping out her frightened heart on her pillow that night, and praying incoherantly for her boy, heard the piano in the next house jingling with the loudest, most joyous tunes, she decided that after all her husband had been right. They lacked not only patriotism, but every good feeling, these Caseys!

Locust street was divided with the families. The attendance at St. Ann's fell off woefully when Michael Casey bore his flock and his following from the parish church, polluted, he said, by the devotion of the bloodthirsty Dwyers, to St. Stephen's. There were days when the fierce old man, reading the papers, half longed to have his hatred of the whole affair justified by the death of the foolish boy whom lust of battle had lured from the path of every-day duty. But when he found himself thinking this thought, he always hastily crossed himself and said: "The saints forgive me!"

When Jim came back, stripes upon his sleeve, his hollow cheek tanned by the Southern sun, even the part of Locust Street most disaffected toward the Dwyers turned out to give him greeting. Only the Casey house put out no welcoming banner, sounded no jubilant note of praise. Ella Casey, to be sure, looked through a chink in the blinds in her mother's room and thought Jim marvellously improved. But Ella was just beginning to read Shakespeare's plays at school, and was dipping privately into "Romeo and Juliet."

There was another feminine fancy to whom the return of Sergeant Dwyer was a little disquieting. Mollie Husted did not live so far from Locust street that rumors of its great fued did not reach her from time to time. Though she was keeping "steady company" with Johnny Casey, and was glad and proud in the assurance of that earnest, steady, successful young man's affection, yet, when the hero came home and the old stories were revived, she sometimes looked questioningly at Johnny. She half envied the girls with whom Jim danced at the ball given by the Fordham Heights Young Men's Pleasure Society. Her John had not gone to that festivity, declining to run the risk of meeting his enemy and of precipitating a row. Even a row, it seemed to Mollie, would have been preferable to this questionable biding at home. Could it be, after all, that Johnny was —well, not quite brave?

The months passed, and a steady,

sullen hatred replaced the old blazing of wrath. The Caseys began to talk of moving, Mr. Casey with a sombre sense of wreaking a revenge on an unappreciative neighborhood. Mrs. Casey with a homesick feeling that no other place could be so alien to her as this one, now that she had no sisterly friend across the fence. The Dwyers, to whom the intention was immediately reported, favored it.

"The sooner he goes the better, the coward!" said Mr. Dwyer.

"I don't think I feel so bad to be bad friends with Mary Casey," said Mrs. Dwyer, "if I didn't see her every day."

Johhny was walking home from Mollie Husted's late one night, revolving these things and others in his mind. It was not a very quick mind, but it was a fairly sure one. It was considering patiently the cause of Mollie's capriciousness, which had been scarcely good-tempered that evening; it was also considering that his father, though so well obeyed, seemed unhappy and even unappreciative.

"Sometimes I think," said Johhny to himself, "that for all he was so mad at the thought I might enlist, he's sort of disappointed that I didn't. There's no denying that Mr. Dwyer's son got to be a sergeant, and that he come home alive and well, and that people talk more of him than they do of Mr. Casey's son. And that frets my father against me. But about Mollie——"

He could not so clearly follow the workings of Mollie's mind. Mollie liked him; she had said so; she had said so when she knew that he was no hero, but a mere builder. Well, then, why was she captious and flighty?

He slammed the little wicket gate behind him. The two houses were dark for the night. The big lilac bush between the two yards distilled a pungent sweetness into the air. It was so still, so peaceful, Johnny paused a moment. He was not imaginative, but a memory stirred him of his childhood, when he had played with little Jimmy Dwyer between that big bush. He recalled how their mothers had always filled the big, gaudy parlor vases with the purple blossoms. And this spring neither woman touched the flowers! It was too bad! He wished he could settle it!

Across the aroma of the lilacs another odor grew, more strong, more stifling, Johnny sniffed at it for a moment. It was smoke.

"They've been cleaning up the yards, I suppose," he said. "It's some old brush-heap smouldering."

But the odor was not that of burning brush. It was more powerful, less of the earth and leaves. He ran around the narrow space between the two houses. From the Dwyers he thought he could perceive a blur of smoke.

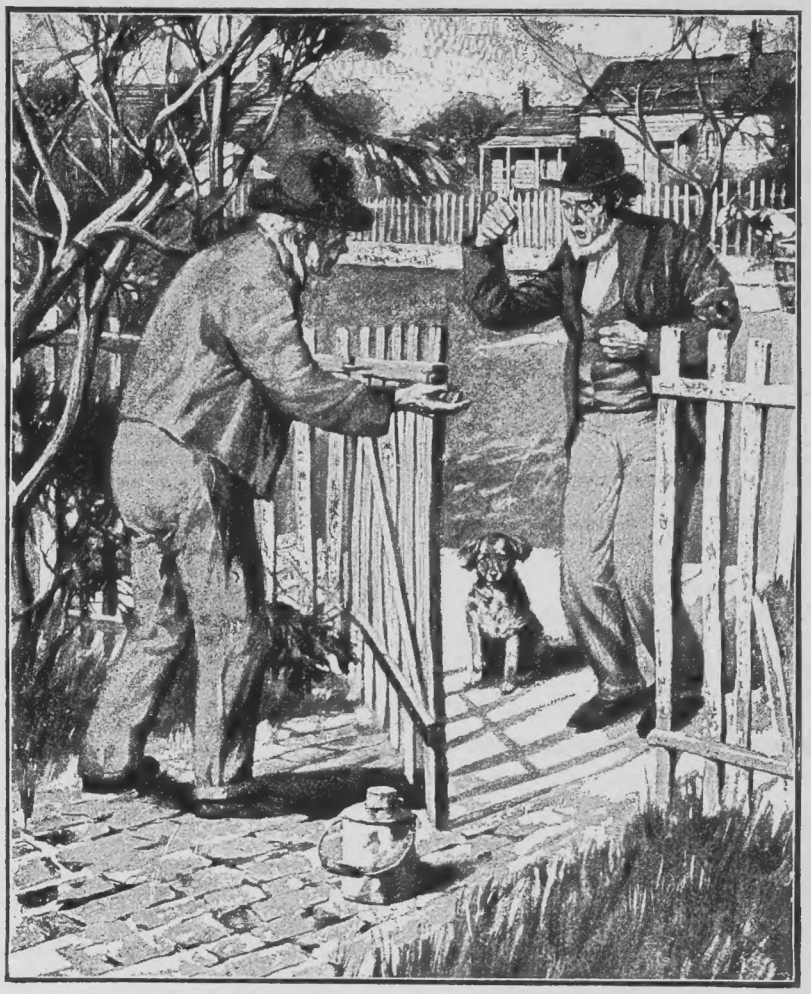
He ran to their front door and began pounding upon it, forgetful, for the second, of the uses of the bell. Then he remembered, and pulled and pulled. There was no answer. He hurled his weight against the frail door as a window of his own house went up and his fathers irascible voice demanded if he was to be waked out of a night's sleep by drunken reprobates that had forgotten their keys!

"Fire, father, fire!" called the boy as a panel gave way before him. He put in his hand through the opening, unlocked the door, and dashed in, a gust of air with him. The smouldering fire leaped into life at this new fuel. He rushed up the stairs. No voices answered his shouts. The upper rooms were filled with smoke. The Dwyers were sleeping a suffocated sleep.

How they were aroused with water dashed upon them and carried down the stairs by Johnny and his father before the arrival of the engines summoned at Mrs. Casey's command by another neighbor; how the Casey house sheltered them; how Johnny's eyebrows were missing for several weeks; and how that Mollie Husted vowed that she adored him for the jack—these are matters of Locust Street history. How Mr. Casey and Mr. Dwyer were able to find all their estrangement the work of "thim meddlesome busybodies that have nothin' better to do than to run from one honest man to another wid lies," is not so widely known among the neighbors. But that the Caseys came back to St. Ann's, gave up the thought of moving, and were entirely modest about the hero in their own ranks, is joyfully witnessed by an entire community.

The grateful Dwyers consider that the finest proof of Michael Casey's nobility of intellect and heart ever vouchsafed the word was what he said when it was discovered that Jim Dwyer had thrown a careless match in the wood-box that night.

"It's nothin'. I often do it mesilf. An' annyway, a man that's served his country — there's allowances to be made for him!"



"If my Johnny makes anny such fool of himself, it's a bootin' he'll get from me."

According to Mitchell's Newspaper Fress Directory, there are now published in the United Kingdom alone no fewer than 2,353 newspapers, of which London contributes 404, including thirty-one dailies.

After living twenty-five years in New York which he permitted no woman to enter, Henry Bergman is dead. He bitterly hated all women because of trouble early in life with his wife.

A school for dogs has been established in Paris. The object is to teach them politeness. The animals are trained to welcome visitors by jumping up, wagging the tail, and giving a low bark. When the visitor leaves, the dog accompanies him to the door, constantly wagging his tail, and bows his farewell by bending his head to the floor. He is trained, likewise, to pick up a handkerchief, glove, or fan that has been dropped and return it to the owner.

In connection with the death of Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of St. Andrews, Scotland, a singular coincidence is established. It is a remarkable fact that all the predecessors of Dr. Stubbs as Bishops of Truro have died suddenly. The first occupant of the See, Dr. Benson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was taken ill while at service at Hawarden Church, and died in a few minutes; Dr. Wilkinson as second Bishop of Truro, and he died during a meeting at Edinburgh; and Dr. Gott, the third Bishop, died suddenly while giving directions to his chaplain in his study at Trenython.

The career of the Hon. W. H. Hughes, Ex-Minister for External Affairs in the Commonwealth, and one of the delegates to the Colonial Conference, forms a remarkable real life romance. Twenty-four years ago he went from London to New South Wales to seek his fortune. He tried teaching, but the pay was so meagre that he started to tramp into the interior in search for some more remunerative employment. His experiences were not very pleasant. For three days he had no food whatever, and was without water for twenty-four hours. Then he found some shellfish, and for nine days that was his only food. To make matters worse, he was crossing a creek one day, with his shirt, socks, clothes, and boots wrapped up in his sleeping-blanket and fixed to his shoulders, when he found himself in a deep hole. Down he went, and the bundle went on by itself. Mr. Hughes lost everything, and in that sorry plight he had to wander about until he found shelter in a timber-man's hut. Ultimately, he found employment as a sheep-drover. The construction department of the railway next claimed him, and afterwards he worked on coast vessels for six months. Mr. Hughes holds now an ordinary seaman's discharge.

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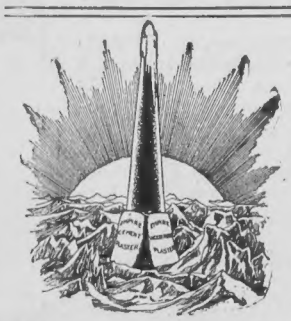

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Mrs. Eldredge's Bishop.

BY CATHERINE BISHOP.

I.

THE occasion was one of Mrs. Rutland's red dinners; and although the lady always gave her guests much latitude, physically as well as morally, her table bore witness to a somewhat hasty rearrangement of plates and chairs. Edith Maybury had been commenting a bit severely, as was her wont, on the necessity for this rearrangement.

"But you're always so general in your remarks, Edith," answered her hostess. "All bishops are not—snuffy, as you say. I don't believe that I care very much for the word myself."

"All bishops are not snuffy all the time," corrected Ashley Thornton. "Edith means——"

"Oh, they know well enough what I mean without your interpretation," interrupted Edith herself. "Of course we all know that bishops are charming in their proper places. They're simply dear at weddings and christenings and all that; but I call it pretty hard lines for Gertrude's bishop to have come just now. Right in the middle of everything! The day before Tommy Sand's hunt! The day before the club dance!"

"To say nothing of the fact that he came on the very day of my dinner!" Mrs. Rutland, as the hostess of a depleted dinner table, permitted a slightly aggrieved inflection to creep into her voice.

"Yes, two whole days before he was expected!" Edith's tone was again wrathful.

"I don't see why Mrs. Eldredge couldn't have left her bishop at home with Pinky," commented Thornton; "or sent Pinky, for that matter. Surely a bishop is not as bad as a death in the family."

"Oh, she was awfully sweet about it, and did offer to send Mr. Eldredge," Mrs. Rutland hastened to assure him; "but I quite understood that she would want him at home when the bishop arrived. It must be rather a difficult task to receive a bishop, even when it's all in the family. He's her cousin, is he not?"

"Yes, Gertrude's second cousin, or cousin twice removed, or something like that," answered Edith, who was supposed to be particularly well informed on the subject of the bishop because she was Mrs. Eldredge's most intimate friend. "Gertie tried to explain it to me, but she didn't succeed very well. I really think that he's a cousin of Gertrude's grandfather."

"Poor Gertie! And he's going to stay a week, isn't he?" questioned Mrs. Rutland.

"A whole week," answered Edith. "If he had only come in the winter, it wouldn't have been so bad. We could have interested him in lots of things in town, and had some swagger functions for him."

"Weddings?" questioned Thornton, with more or less personal meaning in his voice.

"Yes, weddings," assented Edith, with only a faint deepening of the color in her cheeks. "I'd rather contemplate my own wedding—yes, our wedding, if you think that better—next winter, than a week without Gertrude now."

"But Mrs. Gregory isn't in quarantine, Miss Maybury," interpolated Edith's vis-a-vis at the table. "We can still see her in spite of the bishop, can't we?"

"I suppose bishops aren't really contagious," supplemented Thornton.

"Oh, no," agreed Edith almost seriously. "Of course, we're all dining there tomorrow night, too. But fancy dining with a bishop in midsummer! And after a run! Fancy Pinky sitting up and talking to a bishop! Gertrude will be an angel, of course; she always is. Besides, she's not going tomorrow, and she'll have all her little conventional town ways on hand. We shall seem like a crowd of savages. I suppose that's what he expects, anyway. I believe I'll try a spill off Barney, and that'll be an excuse for my stopping at home." Edith's voice was rising to the tragedy of the occasion.

"Mrs. Eldredge told me that her bishop would go to the club dance in the evening," ventured Thornton as a conciliatory suggestion.

But Edith answered savagely. "Oh, of course!" she cried. "And he'll look down on us from his own little private cloud, no doubt! Gertrude will have to sit by him all the evening, and explain who and what we are and are not. She's going to drive him over to Tommy's in the morning to see the start. Why, do you know" — and her voice dropped to an awe-struck whisper—"Pinky asked me if I thought he ought to tell Gertrude that he would stay at home tomorrow if she wanted him to."

"From Tommy's hunt?"

The question was a chorus of howls from all the men at the table.

"I wonder he didn't suggest that he ought to change his name to something that would harmonize with the bishop's purple," added Thornton. "What did you tell him?"

"Why, I suggested that he had better not be a—an idiot." Edith's laugh over her substituted word was echoed by the others. "Well," she explained, "words that sound all right out of doors don't seem quite proper at a dinner, you know."

II.

On the morning after Mrs. Rutland's dinner, Mrs. Eldredge sat in her morning room, a slight frown contracting her delicate brows, a smile, half, amused, half whimsical, on her pretty lips. She was looking up at a tall, well built young man who stood in front of the fire. He might have been twenty, he might have been forty, or almost any intermediate age. His chin and mouth were a bit too firm, perhaps, but their strength was relieved by the glinting lights in his blue eyes.

"I don't see how you can do it, Sam," Mrs. Eldredge was saying. "I really don't."

"But why, Gertie? I'd do it at home."

"Well, that may be. But out here you've got to observe the conventionalities. You see, we have to live as far away from our reputations as possible, and just because we're considered a little breezy and unconventional, we endeavor to be proper and decorous. And I assure you that there's not a single member of the club who wouldn't be absolutely horrified at a bishop riding after the hounds. No, I'm awfully sorry, Sam, but it's quite out of the question;" and with a little air of finality her brows relaxed and her lips resumed their natural curves.

The young man, however, did not accept her verdict.

"I think you're absurd, Gertie, if you'll forgive me for calling you names. But where's Jack? I'll ask him."

"No, you mustn't ask Pinky, either. He'd agree with you just to torment me, and I know what I'm talking about. And why don't you think of the others just a bit? You'd spoil the whole day for them. They'd be thinking of you and your dignity all the time, even if you were not. Why, even the dogs wouldn't go freely and happily if they knew that a bishop was following. You've got to consider localities and prejudices, you know.

"But why need anyone know that I'm a bishop until after today? You needn't introduce me to anyone, and I'll just have the fun of the ride."

slight air of perplexity was beginning to creep into the determined expression of his face.

"Not introduce you, my dear Sam! Now you're absurd. Every one knows that I am expecting you. Every one knows that you were to arrive last night."

"But they don't know that I did arrive, and they don't know me. You've told them incidentally, I suppose, that your cousin, a bishop, was coming. Very well, they'd never recognize me from that description, and I don't see why my appearance, which is generally such a detriment to me, shouldn't serve me a good turn for once."

But Mrs. Eldredge only shook her head. At that moment, however, Jack Eldredge, otherwise known as "Pinky," entered the room.

"Don't you think I might ride with the hounds today, Jack?" It was the bishop who made this appeal.

"Now, Jack, say no, once and for all and finally." It was Mrs. Eldredge who issued this command. "It would be positively awful if he did."

"They don't need to know who I am. Just give me a horse, and tell them that I am a friend of yours from Texas. That would be straight, and I think it would be jolly."

"I don't see——" began Jack.

"Oh, yes, you do," interrupted his wife, "and he'd have to ride Diablo."

At this the bishop gave a shout of triumph, for in spite of his thirty odd years and his dignified title he was very much of a boy.

"You see, she's yielded without your intervention, old man," he exclaimed. "She has picked my horse, and if she's willing to have me go I don't care a—I don't care what the other Montabellians think."

Jack Eldredge looked at his wife and laughed. Then she laughed too, although she freed herself from the responsibility of the affair by saying:

"I haven't yielded, and I don't approve of it, but of course if you like to take the consequences you may. I shall be sorry for you, though, when you have to meet them all tonight in your proper character."

And as Sam was willing to take the consequences, a perturbed and harassed hostess waited for her guests at Edgecourt on the evening after Tommy Sands' hunt. She had not seen her husband and cousin since their return from their ride, although she had heard their shouts of laughter ascending from the billiard room. The run had been unusually long, and the guests would all be late; but that fact was not sufficient to disturb Mrs. Eldredge's equanimity.

All day long she had been picturing to herself the consternation that would ensue when she presented to her guests, as Bishop Durden, the man who had been riding with them all day. She blamed herself for it, for she felt quite sure that if she had remained firm Sam would not have gone; but she had known so well what the ride would be to him, how much he would enjoy it, that it had not seemed possible to resist his appeal.

She had just come from the telephone, where she had been listening to a disjointed series of remarks from Edith Maybury. Her own share in the conversation had consisted of exclamations and smothered groans.

"You lucky girl!" Edith had said. "So the bishop didn't come, after all! Have you heard where he is? Or when he is coming? Well, my dear, you don't know what you missed by waiting at home for him . It was the jolliest day I've ever seen. Tommy, of course, was in great form, but Pinky's cowboy was the whole show in himself. I can't hear you at all. What did you say? You haven't seen Pinky? He got home safely, didn't he? Oh, well, he'll tell you all about it. You won't hear anything else at dinner. Pinky put him up on Diablo, too, and the brute hasn't been out since he broke little Pete's arm, has he? But, good heavens, I must dress, or I'll never be there, and the others will tell you first. Good-by, dear, for half an hour. I'll not be longer, and don't let the others talk much until I come, will you?"

Pinky's cowboy! What had Sam done to earn that nickname? Something gruesome, of course. She was walking up and down the long drawing room in uneasy misery, but there was nothing for her to do but wait, and, when the appointed time came, hear the worst.

III.

The guests arrived all together, and in a babel of sound. Each one greeted Mrs. Eldredge with the same phrase:

"So glad, dear, that the bishop didn't turn up. He won't come tonight, will he? No? That's good."

And after that the confusion of voices began once more.

"Who is Pinky's friend?"

"Where did he come from?"

"You know it was only at the very last, after they had gone off, that we realized that we didn't even know the man's name!"

"Pinky may have said it, but you know what a whoop hurrah Tommy

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N.B.—Add more water than usual with Robin Hood, Note the larger whiter loaf.

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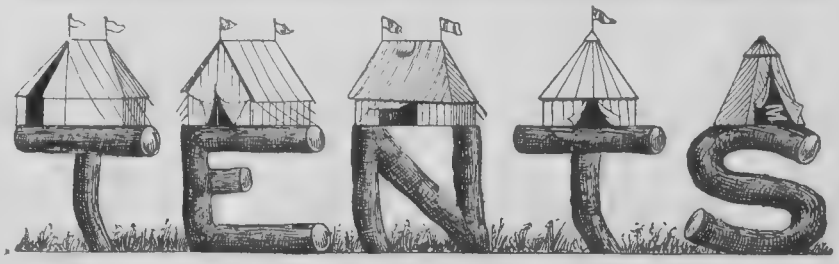

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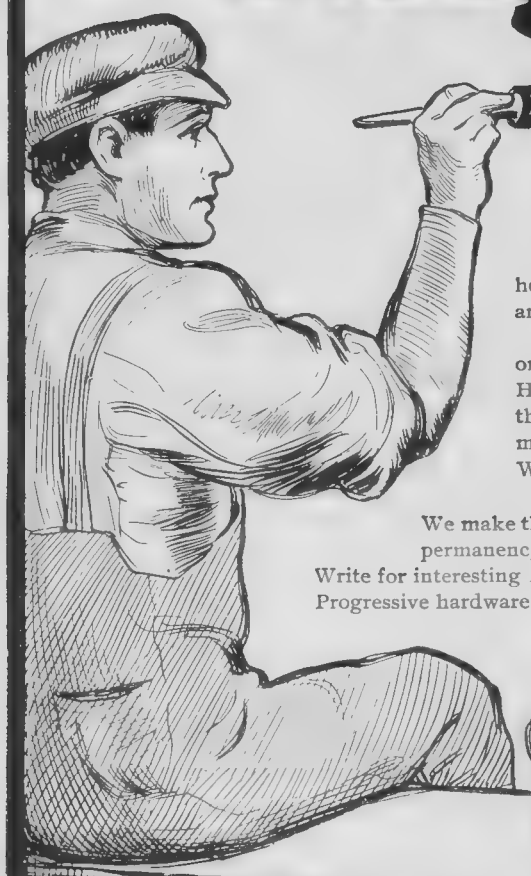

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"New Century" Washing Machine

washes a tubful of clothes in five minutes. Powerful oil tempered steel spiral springs and tool steel ball bearings make the work so easy that a child of six or eight can do it.

The new Wringer Stand is strong and rigid, and drains the water right into the tub. Ask anyone of the army of satisfied users about it, or better still try one; they will be a better argument than we can put on paper.

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in sweeping up the dust. This dust pan has a long handle and its edges fit the floor tightly. No danger of spilling contents because it tilts back automatically when raised. Will outlast 10 ordinary dust pans. Sent postpaid on receipt of 88c. stamps.

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The W. STEPHENS CO., Box 36, Norwood Grove, Man.

always starts things with. All we knew was that he was from Texas."

"You know, my dear, when we saw that old brute Diablo coming in at the gate we were furious, simply furious. More gore! More deaths! More smashups! But ride! Why, you don't know what riding is until you've seen the cowboy!"

Mrs. Eldredge answered not a word, but stood quite still, feeling that each wave of sound might submerge her, and almost wishing that it would. Was Jeck never coming downstairs to her rescue, she asked herself? Would Sam have the audacity to show himself in his proper character?

"Even Elena lost her head over him. You know how hard Bobby's been trying to teach her to ride. Well, she was in some sort of difficulty this morning before the start, and up rode the Texan, offering to help her out. She does look stunning on that big blue mare of Bobby's, and he wasn't much to blame; but there they sat, he holding her hand and presumably fixing her lines."

"Well, you needn't talk, Edith!'

"No. Edith dropped her stick. The cowboy was racing with her neck to neck, and with only a swerve and swoop he picked it up and gave it back to her. She's been in a daze ever since."

"And you'd never believe it," continued Edith, with a glance of withering scorn at the last speaker, "but Elena was the only one in the finish with the Texan."

"Bobby'll break his engagement if that sort of thing goes on."

"My dear, we'll all break our engagements if the man stays."

"If he stays! Is he still here?"

"But, Gertie, who is he?"

"Has Jack known him long?"

"Has he been at Edgecourt?"

"Where is he stopping?"

"Don't you know anything about him?"

The air was full of interrogation, but Gertrude Eldredge felt that her questions would rise above all the others.

Would Jack never appear? Had Sam in sheer shame and contrition disappeared from the house? This thought, unpleasant as it was in its most sinister aspect, held a modicum of relief. She, at least, would have no part to play in the absurd comedy.

But even this comfort was denied her. While her eyes had been fixed on the portieres screening the hall, Jack Eldredge and the bishop had slipped through the conservatories, and had entered the drawing room at Mrs. Eldridge's elbow. There was nothing for her to do but rise graciously to the occasion.

"My cousin, Bishop Durden. I think he has met all of you, and——"

But her conclusion was lost in the confusion of sound that ensued.

"You said he was a bishop!" was the first indignant protest that Gertrude heard.

"So he is," she answered.

"You said he was from Texas!" This was addressed to Pack Eldredge.

"So he is—he's Bishop of Texas."

"You said he was your grandfather's cousin!" Edith protested violently.

"I said our grandfathers were cousins," corrected Gertrude.

"You said he hadn't come." Edith Maybury was now confronting Jack. "I don't think it's nice to lie, even in fun!"

"My dear girl," he laughed, "you may remember that you asked me if 'his dignity' had come. I congratulated myself that I could get out of the thing without lying, although I did think it was a very irreverent way for you to speak of a bishop."

"Quite reverent enough for a cowboy bishop," scoffed Edith as she turned away to find herself laughing into the glinting blue eyes of the bishop himself.

And she was his sponsor. For unfortunately for the dignity of the Right Rev. Samuel Carter Durden, he lived in the annals of the Montebello Country Club as "the cowboy bishop."

Jimmy Hayes and Muriel.

BY SIDNEY PORTER.

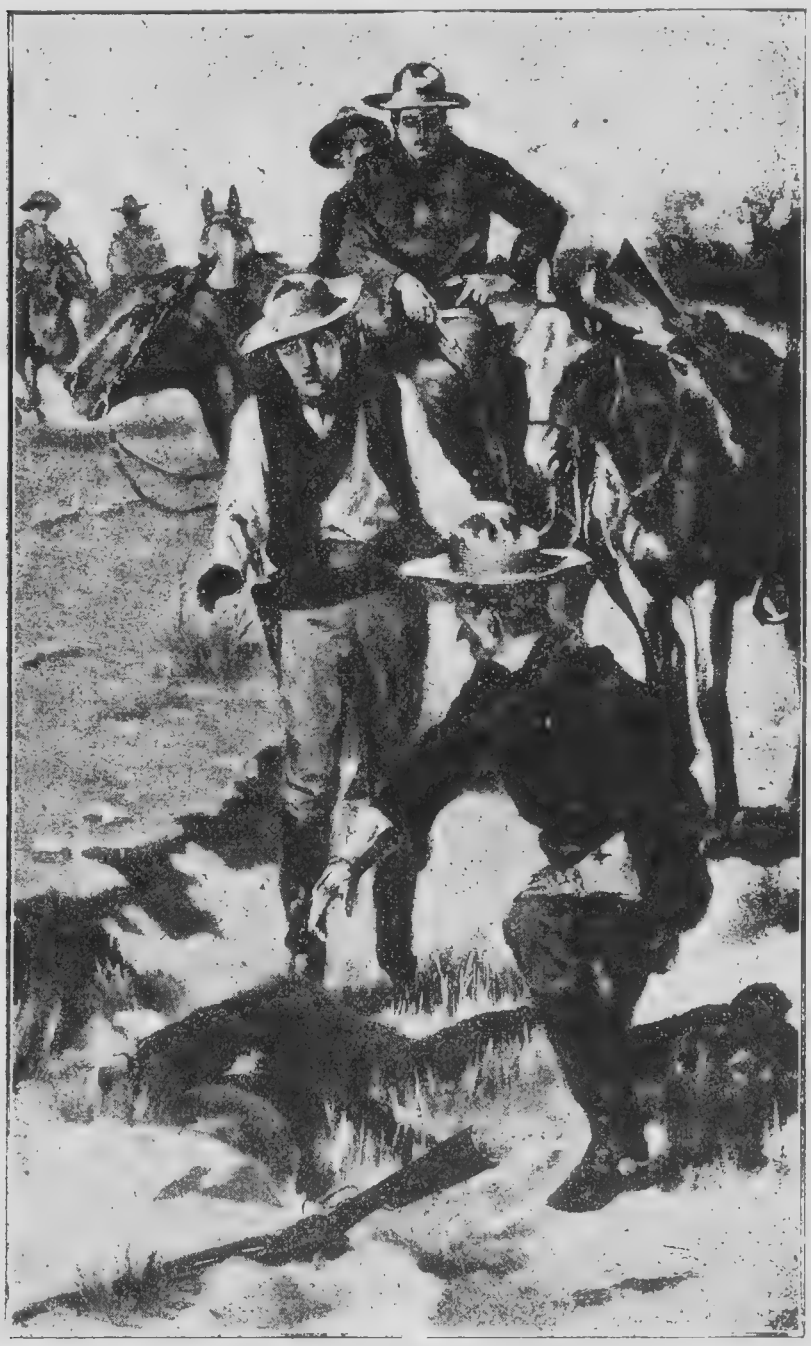
Supper was over, and there had fallen upon the camp the silence that accompanies the rolling of corn-husk cigarettes. The water hole shone from the dark earth like a patch of fallen sky. Coyotes yelped. Dull thumps indicated the rocking-horse movements of the hobbled ponies as they moved to fresh grass. A half troop of the Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers were distributed about the fire.

A well-known sound—the fluttering and scraping of chaparral against wooden stirrups—came from the thick brush above the camp. The rangers listened cautiously. They heard a loud and cheerful voice call out reassuringly:

comer rubbed solicitously at some dried mud in the loops of the hobbles, showing a consideration for the foreleges of his mount.

"Boys," said the lieutenant, waving his hand to the rangers, "this is Mr. James Hayes. He's a new member of the company. Captain McLean sends him down from El Paso.

The recruit was received cordially by the rangers. Still, they observed him shrewdly and with suspended judgment. Picking a comrade on the border is done with ten times the care and discretion with which a girl chooses a sweetheart. On your "side-kicker's" nerve, loyalty, aim, and coolness your own life may depend many times.



The horned frog sat upon the shoulder of its long-quiet master.

"Brace up, Muriel, old girl, we're 'most there now! Been a long ride for ye, ain't it, ye old antediluvian handful of animated carpet-tacks? Hey, now, quit a tryin' to kiss me! Don't hold on to my neck so tight—this here paint hoss ain't any too shore-footed, let me tell ye. He's liable to dump us both off if we don't watch out."

Two minutes of waiting brought a tired "paint" pony single-footing into camp. A gangling youth of twenty lolled in the saddle. Of the "Muriel" whom he had been addressing, nothing was to be seen.

"Hi, fellows!" shouted the rider cheerfully. "This here's a letter fer Lieutenant Manning."

He dismounted, unsaddled, dropped the coils of his stake-rope, and got his hobbles from the saddle-horn. While Lieutenant Manning, in command, was reading the letter, the newcomer rubbed solicitously at some dried mud in the loops of the hobbles, showing a consideration for the foreleges of his mount.

After a hearty supper Hayes joined the smokers about the fire. His appearance did not settle all the questions in the minds of his brother rangers. They saw simply a loose, lank youth with tow-colored sunburned hair and a berry-brown, ingenuous face that wore a quizzical, good-natured smile.

"Fellows," said the new ranger, "I'm goin' to interduce to you a lady friend of mine. Ain't ever heard anybody call her a beauty, but you'll admit she's got some fine points about her. Come along, Muriel!"

He held open the front of his blue flannel shirt. Out of it crawled a horned frog. A bright red ribbon was tied jauntily around its spiky neck. It crawled to its owner's knee and sat there, motionless.

"This here Muriel," said Hayes, with an oratorical wave of his hand, "has got qualities. She never talks

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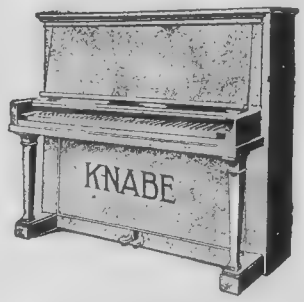

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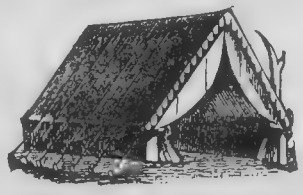

AWNINGS & MATTRESSES

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back, she never stays at home, and she's satisfied with one red dress for every day and Sunday, too."

"Look at that blame insect!" said one of the rangers with a grin. "I've seen plenty of them horny frogs, but I never knew anybody to have one for a side-partner. Does the blame thing know you from anybody else?"

"Take it away and see," said Hayes.

The stumpy little lizard known as the horned frog is harmless. He has the hideousness of the prehistoric monsters whose reduced descendant he is, but he is gentler than the dove.

The ranger took Muriel from Hayes' knee and went back to his seat on a roll of blankets. The captive twisted and clawed and struggled vigorously in his hand. After holding it for a moment or two, the ranger set it upon the ground. Awkwardly, but swiftly, the frog worked its four oddly moving legs until it stopped close by Hayes' foot.

"Well, dang my hide!" said the other ranger. "This little cuss knows you. Never thought them insects had that much sense!"

Jimmy Hayes became a favorite in the ranger camp. He had an endless store of good nature, and a mild, perennial quality of good humor that is well adapted to camp life. He was never without his horned frog. In the bosom of his shirt during rides, on his knee or shoulder in camp, under his blankets at night, the ugly little beast never left him.

Jimmy was a humorist of a type that prevails in the rural South and West. Unskilled in originating methods of amusing or in witty conceptions, he had hit upon a comical idea and clung to it reverently. It had seemed to Jimmy a very funny thing to have about his person, with which to amuse his friends, a tame horned frog with a red ribbon about its neck. As it was a happy idea, why not perpetuate it?

The sentiments existing between Jimmy and the frog cannot be exactly determined. The capability of the horned frog for lasting affection is a subject upon which we have no symposiums. It is easier to guess Jimmy's feelings. Muriel was his *chef d'œuvre* of wit, and as such he cherished her. He caught flies for her, and shielded her from sudden northers. Yet his care was half selfiish, and when the time came she repaid him a thousand. Other Muriels have thus overbalanced the light attentions of other Jimmies.

Not once did Jimmy Hayes attain full brotherhood with his comrades. They loved him for his simplicity and drollness, but there hung above him a great sword of suspended judgment. To make merry in camp is not all of a ranger's life. There are horse-thieves to trail, desperate criminals to run down, bravos to battle with, bandits to rout out of the chaparral, peace and order to be compelled at the muzzle of a six-shooter. Jimmy had been "most generally a cowpuncher," he said; he was inexperienced in ranger methods of warfare. Therefore, the rangers speculated apart and solemnly as to how he would stand fire. For, let it be known, the honor and pride of each ranger company is the individual bravery of its members.

For two months the border was quiet. The rangers lolled, listless, in camp. And then—bringing joy to the rusting guardians of the frontier—Sebastiano Saldar, an eminent Mexican desperado and cattle-thief, crossed the Rio Grande with his gang and began to lay waste the Texas side. There were indications that Jimmy Hayes would soon have the opportunity to show his mettle. The rangers patrolled with alacrity, but Saldar's men were mounted like *Lochinvar*, and were hard to catch.

One evening, about sundown, the rangers halted for supper after a long ride. Their horses stood, panting, with their saddles on. The men were frying bacon and boiling coffee. Suddenly, out of the brush, Sebastiano Saldar and his gang dashed upon them with blazing six-shooters and high-voiced yells. It was a neat surprise. The rangers swore in annoyed tones, and got their Winchesters busy; but the attack was only a spectacular dash of the purest Mexican type. After the florid demonstration the raiders galloped away, yelling, down the river. The rangers mounted and pursued; but in less than two miles the jagged ponies labored so that Lieutenant Manning gave orders to abandon the chase and return to camp.

Then it was discovered that Jimmy Hayes was missing. Someone remembered having seen him run for his pony when the attack began, but no one had set eyes on him since. Morning came, but no Jimmy. They searched the country around, on the theory that he had been killed or wounded, but without success. Then they followed after Saldar's gang, but it seemed to have disappeared. Manning concluded that the wily Mexican had recrossed the river after his theatric farewell. And, indeed, no further depredations from him were reported.

This gave the rangers time to nurse a soreness they had. As has been said, the pride and honor of a company is the individual bravery of its members. And now they believed that Jimmy Hayes had turned coward at the whizz of Mexican bullets. There was no other deduction. Buck Davis pointed out that not a shot was fired by Saldar's gang after Jimmy was seen running for his horse. There was no way for him to have been shot. No, he had fled from his first fight, and afterwards he would not return, aware that the scorn of his comrades would be a worse thing to face than the muzzles of many rifles.

So Mannings' detachment of McLean's company, Frontier Battalion, was gloomy. It was the first blot on its escutcheon. Never before in the history of the service had a ranger shown the white feather. All of them had liked Jimmy Hayes, and that made it worse.

Nearly a year afterward—after many camping grounds and many hundred of miles guarded and defended—Lieutenant Manning, with almost the same detachment of men were sent to a point only a few miles below their old camp on the river to look after some smuggling there. One afternoon, while they were riding through a dense mesquit flat, they came upon a patch of open hog-wallow prairie. There they came upon the scene of an unwritten tragedy.

In a big hog-wallow lay the skeletons of three Mexicans. Their clothing alone served to identify them. The largest of the figures had once been Sebastiano Saldar. His great, costly sombrero, heavy with gold ornamentation — a hat famous all along the Rio Grande — lay there pierced by three bullets. Along the ridge of the hog-wallow rested the rusting Winchesters of the Mexicans—all pointing in the same direction.

The rangers rode in that direction for fifty yards. There, in a little depression of the ground, with his rifle still bearing upon the three, lay another skeleton. It had been a battle of extermination. There was nothing to identify the solitary defender. His clothing—such as the elements had left distinguishable—seemed to be of the kind that any ranchman of cowboy might have worn.

"Some cowpuncher," said Manning, "that they caught out alone. Good boy! He put up a dandy scrap before they got him. So that's why we didn't hear from Sebastiano any more!"

And then from beneath the weather-beaten rags of the dead man there wriggled out a horned frog with a faded red ribbon around its neck, and sat upon the shoulders of its long-quiet master. Mutely it told the story of the untried youth and the swift "paint" pony—how they had outstripped all their comrades that day in the pursuit of the Mexican raiders, and how the boy had gone down upholding the honor of the company.

The ranger troop herded close, and a simultaneous wild yell arose from their lips. The outburst was at once a dirge, an apology, an epitaph, and a pæan of triumph. A strange requiem, you may say, over the body of a fallen comrade; but if Jimmy Hayes could have heard it he would have understood.

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The Vacancy.

BY HARRIET GAYLORD.

MAGGIE CASEY breathed a sigh of relief as she deposited the baby on the bed which served for the family of three in their little two-room tenement on Third Avenue. He had been crying fretfully all day, and it was so good to have him asleep at last. She drew the baby quilt up close to his ears, made a tired attempt at adornment before the square of looking-glass; then tiptoed out and busied herself setting the table and frying the supper bacon.

From time to time footsteps sounded on the stairs and landing outside, but she gave no heed. It was nearly seven o'clock when she stood suddenly still, listening intently.

"That's Jim," she exclaimed, adding a moment later,

"No, he ain't got no job."

Maggie was keen in the diagnosis of footsteps. She met her husband at the door, saying gallantly,

"It's late ye are, Jim." Maggie was still mostly dimples and curls, though the roses in her cheeks had gone out to help give the baby life three months before.

Ye'll pay fer yer supper before ye ate, wun't ye, Jim?"

Jim's face was not over strong, but his shoulders looked as if he might support a family. He was young, like Maggie—they were only children with a responsibility asleep in the next room, a sobering responsibility in the present crisis. To-night his face was sullen and his shoulders dropped.

"Not a damned job fur mine!" was his greeting as he threw his hat on the floor in the corner. Jim was plainly losing his nerve, though it was only two days since the burning of the factory where he had worked.

"Niver you care, darlin'!" said Maggie soothingly. "Ate a bit o' supper fust. It's hungry ye are."

He washed in the tin basin and dried his face. When he turned, Maggie was close behind.

"Ye'll pay fur yer supper before ye ate, wun't ye, Jim?" she asked roguishly—"now ye're all swate an' clane?"

With a groan he snatched her in his arms and kissed her fiercely.

"If it wuzn't fur you, Maggie darlin', I'd niver care a damn; but if it wuzn't for you, I'd die shure!"

Over the supper he told her of his long day of many disappointments; of the miles he had tramped in the cold because he dared not waste car-fare.

"An' didn't ye 'ave a bite ter ate all th' day long?" she asked anxiously.

"No; an' where the next bite fur you an' the kid'll come from is more'n I'm knowin'. I'd niver paid th' rint Sunday if I'd knowed we'd have a fire."

"Sh-h-h!" cried Maggie, her teacup poised in her hand. "That's father comin' up th' stairs."

She ran to the door and out on the landing.

"Hello, father!" she called. "Ye're just in time fur a bite o' supper."

Tim Casey hobbled cheerfully into the room. He was small and white-haired, and bent from rheumatism and a long life spent over a harness stitching machine.

"Niver a bite; but a kiss, darlin'! Th' ould woman's fed me foine!"

Maggie threw her fresh young arms about his neck, then drew him to her chair at the table and perched herself on Jim's knee. The old man looked troubled as he marked his son's disconsolate face.

"Jamsie, me b'y," he said, "ye're up aginst it fur the fust time, ain't ye? Niver ye mind! Yer ould father's got a schame in 'is head. Shure, ye c'd do the stitchin' ter our place, I'm thinkin' an' Maloney 'as tipped me th' wink as 'ow Joe Murphy is onter a bitter job nixt wake. To-morrer I'll git yer name on th' list, me b'y. Ould Hessler's bin a god boss ter me these tin year, an' he'll be a frind ter me son, shure. Ye think ye c'd do th' stitchin', don't ye, Jamsie, me b'y?" The thin old voice was fearsome in its appeal. Tim Casey yearned over the one son of his old age.

Jim's face gathered manliness.

"I'll do onything on airth fur Maggie'n th' kid," he said; "but'll Hessler tak' on a grane hand?"

"Shure! an' ye mus' come up the morrer an' watch yer ol' dad. It's aisy! it's aisy! See how strong I am thin, an' I've bin at it these twinty year."

He got to his feet feebly and held out his shaking hand as proof. The quick tears rose to Maggie's eyes.

"Father darlin'," she said, "ye're none too strong, I'm thinkin'. Mebbe Jim kin do a bit o' yer work an' 'is own, too, whin he's workin' fur Hessler. Onyhow it's a blissin' ye air ter th' b'y; he wuz that downhearted before ye come! Ye'll be wantin' ter see little Tim, father, before ye go, shure. He's slapin', th' lamb! He niver wakes up whin th' trains go past ivry minit."

They tiptoed into the next room, and Maggie pulled down the quilt.

"Ain't he a picchur?" she asked. "Now, ain't he just? It's proud ye'll be o' him, you an' mother, I'm thinkin'. Kiss 'im, father; wun't ye? He's so used ter kissin' that it niver wakes 'im up."

She laughed as the old man fearful-

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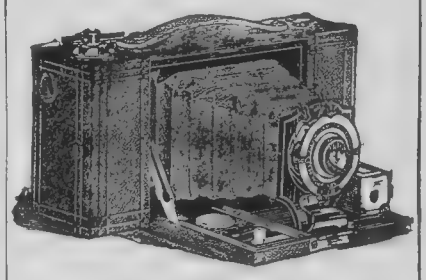

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ly stooped and pecked the child's cheek.

"It's afraid ye are! Now jus' see how 'is mother does the job!" She illustrated vehemently, and the satiated child only turned impatiently and slept the harder.

"Look a' there now!" she cried proudly. "He an' me's bin worryin' so 'bout Jim all th' day that he's clane tired out. Ain't he th' swatest kid as ever wuz, father? Whin he's growed up he'll be jus' like you'n Jim."

After the old man had gone, Maggie found two fifty-cent pieces tucked under the plate where he had been sitting.

"Ain't he jus' th' angel of a father?" she cried, perching herself again on Jim's knee. "What d'ye care? Ye've got him an' ye've me'n th' kid. What more d'ye want?" She took his face in her hands. "Jim, ye niver paid me enough fur yer supper—ye know ye didn't! Pay me agin!" A few moments later her head fell back on his shoulder and she murmured contentedly,

"Kissin's better'n money; ain't it?"

Before attacking his dinner-pail at noon the next day, old Tim went to the office.

"Oh, it's you, Casey," said the manager, looking up from his work. "Well, what is it?"

"It's me b'y, sir. He's out o' work since the big factory burnt Sunday night, an' I'm wantin' ter ax ye, sir, if ye'd mind takin' 'im on fur a job here so 'is ould father c'd look after 'im a bit, sir."

"Does he know anything about the work?"

"He knows a bit, sir, an' he's very quick ter larn an' I'll be after teachin' 'im. Niver a bit a grane 'ud he be. Hes a stiddy b'y, sir, an' married ter a tidy body, an' they've got a bit o' a kid, an' he's needin' th' job. It'd be a good dade ye'd do, sir, ter write down 'is name."

The man at the desk smiled.

"Very well, Casey," he said. "I'll take your word for it, though you are a prejudiced party." He reached out for a book. "See, I've got a long waiting list." The old man's face fell. The manager thought for a moment, then deliberately poised his pen at the top of the page. "You've been a good hand for the firm always," he said. "I've never forgotten what you did for us in that strike seven years ago. Give me your son's name and address."

Trembling with eagerness, the old man obeyed.

"All right. I know nothing of these others, so down goes James Casey at the top of the list, and he gets the next vacancy."

"The saints reward ye!" cried the old man. "It's the heart ye've put back in me b'y, sir. It's not me as 'ud be wantin' another man ter be lavin'; but, shure, changes is bound ter come, an' it's glad I am that Jamsie'll git th' fust job."

"It's lucky you came today, Casey, said Mr. Hessler, resuming his work. "I'm leaving this evening for Chicago, and the new assistant manager wouldn't know you or your deserts from Adam."

"It's not long ye'll be gone, sir?"

"Oh, a matter of two weeks or so."

"Mebbe whin ye come back, sir, me b'y'll be a-workin' aside 'is ould father. Thank ye, sir! Thank ye kindly, sir. Good-day, sir."

"That's all right. Good-day, Casey."

At six o'clock, when Tim left the factory, a light snow was falling above the icy pavement. He hobbled on cautiously, aided by his cane, and jubilant in the famous news he was going to carry to Jamsie and Maggie before he went home to tell the "ould woman."

As he turned down First Avenue, he ran into a crowd of boys engaged in a fierce snowballing bout. The old man was fair sport, and they began to make him the target for their missiles. He laughed anxiously and called out,

"Ye're a leetle too many fur th' ould man, b'ys, ain't ye?" and tried to pass on. A snowabll, harder than the rest, knocked his stick from his hand. He slipped and fell, and the boys howled with delight. Getting up slowly with great effort, he laughed again, and threw the snow he had clutched in his fall at the nearest boy, who danced before him, holding up the cane mockingly just beyond Tim's grasp. As the old man lurched forward, another imp kicked out his foot and tripped him. He fell heavily, and they all closed in and pelted him furiously as he lay. This time he made no effort to rise. He had struck sharply against a hydrant. Suddenly one boy whistled a shrill note of warning, and they all fled—just as a policeman came around the corner.

"Ye're a leetle too many fur th' ould man, b'ys, ain't ye?"

"What's the matter here?" he said gruffly. "Been drinkin' "

"Niver a bit!" came in a quaver from the heap lying on the sidewalk. "Them leetle b'ys wuz havin' fun a-snowballin', that's all. Just you help me up an' I'll stir me stumps all right."

But old Tim shrieked as the policeman tried to lift him, and the man was forced to lay him back in the snow.

"Who'll be after tellin' Jamsie?" he moaned faintly. "Shure, it's broken inside I am entirely; but don't ye pinch them leetle by's. They didn't mean no harm ter th' ould man. They wuz just havin' a leetle mite o' fun. Ould Tim don't mind 'em, bless 'em!"

The next morning the foreman at the factory came to the office.

"There's a vacancy at one of the machines, sir," he said. "They've 'phoned from the Flower Hospital that old man Casey was killed in an accident."

The assistant manager reached for the book and turned the pages.

"Queer!" he said. "This man's name's Casey too — James Casey. Send for him. He's next on the list."

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GABE'S RUSE.

BY FRANK SWEET.

"I'M glad I ain't livin' over on t'other side the mountain," remarked Gabe Carmel.

"'Count o' feudin'?" commented his friend.

"Yes, 'count o' feudin'. Over there a man can't kick a dog out the path without a right smart chance for trouble. They're blood-hunters over there, every dog-gone one of 'em. This side's plenty good enough for me."

"Skeered?"

Gabe colored, but laughed.

"You'n me's been in too many fihgts for that question, Tom Meeks," he said. "But I don't see no sense in buttin' my head into a grave—not jest now."

"Meanin' Sally, I s'pose?" said Tom. "Have ye done spoke?"

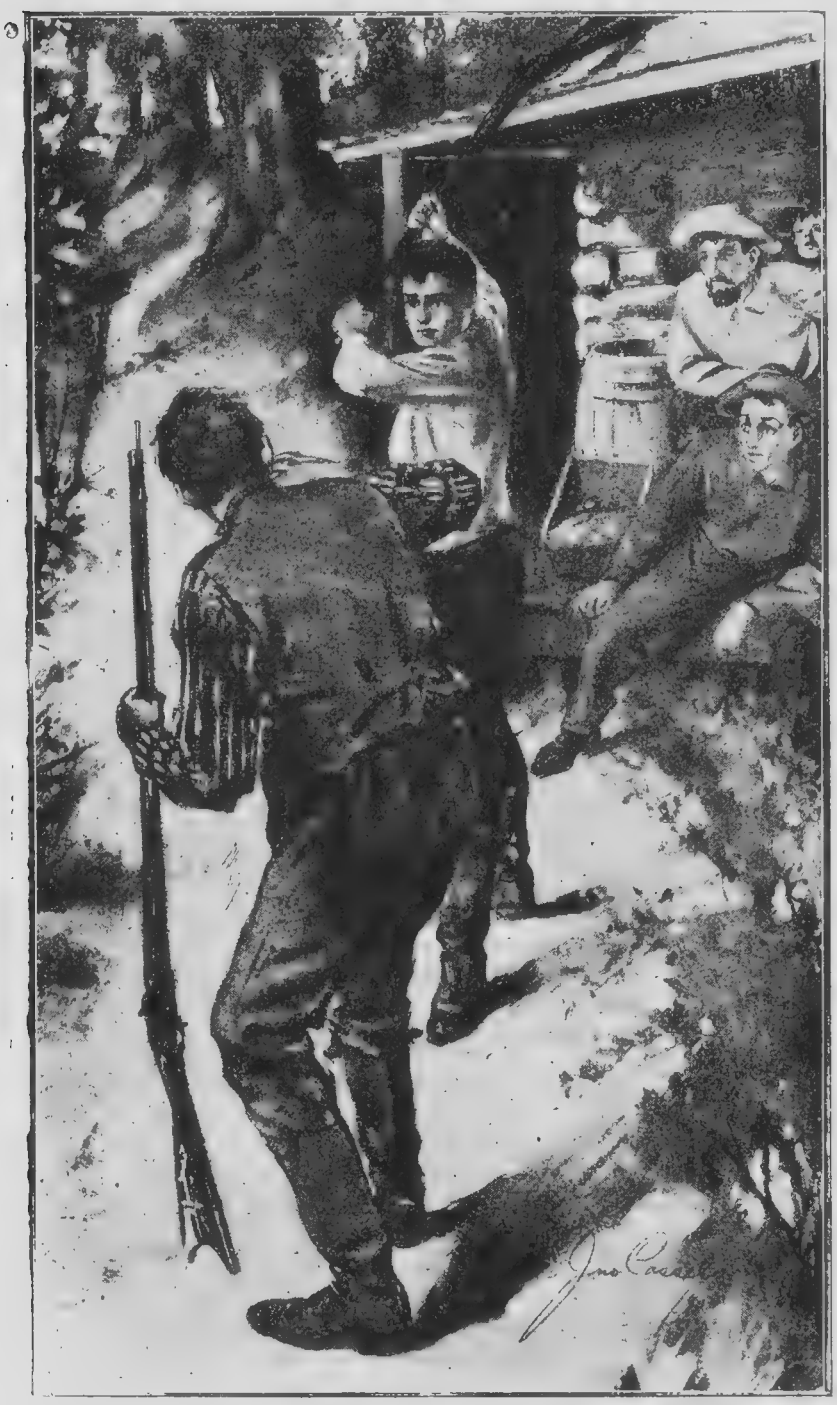
Gabe did not answer. His eyes roved down the mountainside to a small clearing in the midst of which was a log cabin. Fresh chips scattered plentifully about bespoke its newness. During the last three months Gabe's axe had echoed bravely through the forest, and besides the clearing and the cabin there were potatoes and corn in the ground; and in convenient distance to the door was a great pile of wood, the forced evolution of the felled trees into fuel. Tom's gaze followed that of his friend.

"Meanin' Sally?" he repeated.

Gabe laughed.

"Yes, meanin' Sally," he acknowledged; "though I an't spoke, not yet. But three months ago Sally told me that a man oughtn't to waste his life in idleness, an' that feuds an' drinkin' whiskey was lackin' o' sense. It's 'peared to me that way ever since she set me to thinkin'. An'—an' she hinted 'twas 'bout time I was makin' a start for myself—a house an' sich."

"That's consider'ble for Sally to say to a man," murmured Tom, with something like a sigh.



"Swing up gun, Turkeyfoot, quick! I'll give ye two seconds. We'll fight with guns, butt ends!"

"So I 'lowed. But that ain't all. Yes'day, when the house was done, I ast her to come down an' see it, an' whilst we was lookin' 'round I ast her if sh'd go with me to the doin's at the Corners next Tuesday, an' she said yes."

"No!" ejaculated Tom, a look of envy coming to his eyes, but almost instantly fading. "Sally never done that before. She never went anywhere with anybody but wimmen an' children. It—it's got meanin'!"

"That's what I told myself," said

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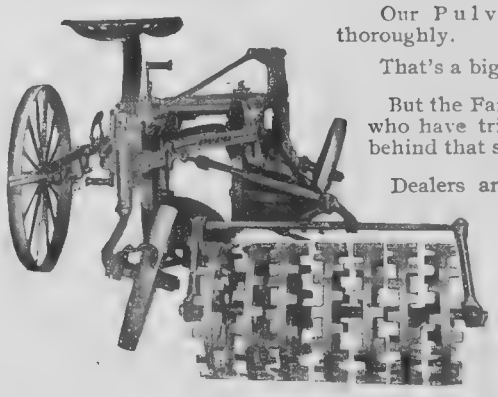

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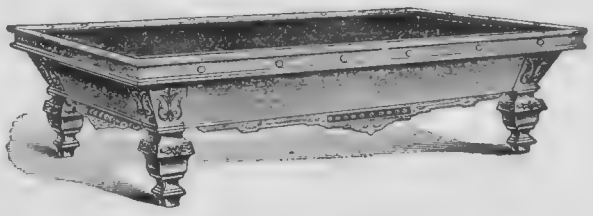

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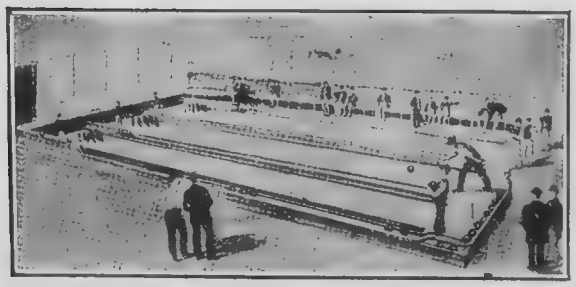

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Gabe, with a hush of mingled awe and joy softening his voice. "It's Sally's fust goin' out with a man. I've never spoke, because she ain't like no other gal; but I'm goin' to say something comin' back from the Corners. Her consentin' to go with me ain't like no other gal's consentin'. That's what set me to thinkin' so pow'ful 'bout—'bout—"

"Blood-hunters an' feudin'," suggested Tom. "Meanin' Turkeyfoot Jake this time, I s'pose?"

"Yes, meanin' Turkeyfoot Jake—the low, rock-hidin' hound! I ain't no coward an' skeer-body, as you know, Tom; but life's a whole lot to me jest now. I can't shoot a man in the back an' Turkeyfoot can't shoot one any other way, an' he's swore to kill anybody who marries Sally or tries to go with her, an' he's a plumb dead shot. If I could git him into a clearin', or to face me anywhere, 'twould be more like even chances. But I can't. Sally won't look at him, an' that makes him so mad he skulks mostly among his rocks, an' his eyes are everlastin'ly squintin' over that long gun o' his."

"Hide in the bushes an' pot him the fust time he goes by," suggested Tom.

"Can't. Wish I could; but 't aint' in me to pot a man who ain't lookin'."

"Run off."

"Wuss yet. Sally'd ruther a man would do that than shoot behind; but she hates a coward."

"Dep'tize me to hide in the bushes an' do the job for ye."

"Oh, ye're jest a talkin' now, Tom," groaned Gabe. "Ye couldn't do a thing like that any more'n me. No, it's got to be my wits ag'in his pizen meanness. If I win, it's goin' to be for all a man's life could be in this world; an' if I don't—why, Sally needn't ever know but I built the house for my old pap an' mam."

There was a cautious step coming down the mountain path, and a "Sh!" from Tom; but Gabe did not turn. His quick ear had already recognized the habitually stealthy tread, but he knew that Turkeyfoot would not attempt assassination in the open path with Tom looking on, and with the settlement store not a dozen rods away. He did not even shift his straightforward gaze when the cautious step approached rapidly behind and a figure brushed his shoulder in passing.

"Huh! Gabe, so it's you?" a sneering voice asked. "I didn't know ye with them big shoulders humped over. Thinkin' 'bout Canaan an' the shinin' shore?"

"No," answered Gabe slowly. "I was jest thinkin' how easy wild varmints git caught in traps."

"Traps is for them that can't shoot," taunted Turkeyfoot. "Sally don't——"

But Gabe whirled with a look in his eyes that stayed the sentence. Turkeyfoot's itchin' for? If he can hector ye to a fight it'll save him shootin' from behind a stone or through a winder, an' folk's 'll pat him on the back an' say he's a brave man. But ye know what Turkey's fightin' way is. His gun was all ready just now, an' if your hand had moved toward yours y'd been potted 'fore it got there."

"I know," said Gabe shortly. "But come on over to the store. I 'low there's a dozen loafin' 'round the steps right now, an' I want to hear the talk."

Tom sprang to his feet.

"Don't ye do it, Gabe," he cried earnestly. "It'll be playin' right into Turkeyfoot's hands. He—"

But Gabe was already striding down the path, and with grave foreboding Tom followed.

As Gabe had surmised, there were a dozen or more mountaineers lounging about the store steps. When the two drew near, a sudden hush fell upon the group. Evidently Turkeyfoot had been saying something that excited mirth, for several faces were still on a broad grin.

What it was soon appeared. The mountaineers were neither sensitive nor delicate.

"Gettin' sort o' skeered, Gabe, air ye?" one of them drawled. "Standin' with your shoulders all scrunched down so's to offer a small mark! I 'low I didn't think it of ye."

Gabe leaned his rifle against the steps and moved away several feet. Turkeyfoot was still grasping his weapon, with his furtive eyes watching Gabe's every movement.

"Well, mebbe I am a bit skeered," Carmel acknowledged. "I was sayin' so to Tom up on the path jest now. I've heered as how Turkeyfoot has swore to kill me, an' everybody knows what Turkeyfoot is with a gun. However, I've killed my b'ar an' my catamount, an' have stood up before shootin' without showin' my back; so folks round here know I ain't no coward. But when a man's young an' strong like me, an' has things ahead, he's excused for bein' weak-kneed when he's goin' to be shot plumb through by a cheap, sneakin' coward like Turkey."

Turkeyfoot's rifle went to his shoulder with a quick, vindictive movement; but there were a dozen pair of condemning eyes watching him, and the weapon was reluctantly lowered.

"What d' ye mean?" he cried angrily. "'Pears to me the shoe's on t'other foot."

"Oh, no, I reckon not," retorted Gabe with tantalizing coolness. "Everybody knows what ye 'mount to without that rifle, Turkey. You 're the cheapest, meanest coward in the whole mountain. Mebbe the gun's brave, but 't ain't you; an' mebbe ye can kill me, but ye're a coward jest the same!"

"I dar' ye to fight me!" screamed Turkeyfoot fiercely. "I dar' ye! An' here's all these folks for witness."

"Might 's well, Gabe," commented one of the men philosophically. "It's bound to come; an' if ye're feelin' dubious, ye're goin' to git more so, an' that'll mean less chance for ye. We'll make the fight fair's we can, seein' he can beat ye all to pieces shootin'."

Gabe considered a moment, as if hesitating.

"Well," he said at length, "I s'pose it may as well be now. But bein' the fight's forced on me, I have ch'ice o' weapons."

"It's got to be guns," interposed Turkeyfoot, in sudden alarm. "All mountain men fight with guns."

"Yes, we'll let it be guns," agreed Gabe. "But I have my say 'bout the way it's to be did. We'll stand six foot apart."

"Six foot! Why—"

"Yes, six foot," Gabe repeated placidly. "An' now 'bout the loadin.' What you got in your gun, Turkey?"

"Bullet," was the sullen reply. "For deer."

"An' I've got bird-shot. We must have things jest alike, to be fair. Hand your gun to somebody to draw the load, Turkey. Here, Tom, you draw mine."

Again Turkeyfoot hesitated; but they were all looking at him, and he passed his rifle to the nearest man. In a moment the two charges were withdrawn.

"Now give 'em back," ordered Gabe. "We'll do the rest. Understand," he added, looking at the group about the store steps, "this is to be a fair fight, jest between Turkey an' me. If he does the killin', as seems to be likely, none o' my friends are to take it up an' pester him. It's to end right here. An' if I git the best o' Turkey it's to be the same. You all witness."

"Yes, yes, we'll look out for that. If either one or t'other tries to keep it goin' we'll pitch in an' make a feud of it an' run him into the ground or out of the country. It shall end right here. We witness!"

"All right." Gabe stepped to his place, and suddenly grasping his rifle by its barrel and swinging the stock high above his head, he cried: "Swing up your gun, Turkeyfoot, quick! I'll give ye two seconds. We'll fight with guns, butt eends!"

Turkeyfoot half raised his rifle, his eyes bulging. Then his real nature asserted itself, and he whirled and sped frantically up the mountain path, followed by the jeers of the loungers.

The Bolt of Lightning.

BY GRACE COOK.

"CHUCK ready?"

The girl kneeling before the stove turned a flushed, unsmiling face over her shoulder, and regarded the speaker severely.

"There's some bread in that box on the table," she told him.

"Bread?" with a curious drop in his voice.

"I said bread," returned the girl tartly. "I speak English, and I think I speak loud enough for folks who are not deaf to hear me. Bread!"

"The last time, you gave us doughnuts. Your brother said you made 'em."

"Well, I didn't make any today." The girl rose to her feet with a single lithe movement, and turned toward him Even in that critical moment, with her eyes blazing unjust and unreasoning anger upon him, the cow-puncher's heart throbbed acknowledgement of the tall, pliant, reed-like grace before him. "I'm not going to stand over a hot stove and cook horse-feed!"

"Bob's been telling you about my feeding that doughnut to Blue Lightning. I can't help it; Blue Lightning's the only friend I've got—sometimes. And he never goes back on me like—like some other folks!"

"So you want me to fry doughnuts for him? Well, Mr. Jim Bradway, it's lucky I found out in time what you'd expect of a woman!"

Jim looked disconsolately from the little ranch-house to where Blue Lightning—innocent cause of this particular storm in his tempestuous love affair with his partner's pretty sister—stood patiently waiting.

"I can't go back on Blue Lightning, for anybody—not even for you, Lodora. He's helped me through more tight places than a girl like you even dreams of. His eyes dwelt lovingly on the pony's sleepy little bulk. He lacked words to say what he felt.

"There's been a plenty o' times in these 'leven years I've had Little Blue, when—well, when I don't know *what* I'd 'a' done without him. He got me a job—an' kep' it—an' earned both our livin's. He's sure a good horse; nothing I've got is too good for Blue Lightning," the big, helpless fellow concluded.

Lodora, herself born and bred on a ranch, knew perfectly what Jim was trying to express. She knew that Blue Lightning, the most notable cutting pony in San Miguel County, had more than once been his owner's sole stock in trade, had more than once saved that owner's life; and she would have despised Jim if he had failed in gratitude and affection toward his equine partner. But the perversity of the spoiled coquette was strong within her.

"H'm!" she began. "I reckon if he's such a wonderful horse, he's too good for me. You share everything you have with Blue Lightning—but you wouldn't let me ride him, when I wanted to the other day!"

Jim looked at her dumbly; so sweet, with the little damp curls which her work over the stove had loosened around her forehead, her cheeks glowing pink, and the brightness of an unholy triumph in her already bright eyes.

"I don't know how it is, Lodora," he began dismally. "You treat me all right when I first come in, and just as I'm going away you pick a quarrel with me!"

Innocent Jim! He was not aware that the feminine mind understands perfectly that it is at these parting moments the greatest concessions are always made. And Lodora, deep in her heart, felt the final great concession approaching. She knew herself ready to capitulate, and instinctively laid about her for some extreme cruelty wherewith to signalize her surrender, to make it both costly and memorable.

Jim halted a moment; then he countered with sudden astuteness.

"You don't belong to me," he said. "When you do—when you do—" The promise came hard; but the girl's laughing, challenging eyes were upon him.

"Will you give him to me for my saddle horse?" she broke in eagerly. Lodora saw the issue squarely ahead of her; and she told herself that she meant to make the conditions so difficult that the harmless, necessary quarrel might be maintained

Jim set his gaze where Blue Lightning cropped the short, rich plains grass. Then he glanced irresolutely to where his, wicked adorable sweetheart laughed over his indecision.

"No," he said, doggedly, "I can't do it. Blue Lightning has his notions, just like a person. He'd be as apt as not to kill you, first time you tried to ride him!"

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Wilful, spoiled coquette Lodora was, who had driven her four-in-hand of adorers since she had put on long skirts and looped up her curls; but she had found out her own heart at last, and it fluttered wildly at Jim's words. It warned her that she might lose this one lover for whom she really cared by pursuing the methods which had enslaved the others. But it was ever the last ditch with Lodora. The fear at her heart only lifted her proud little head.

"Well, Mr. Bradway, perhaps you'd like to make some doughnuts for Blue Lightning? I shall be pleased to give you the benefit of my advice, or my recipe—but cook for a horse I will not!"

This admirable arrangement would keep poor Jim in sight until she could eventually dictate her own terms of surrender. And he was nothing loath; he would have apologized, and with any degree of abjectness; but one cannot offer soft speeches over a sieve of Triple X flour, nor suggest sentimental arguments while spooning lard into a kettle. The cow-puncher was, like most men of his calling, a very fair cook, and the first doughnut which came out was crisp, brown and toothsome.

"I'll take that to Blue Lightning," said Lodora wickedly; and she hung it upon a small, pink-tipped forefinger and sallied out.

Jim looked after her almost smiling. Why would she torment him, when she could make him absolutely happy? He turned once more to the bubbling kettle upon the stove and the exacting business of dropping doughy rings into its molten contents, watching them sink, plump up, float, and turn brown, and fishing them out with a long fork. Suddenly something like lightning whisked past the one window, and an agonized voice screamed:

"Jim! Oh, Jim!"

Lodora had mounted Blue Lightning, and the pony had bolted with her!

Bradway ran out with his doughnut fork in hand; but he was helpless and afoot! He cast the fork from him, and reached for a small pistol which luckily chanced to be carried in his hip pocket—an unusual thing for a cow-puncher.

He looked at the little weapon with a sort of sob. There was no other way!

Had he been mounted, there might have been a chance of heading the pony off, since it circled at no very frightful speed around toward the left. Jim ran in a straight line, to the left, also,—moving in a sort of chord to the bolting horse's wide circle hoping to get near enough to Blue Lightning and his precious burden and risk a shot

"Kick your foot loose from the stirrup—be ready to fall free—I'm going to shoot him!" he shouted, hoarsely.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" came back the startled cry.

Jim's hand shook as it went slowly up with the weapon. It was like shooting at a dear friend! But a soul wrought up to the sacrifice made firm the trembling hand and unsteady arm.

"You'll have to just understand, old man," he whispered. "You've got to die for her, same as I would, if 'twas me!"

Then the report rang out. The pony suddenly whirled, and came towards his master at a gentle trot, while a long curl, from Lodora's flying tresses, floated away and settled gently upon the grass. Instead of turning the pony away from danger, as she intended, the girl had wheeled him directly into its path.

Yes, the girl had turned him; for in spite of her pretended helplessness and terror, it was with Blue Lightning well in hand that Lodora came up to her lover.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried, precipitating herself into the arms outstretched to receive her. "I wanted to scare you a little; but I didn't think you'd believe that anything on four legs, even Blue Lightning, could run away with me!"

Jim stood pale and gasping, staring across to where the tell-tale curl fluttered upon the grass. But he found the presence of mind to take advantage of the situation. Lodora with a hysterical tendency to put her arms around his neck and beg his forgiveness, was a delicious novelty.

"You ought not to run such awful risks—I might have shot you!" he remonstrated.

"Jim, honey," urged the tearful and penitent Lodora, "I had no more idea that you'd shoot at Blue Lightning than anything in the world!"

"You don't know a thing about how much I love you," said Jim simply.

"And you'd have shot Blue Lightning for my sake!" she went on, as they moved back to the ranch-house, hand in hand, the astute pony following. "Well"—she paused long, looking down; then continued, as they once more stepped forward: "I said I wouldn't accept a divided heart—and that's why I—why I——"

"Oh, is that why you've been tormenting me all this time?" exclaimed her lover. He turned suddenly, and the little derringer flashed in his hand. Jim had had a gleam of enlightenment. "Then I'll shoot him anyhow!" he said, affecting to aim at the pony.

"No you won't" cried his sweetheart, and closed a resolute hand over the weapon. "I just love Blue Lightning. I'm going to have him for my saddlehorse when we—when——"

Some moments later she plucked herself, rosy and disheveled from her lover's close-clasping arms, and with one look up into his glorified countenance, cried:

"My goodness, those doughnuts are burning to a cinder—just smell them!" And she fled like a deer toward the house.

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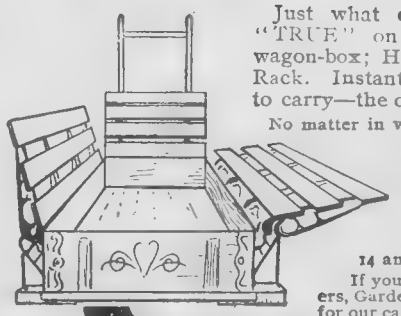

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A Problem of Behaviour.

Last month the following problem was presented:

Mr. Pitt, a rising and conceited young author, is lunching with the Blacks. Pitt is seated between Mrs. Black and her seventeen year old daughter, Gertrude. Mrs. Black says, "I have just been reading your new novel, 'The Dew,' and I think it charming, positively charming." Gertrude pricks up her ears and says, "Why, mother, you can't mean that; you were only saying this morning that you thought 'The Dew' most dreadfully dull."

A prize was offered for the best answer for Mrs. Black.

The prize has been awarded to J. G. Ashton, Fort Rouge, for the following:

"Yes, I did say so, but I have since changed my mind. On reading the novel through, I found that it was most delightful. What I considered to be a tedious recital was but a necessary introduction."

Here are some other answers:

"True Gertrude! But it was only a comparison. I meant that the book was dull compared with the writer of it. He is like "The Dew" that gives freshness to the flowers."

"Really, Gertrude, how could you have misunderstood us. Mr. Pitt, have a little more chicken, please."

"Why Gertrude, how could you have so misunderstood me? I meant that it was dull in the morning because one could not get outside for the dew on the grass."

"Why! you misunderstood me darling."

"Why, dearie, you misunderstand me; I meant it would be dull to some people because it is so pure. You know some people never call a book interesting unless it is composed of slangy phrases."

Another Problem.

Mrs. Gray writes Mrs. Bell to visit her in the country for a week. She does not include in the invitation the daughter Lucy who is an only child of ten years and spoiled. Mrs. Bell in accepting the invitation begs that Lucy be allowed to come. She will be no trouble. Yet Mrs. Gray is afraid of Lucy's influence over her own children. What should she do?

License to Sell Goods.

Editor.— "I am a new subscriber, but must say for the price you ask for the Monthly, it is equal to any $1.00 magazine in Canada or the States. Times are hard in this valley because the C. P. R. did not keep its promise and get an extension in time to build the railway, and it knocked the bottom out of all and many hopes. Now I have to leave my wife at my new settled place and try to make a living by taking an agency for selling articles till I can save enough to keep up improving and planting fruit, for the land is not in shape to live on or farm it, like the prairie. Would you be able and kind enough to let me know what are the laws in B. C. and Alberta about going from house to house to sell goods (patented articles). About licenses; is a person required to get a license in every town or even on the road in the country, or can he get a license for the whole province to go anywhere and sell?"—Frank Voigt, Wilmer, B.C.

Answer:— In some towns of British Columbia there are by-laws which make it necessary for licenses to be taken out by persons selling articles in the manner you refer to. In some of the towns where there are such by-laws they are not strictly enforced. Possibly your best way would be to go from town to town and make some enquiries on the quiet before starting to work. The chances are that in most towns you would not be interfered with.

A Good Citizen.

Editor.— "'Making Canadians' is all right in your May number, but do not go too far in your teachings. I am a Norwegian, born in Norway, came to the United States in my sixteenth year, came to Canada four years ago. The teaching of my childhood days was in this direction. There is no Government without the will of God. I was loyal to the laws of the U. S. and came to this Canadian country only of my free will and I intend to be a good citizen of this country also. The teaching founded on christianity always keeps its hold from childhood to death. Born in a foreign country, given a fair education (as I can boast my native country gave me and thousands of others) you cannot expect us to forget it, can you? The United States did not forbid us Norwegians to celebrate the 17th of May (Norway's 4th of July) and President Roosevelt admitted we were among the best of American citizens. Now I believe that we will never be able to forget Norway; at the same time, I, for one, believe we will be true and loyal to the constitution of Canada." — A. S. Bothun, Midale. Sask.

Getting a Divorce.

Editor— "Will you kindly answer the following questions? A couple who have always resided in Canada wish to get a divorce in the United States. 1. How long will they have to reside in the U. S. before they can apply for a divorce? 2. Will both have to live there or only one of them? 3. In which State is it considered easiest to obtain a divorce? 4. I have heard some one say that in either North or South Dakota it was easy to get a divorce and that there was one particular town where those who wished a divorce went. Do you know the name of any such town? I have forgotten it. 5. How would one set about getting the divorce? To whom should they apply. How long would one have to live in either North or South Dakota before applying."—A. B. Sask.

Answer:— Each State in the United States of America has separate laws regulating divorces. South Dakota has the reputation of being the State in which divorces are most easily obtained. Jos. M. Donovan, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, is an attorney who pays particular attention to matters of divorce, and you might open up a correspondence with him. The term of residence required in South Dakota is 7 months and in North Dakota one year and 4 months, and it is only necessary for the plaintiff to be a resident. If the intention of remaining in the State does not exist at the date of commencement of the residence or if proof of intention does not exist as required by the State these fixed periods above mentioned may be greatly exceeded. Residence alone does not constitute or prove domicile.

Homestead and Citizenship.

Can a homesteader become a citizen and receive his patent at the end of three years when he has been in the States about eight months out of the two years on business? Does a man who is born in the States become a Canadian citizen when he is of age, when his parents are citizens of the States, or does he have to stay three full years in Canada before he can take out his papers?—R. D. Dowell, Souris, Man.

Ans.—There must be three full years residence in Canada before naturalization. There is nothing to prevent him from taking occasional visits to the States provided he has a permanent place of residence in Canada. The young man, being the son of aliens, would not be able to take out his naturalization papers until three years after he has attained the age of 21 years.

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Current Comment.

Vacation.

This month and next are known as the long vacation. It is the time when the residents of cities and towns look up their country relations in order that they may commit to them the care of their children. It is the time when pleasure resorts are crowded, when boating and yachting are the popular amusements, when the bathing-suit is the most becoming apparel. In short, it is for town people, young and old, the period of leisure. It is no folly for men and women to plan carefully for the holidays. Recuperation is an absolute necessity in every walk of life. The man who grinds incessantly impairs his usefulness and shortens his days. Rest and recreation are as necessary as food and drink. As no one can work week day and Sunday without breaking under the strain, so no one can work uninterruptedly for twelve months without suffering physically and mentally.

It is gratifying to note that all through the West new fields of amusement are opening up. It is now possible for the farms to become centres of social life. This is a boon to the farmers' children as well as to their visitors. The new railroads lead to fishing grounds and to paradises for campers and canoeists. The summer hotels, no longer a losing venture, have accommodation for thousands. And this is all good if wisely used. May all our readers enjoy themselves to the full, and return to their fall labors with browned cheeks, hearty appetites, and spirits refreshed.

The Short Vacation.

There are some whose holiday is necessarily brief. To such we commend the fresh air. The benefit may not be apparent at the time, but life during the rest of the year will be all the richer because fresh air has been inhaled for a fortnight. It is a mistake to live in the dust if it can be avoided. Let every one who is able get to the water or out on the wind swept prairie.

No Vacation for Us.

Unfortunately there are many for whom there is no vacation. Sick little children living in crowded tenements or in filthy hovels—hundreds of these must go without the welcome change. Boys and girls weak in body, threatened with the white plague, must continue to decline as they breathe the atmosphere of the smoky city. It is time, surely, that humanitarians added to public playgrounds a public refuge for sick children—a summer farm to which the most needy could go during the dry and dusty season. The work done in some districts of England and America indicate that it would be possible to establish a farm in the neighborhood of our largest cities that could be operated with funds supplied altogether by the children of the well-to-do parents. All that is required is a leader in such a movement.

The Vacation in the Country.

July and August are not the easiest months for the farmer and his wife, but as a rule the children are not hard pressed. There is one useful employment in which many of them might engage. They might gather and press native flowers and mount them for distribution at Christmas. Those who wish to make money in this way might easily do so as there are hundreds of customers in the cities and in the older lands who would pay handsomely for collections.

The Summer Fairs.

One feature of the vacation is the summer exhibitions. Unfortunately they have degenerated somewhat as an exhibition of farm products, and have become more or less turf-meets, with enough of the variety show added to satisfy the tastes of the most fastidious. It is satisfactory to note that the legitimate features are being emphasized this year, and as if in preparation for the Centennial of 1912, everybody is determined to make the fairs of 1909 the most successful in the history of the West. There is no reason why anything of low caste should be made prominent at an exhibition in Western Canada. With its high class horses, cattle, implements, and manufactures of all kinds it is unbecoming that the amusements should be of low grade. Here gain there is cause for satisfaction in the statements of the managers, who promise to give that which is both entertaining and instructive.

The War Scare.

The more one considers the matter the more he is convinced that the recent war scare was the best thing for the Empire that could have occurred. It has aroused all classes from their dream of false security, and it has evoked a feeling of national pride which has prompted every one of the units of empire to offer its wealth and its men for the denfence of the flag. It is no small thing that the Empire should feel its unity at a time like this and it is just as great a thing for the rest of the world to know that we are a united people.

Whatever may be the result of the deliberations of our own Government with the Home Office, every Canadian will insist on one thing—that we do our full share at a time like this. It may be that Dreadnoughts in ten years will be obsolete. The discoveries of science make all things possible. But we know nothing just now which is such a sure defence as vessels of this kind. Therefore let us equip and man a worthy warship to co-operate with that great navy of which we are so proud and to which we owe so much. At the same time this initial step must not prevent us for planning for a permanent and adequate national defence.

Men Needed.

After all when it comes to war and to the planning which averts war, it is men that are needed—men of scientific acumen, of bravery and integrity, of resource and invention, and above all, men who are filled with patriotic pride and Spartan determination. And so it comes to a question of education—education in home and church and school. It does seem that in some respects the strong commercial spirit of our time unmans us. We can learn something from Japan if we will. We can learn something from other nations. We must repress, a little, our strong selfish love for material things and combine to work out our destiny as a nation. It is not what we have but what we are, that will ultimately determine our standing. Nothing more calamitous could befall us than that we should be satisfied to exist merely as a nation of wheat-growers and railroad-builders.

Education Required.

This brings to the front once more the need of good schools. We are not spending upon the schools what we should in money or thought. We are satisfied with teachers who are novices, and imagine that elementary schools can do good work without a system of secondary and higher education. This is altogether wrong.

But the most serious feature in connection with the education of our children is that so many of them do not attend even the primary school. A few years ago Canada was pointed to with pride as a country in which all attended school. It is now becoming—or at least part of it is becoming—a byword for ignorance. This is in no part owing to the commercial spirit, but it is owing also to the carelessness of those interested with the drafting of legislation. A few years ago we had a government make a parade of its loyalty when it insisted on the hoisting of flags on every school house. We are not objecting to this action, but we must condemn their present attitude which is as disloyal as anything could possibly be. It is unfair to the nation that part of its population should grow up without intellectual and moral training. No matter how loud a man's pretention to loyalty may be, there is only one way of judging it, and that is by his actions. We judge governments in the same way.

Election Protests.

One of the worst things that can befall a people is that they begin to despise their own laws and their own law-makers. We are in danger of that in Canada today. Indeed many use the words politician and crook as synonymous terms, and they laugh at certain laws on the statute book, insisting that they are there simply for show. They point particularly to the law governing elections.

The recent action of the two political parties—it is a pity we cannot truthfully say, the great political parties—in withdrawing all election protests, is another reason why people should continue to believe that certain laws are not intended to be enforced seriously. Just as certain as that the the sun shone, so certain was it that during the last election in Western Canada there was in many constituencies the most brazen violation of the election act. Many of the charges that were made could have been proven. They were sufficient to unseat and perhaps disqualify not only the representatives from the cities, but from several rural constituencies. Yet when it came to the day of trial, the two machines, through their agents at the capital, agreed upon a withdrawal of all charges. Everybody understood the significance of that. Neither party dared to have its methods exposed, for the methods were such as no one would care to own. Nor were these methods controlled by private parties but by the leaders in Dominion and provincial political life. The corruption belonged to the machine. Without it the machine could not have operated.

It is a mistake, however, to think that the sin belongs to the few party leaders alone. Every member of a political party is responsible for the acts of the party. It is possible that our country's affairs cannot be carried on just yet without some form of party government, for legislation can be effected only through concerted action. Most men must affiliate themselves with some political body. This does not mean that they are freed from responsibility. When we say that Mr. So and So is a pretty smooth politician, we must remember that we are condemning ourselves, for he occupies his position of influence through our permission. There is no political sin great or small, no legislation good or bad, for which you and I will not have to give an account some day at the bar of God. As we begin to believe this, our political life will begin to improve, for we shall endeavor to have our law and and our life the expression of our better selves.

In less than five years we are going to see a change in affairs Men are growing dissatisfied with a state of affairs under which the few grow wealthy at the expense of the many, and under which corruption and disregard for law flourish continually. Notwithstanding the persistent silence of the political press, there is at work a growing sentiment in favor of righteousness and honesty. Real party government—democratic government—will take place of the machine politics which we now endure

A Modern Hero.

Most men love heroes. That is why men love a man like Dr. John Pringle. No task could be more unpleasant than that he assigned himself, of exposing iniquity as he saw it. We do not take the silence of the members of the Presbyterian body to mean that they are not as anxious as Dr. Pringle to see virtue triumphant. Rather do we see in it a proper reticence. They knew that Dr. Pringle alone was conversant with the facts, and no other member could have added anything of value. Still they should have insisted that a brother minister should have had fair play. If there was any member of the Assembly who believed that the best thing was to act in a politic manner, rather than in an open and frank way, he should be thoroughly ashamed. Presbyterianism stands for courage. It is associated with the name of Knox. Unfortunately there is reason to fear that at least one prominent member of the Assembly believes in cunning rather than in courageous boldness. And that man was not Dr. Pringle.

We are not in this endorsing or refusing to endorse Dr. Pringle's charges. We are only admiring the boldness of a man who, in the strength of his convictions, had the courage to state the truth as he saw it, no matter what the consequences might be to himself or his friends.

The New Theology.

A fire mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell;
A jelly fish and saurian, and caves where the cave men dwell,
Then a sense of law and beauty, and a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it evolution, and others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon, the infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields, and the wild geese sailing high;
And all upon upland and lowland the charm of the golden rod,—
Some of us call it autumn, and others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach, when the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic ocean, whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it longing, and others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, a mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock, and Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless, the straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it consecration, and others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

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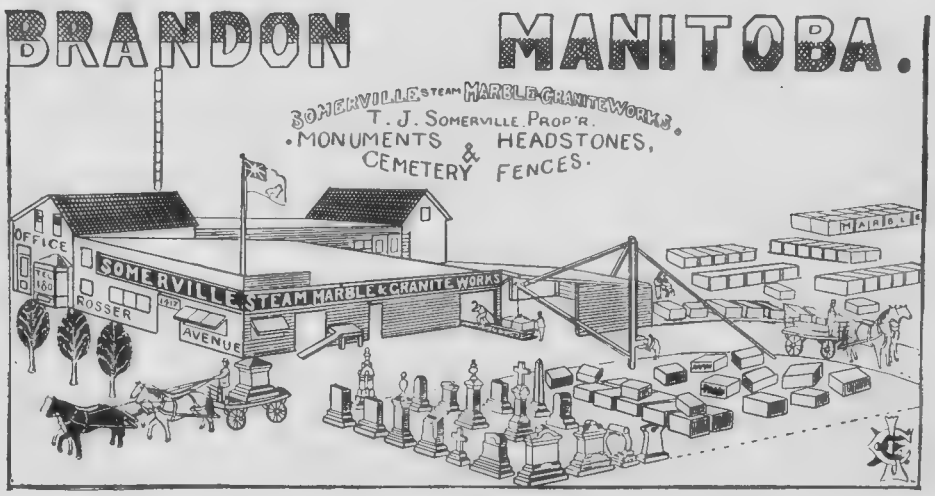

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What The World is Saying.

Our National Buffalo Herd.

Canada now has a herd of over three hundred buffaloes. It was timely intervention that prevented this splendid animal from becoming extinct.—London Times.

Fort William and Port Arthur Rival Chicago.

With an elevator capacity of 30,000,000 bushels the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur begin to rival Chicago as a grain centre.—Ottawa Free Press.

A Mother of Mighty Offspring.

The Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia and a federated South Africa! Never before was a small island kingdom the mother of such giant offspring.—Victoria Colonist.

Men and Brothers at Sea.

The passengers on the Cunard steamer Slavonia were rescued by German steamers. It is pleasant when the contest for the supremacy of the sea takes this form.—Toronto Globe.

One More Male Opinion on Woman Suffrage.

Some women do not want to vote because they would rather be represented at the polls by the men they are acquainted with than by the women they know.—Victoria Times.

Hanging Gardens.

Some of Constantinople's hanging gardens are likely, if the Young Turks follow their present method of dealing with mutineers, to become even more famous than were those of Babylon.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Spread of Fashion.

Civilization advances. The ladies of the court of King Menelik of Abyssinia have journeyed to Paris to secure a supply of European garments, which they have recently taken to wearing. There's hope for the world yet.—Chicago Tribune.

The Spare Dollar.

The spare dollar occasions one of the most natural and delightful pleasures. No holiday is complete without it, and its general diffusion is the most complete evidence of prosperity.—Vancouver Province.

Drawing the Line.

Despatches tell us that the Dowieites are looking forward to a new home in the neighborhood of Edmonton. Alberta should not encourage the coming of these lunatics. Let us populate the Province with sane people and keep out the freaks. Alberta doesn't want them.—Lethbridge Herald.

A Historical Inaccuracy.

A London publication prints a picture of Gen. James Wolfe, breathing his last in 1763. The intention is good, no doubt, but Gen. James Wolfe would have enjoyed the four years just added to his mortal span, if he'd had them.—Guelph Herald.

British Capital Flowing to Canada.

The decision of British capitalists to invest $2,500,000 in a dry dock in Montreal, and to make immense extensions to the steel plant at Sault Ste. Marie, may be taken as an indication that the tide of material progress still flows toward Canada.—Montreal Witness.

The Old Hymns to the Old Tunes.

A Halifax minister has created a sensation by insisting upon singing the old hymns to the old tunes. As the familiar tune carries half the sweet memories that cling around the old hymns, old churchgoers will heartily endorse his protest.—Hamilton Times.

Loyalty Means Faithfulness.

Teach the boys and girls that loyalty to country means faithfulness to duty in the home and in every phase of civic life—that the heroes of peace are not less worthy than those who died on the field of battle. An inspiration to service is the lesson to be drawn by all of us.—Brantford Expositor.

The Young Man Laughs.

Every young man has a joyous notion that no evil can befall him. Others may drown or get crushed under cars, but he laughs at risks. It is a delusion of youth, and it is responsible for many tragedies and griefs. Risks should not be taken, and only the foolish take them unnecessarily.—Toronto News.

Future City Engineers from Alberta.

The University of Alberta is to establish a course of municipal engineering. This is another instance in which the East may well learn from the West. In years gone by, the West has called for the best of our young men. The time may come when the East will be glad to secure the services of the expert graduates of Alberta.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A Dangerous Religious Crank.

Sharp, the fanatic who posed as "Adam God" and caused the authorities a good deal of trouble last season, has been convicted of murder in the trial growing out of the religious riots at Kansas City, and has been sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment. Religious cranks are a nuisance always; the armed religious crank is dangerous.—Minneapolis Journal.

Earned Happiness.

It is related of Rev. Dr. Gregg, who has just died in Toronto, that, in early days in this city, he made all candidates for matrimonial joys learn the Shorter Catechism before he would marry them. Ministers were scarce, and the swains had to study or stay single. So they studied. Cupid can teach a man a lot of things.—Belleville Intelligencer.

Freedom, With Reverence.

McMaster university stands for "freedom, for progress, for investigation; will welcome truth from whatever quarter, and never be guilty of binding the spirit of free inquiry." Noble words and most opportune, to the authoritative utterance of which the Baptist church is specially entitled and prompted by its history. To freedom add reverence, and you have the religious need of the hour.—Bystander, in Weekly Sun.

The Extreme of Extravagance.

Howard Gould's wife spent $70,000 in one year on jewelry and finery. She paid $1,000 each for tailor-made suits, $500 for a bundle of silk stockings, $1,528 for shoes, $8,000 for a sapphire ring, and so on and so on. No wonder Mr. Gould, rich though he was, wearied of this extravagance and sought a separation with a regular but limited allowance.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The New Marriage Law in Washington.

As the result of the adoption of a law in the State of Washington requiring people desirous of marrying to pass a medical inspection, many couples are leaving the state for the purpose of getting married. The theory behind the law may be a good one, but it goes a little further than public opinion justifies. When a man or a woman are willing to take chances it is not likely that an easily evaded law will prevent them from doing so.—Montreal Gazette.

Canada and the United States.

Fourth of July orators at down state patriotic demonstrations still talk of annexing Canada, but thinking Americans like Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Elihu Root frankly recognize that there is room on this continent for two great friendly nations, each in its own way working out the problems of free government.—Windsor Record.

The Conquest of the Air.

How swiftly the world moves! There is now being held in London an international aeroplane exhibition at which over a dozen types of airships are on exhibition. Not only on exhibition, but on sale! A touring dirgible of a cubic capacity of less than 30,000 feet, and driven by a motor of 16 horsepower can be got for £120, while the Wright machine is offered at £1,400. Other machines cost only £600. The airship is today pretty much where the motor car was twelve years ago; with possibilities of development not much inferior.—New York Sun.

The Movement of Population.

Already thus early in the season the rush of immigation to Western Canada is unprecedented. A majority of the new settlers are Americans with a good deal of money. The flow of immigration into the front door of the United States is being offset to some extent by that which goes out of the back door into Canada. This is a matter which the government of the country to the south of the line can hardly view with favor, particularly in view of the fact that Canada is getting the cream of the farming population in the Western States.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

The Way Western Values Advance.

An offer of $3,000 a front foot has been made and refused for a lot of land on Jasper avenue, Edmonton. With three transcontinental railways running into it, and a vast region to the north awaiting development, almost any price for Edmonton real estate is reasonable.—Hamilton Spectator.

Railway Trains of Yesterday, and of Today.

A short time ago a freight train passed through Brockville, over the Grand Trunk Railway, composed of seventy-five cars—nearly two-thirds of a mile long. Frequently trains composed of fifty or sixty huge freight cars are hauled by monster locomotives. If some of the original railway men of the big Canadian roads could behold these enormous trains of the present day thundering across the land, how they would stare as they compared the difference between them and the little old wood-burning engines and the little cars and the short trains with the hand-brakes, which opened up this country.—Brockville Times.

The Way Western Towns Grow.

Twenty-five years ago Calgary was a tent-town and a collection of shacks. A little over ten years ago it had reached the dignity of a town of 3,000 inhabitants. The census of 1901 placed the population a little over 6,000. Five years later—at the special census of 1906—Calgary's population was recorded at 11,967. Two years ago the municipal census gave the city 21,040 inhabitants. And to-day another municipal enumeration is being made which, it is believed will put the figures between 28,000 and 30,000—Calgary News.

The Invaluable Rain.

When it rains in the city the people, as a rule, comment on it as an inconvenience—it prevents the keeping of appointments, crowds the street cars beyond endurance, causes umbrellas and rubbers to be hunted for in vain. Of course, reasonable showers arriving occasionally are welcomed for the sake of the trees, lawns, and flowers—although the hose-sprinklers, as a rule answer the purpose. But when it rains in the country that's a different matter. It does a city man good to be in the country on a day when a great rain comes down from heaven and gladdens the thirsty fields. Then the city men learns—or he is reminded of what he had nearly forgotten—that a wet day is not merely a bad spell of weather, but a blessing, a boon, a gift, that makes the world habitable.—Toronto Star.

A Pioneer of Civilization.

The trumpet of fame is sounded often for the conqueror and the statesman. The men who really pioneer civilization are seldom heard of. The Evening Bulletin of Prince Rupert rescues the name of one of the pioneers from oblivion in the following paragraph: "A missionary who preaches the glories of the up-river country left on the Port Simpson this morning for his ranch at Kitselas. His name is A. J. Kelch, and late last winter he arrived here from Dawson. He has settled at Kitselas, where he owns 160 acres. He says that the land is rich, and that as a fruit-raising proposition he has something that promises to be gilt-edged. He intends to send away shortly for 300 apple trees."—Toronto Telegram.

Canada the Land of Opportunity.

We are living in a new country, and new world, free from the trammels of traditions and caste, where a man, and not a man's grandfather, is the master of his fate. We carry our future in our own hands. We have thrown our doors open to the world, and people of many races are coming to us from the borders of the earth. They have heard the call of a new land, which offers a new life, free, virile, and youthful, with the glamor of an unrealized, unfathomable destiny to glorify it. We are not only part of the world's greatest Empire, but something even greater than that, for we are playing our part as a distinct force in history.—London Advertiser.

Sir William and Freight Rates.

Sir William Van Horne's utterances in London to the effect that the railways on this continent are not charging the public enough and that freight rates both in the Unuited States and this country are absurdly low, sound like an echo of the outgivings of Mr. E. H. Harriman about a year ago. In this connection it is to be noted that when the last Union Pacific dividend was declared at the rate of 10 per cent., a magnificent accumulated surplus was announced when the last C.P.R. dividend was declared at the rate of 7 per cent. It would be interesting to know how much higher Sir William and Mr. Harriman would like to make the freight rates.—Toronto World.

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Fruit Growing Near Vernon is Most Profitable

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Swan Lake, on which our Lands Border.

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Properly farmed will bring greater profits per acre than the best quarter section of wheat land in the world. Our fruit lands near Vernon are located in the **most favored section of the Okanagan Valley. No crop failures. No extremes of heat or cold.** From every standpoint fruit growing near Vernon is the most pleasant and profitable occupation we know. Fruit growers near Vernon are making fortunes. Let us send you our beautifully illustrated booklet, it's free. Just drop a post card to-day.

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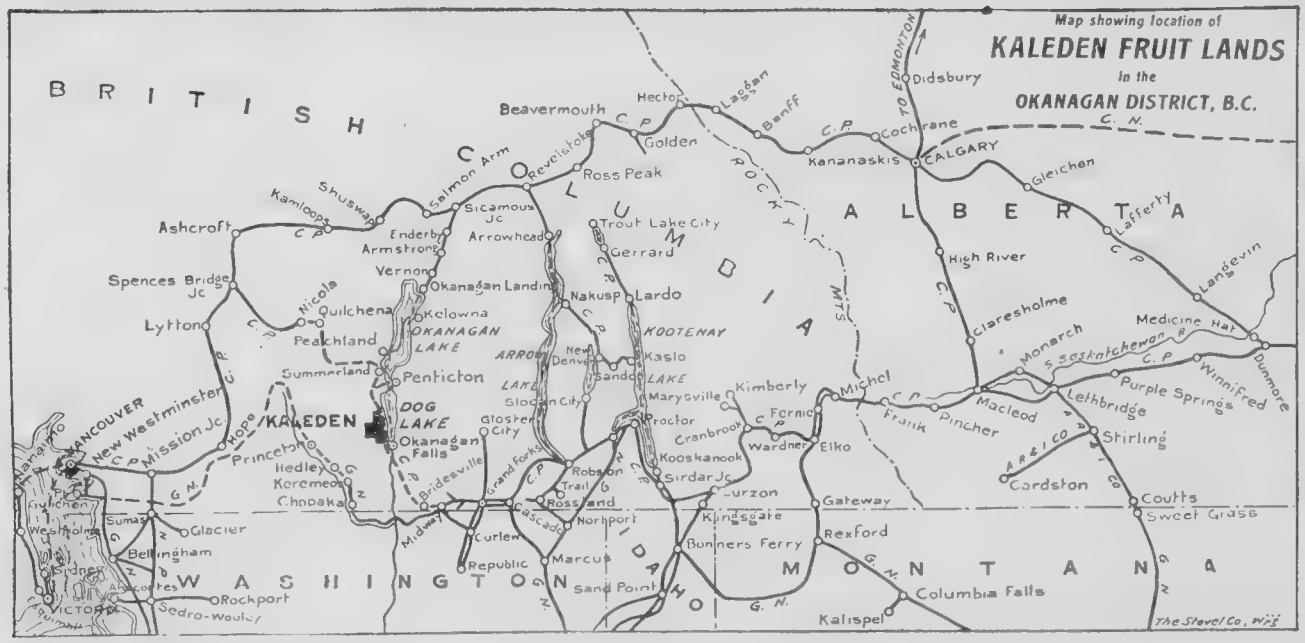
Kaleden Fruit Lands



Kaleden Fruit Lands

The above map shows the location of our fruit lands on the west shore of Dog Lake. This lake is four miles south of Okanagan Lake, and connected by the Okanagan River—navigable.

We are now putting in a **Pressure Pipe System of Irrigation** on these lands; the first and only system of the kind in Canada, This system is conceded by experienced men to be worth $100 more per acre to the land than the ordinary flume and ditch system. On KALEDEN lands you will have beautiful domestic water in your homes the year round, equal to the finest city water system.

Our Engineer has been for some time subdividing these lands into 5-acre lots, laying out roads and streets, and also the beautiful townsite of KALEDEN.

In the meantime we are selling town lots and fruit lots, giving each purchaser a number and receipt indicating the order of their choice. Soon as plan is completed a copy of same will be sent with a description of each lot for your selection. We guarantee that every fruit lot sold in this way to be ready for the plow, and every foot of it the finest loamy fruit soil there is in all Canada—not a single yard of waste soil on it. Our climate conditions are superior to any other part of British Columbia, so far as fruit raising is concerned. It is a land of sunshine and beauty. Those who buy now have superior choices and get all the advantages of first selection. A deposit of $100 with each 5-acre lot and $25 each on town lots is required. Unimproved fruit lands equal to these cannot be purchased, under irrigation, in the Wenatchee or Yakima Valleys, Washington, or other favored places, there, under $600 to $1000 per acre. Our present prices are $240 per acre for fruit lots and $200 each for town lots. Our terms are: One-fourth cash; one-eighth in 12 mos.; one-eighth in 24 mos.; one-quarter in 36 mos. and one-quarter in 48 mos. A $100 deposit now will secure you one of these choice 5-acre fruit lots in the very best location overlooking this beautiful Lake. Send or wire money to me at address below. These lands are owned by James Ritchie, of Summerland, B.C., and we refer you to Bank of Montreal, Vernon, as to our responsibility. Prospectus and Map will be sent on application.

T. G. WANLESS, General Sales Agent, Box 2097, Winnipeg, Man., or Calgary, Alta.

The Philosopher.

Canada's Future.

If you study the history of Canada you will see that our system of responsible government grew up in defiance of the predictions of some wise and patriotic statesmen, who were wrong in their prophecies because they had in their minds certain fixed forms of government and could not conceive of the development of new forms. "Canada must either be a separate nation," they said, "or a dependent colony, ruled from London. A self-governing colony is a thing we call an anomaly which we do not understand. But that very thing which to them was inconceivable and, therefore, in their belief, impossible, kept on growing, and is the form of government under which we live today. And talk of separation from the Empire has long ceased among the Canadian people. The Canadians living today who would sever the ties of British connection are not sufficient in number to form a corporal's guard; it is very much to be doubted, indeed, if there is even one, so that not even the corporal could be found, to say nothing of the corporal's guard, to stand against British connection. The sentiment of Imperial loyalty is constantly growing stronger and stronger, from Halifax to Victoria; and from its growth goes discussion of the ultimate form which the Imperial organization is destined to assume. When we remember that we are living today in a relation with Great Britain which sixty years ago statesmen found it difficult to conceive, may we not be justified in harboring the thought that the British Empire may, sixty years hence, take a form which we cannot conceive today? One thing every true Canadian believes steadfastly is that whatever the organization of the Empire will be, Canada will play a useful and honorable part in the affairs not only of the Empire but of the world.

Big Plans That Must Wait.

The spirit is willing, but the financial problems involved are too huge to tackle just yet. This expresses the situation in which both Canada and the United States find themselves in regard to their big waterways projects. The surveys for the Ottawa and Georgian Bay canal have proceeded so far as to show that that project could be realized at a cost of about $125,000,000. But the Dominion has so much on its hands in the construction of the National Transcontinental railway that it would be unwise to assume further burdens. Exactly the same condition confronts the United States in regard to the project to construct a fourteen foot channel from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico. The cost of constructing that waterway is estimated at $160,000,000; and the Federal Government at Washington, like the Federal Government at Ottawa, is carrying on a great undertaking—the Panama Canal—which will take all its available resources for some years to come. Both the Georgian Bay waterway and the waterway from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico will undoubtedly be constructed in time; but each of these projects is in the category of things which do not demand imperative haste. The prospect is that Canada will make a start upon the Georgian Bay undertaking before the United States begins constructing its new route to the Gulf.

Selecting Immigrants.

From the president of the Australian Immigration League the London News publishes a protest against the immigration policy of this country. Canada, in that protest, is accused of "selfishness in demanding the cream of British emigration and carefully rejecting those who will not be immediately useful in developing the resources of that Dominion." While it may be quite natural that some of the British nations overseas from Great Britain should thus complain because Canada is trying to secure the cream of British emigration and to reject undesirables, it is not a policy for which the Dominion can justly be censured. The only ground upon which the immigration policy of this country can be based so as not to be open to just censure is the principle of barring out all undesirable immigrants, the principle, that is to say, of exclusion of all immigrants unfitted in any way, no matter what country they come from, for becoming useful and patriotic Canadian citizens and doing their part in helping to advance the country's development and build up the country's welfare, moral and material. This policy may have its selfish side, it is true. The immigrants we desire are those Great Britain would prefer to keep. And the same feeling prevails in Australia. We all want the best. But is it not the only right and proper way that each portion of the Empire should meet and solve its own problems? The position taken by this country acts as a corrective to the delusion that social problems can be solved by shifting the unfortunates from one place to another. True it is that there is ample room in the large areas awaiting settlement in this country for those who are massed in wretchedness in crowded centres of population across the sea. But those people are not fitted to go upon the land; and this Dominion must, in framing its policy, give first place to the vital interests of its own welfare. We must exclude those whose coming would add to the congestion of our own cities and towns. Already we have our own problems. No country has discovered the secret of perpetual youth; every new country is ever becoming older, and as it becomes older it has the old problems to face. Wisdom in framing and carrying into operation our immigration policy as well as all other governmental policies can delay the results of old-world methods and systems and so improve our chances of avoiding them. But bad political management will develop evils even where the soil is richest and nature's gifts are most abundant.

Political "Saw Offs."

In October last a new Dominion Parliament was elected. The Dominion election law provides that legal proceedings to have the election of a member of Parliament upset by the courts must be instituted within thirty days of his election. Within that required interval after the general elections last October proceedings against some sixty odd successful candidates were instituted. During the past month it was announced that they have all been abandoned. Not one of them is to come to trial, or ever be heard of again. And yet when the suits were instituted it was declared that every one of the sixty odd gentlemen from whose names it was proposed to wipe away the letters "M.P" had been guilty of having violated the law of the land and had subjected himself to the maximum penalty of disqualification. If that favorite imaginary personage, the man from Mars, had been a visitor to our Dominion at that time, in order to study our system of government, he no doubt would have found it remarkable that the protests were equally divided between the two political parties, the number of protests against successful candidates of one party balancing the number of protests against successful candidates of the other party. Let us suppose that the Martian visitor, who is always represented as possessed of extraordinary keenness of mind and, of of course, an absolute lack of knowledge of the ways of the inhabitants of this planet, had gone back to Mars at the close of last year, and returned to this earth, for another visit to this Canada of ours, during the past month. How he would be surprised at the abandonment of all these election protests! "What, then," he would ask, in his guileless desire for information, "was the meaning of the protests?" It would have to be explained to him that the suits for unseating the sixty odd members of Parliament were entered simply to provide the wherewithal for bartering between the two political parties. He would have to write down in his note book the term "saw off," and he would have to secure an elucidation of that important political institution, so that he could explain its workings to his fellow-Martians. In his lecture on Canada, after his return to his own planet, he could explain that immediately after the general elections in Canada last October both parties threatened wholesale protests, in the established regular way. Then, as the time limit drew near, meetings of the party managers in the different provinces were held. In some provinces, as in Nova Scotia, it was agreed that there would be no protests on either side. In some, as in Ontario, most of the intended protests were cut out, enough being entered on each side to balance those entered on the other side. In Manitoba and Quebec, where the majorities were decisive, nearly every election was protested. And then, some seven months later, they were all, by mutual consent between the party managers, abandoned. It would be interesting to hear the disinterested comments which the Martian gentleman would have to offer upon this procedure in Canadian politics.

A Brilliant Project.

Much of the stuff that masquerades in the newspapers and magazines under the guise of science is the veriest tommy-rot. Here is Professor Pickering has had all the world talking about his plan to make a huge mirror, at a cost of $10,000, and signal with it to Mars. After much discussion of the absurd Pickering project, along comes a practical man who knows all about heliographing, and makes the Professor look silly by explaining to him that his $10,000 mirror would not signal any better than an ordinary good hand mirror. The latter will reflect a single image of the sun, and that is all the biggest mirror that can be made can do. The practical man recommends that the Professor buy up a lot of shaving glasses, or, better still, get a lot of fragments from a looking glass factory, and then get some thousands of people to get together, each with a piece of looking glass, and have them all flash signals at Mars togther, the Professor directing them where to point their flashes. In this way he suggests—but whether he is speaking sarcastically or not, who knows?—that possibly a sufficiently brilliant combined flash might be secured to reach the neighboring planet. But suppose it could. What then? If there are intelligent beings on Mars, how would the Professor know that they had received his message? It is easy, of course, thus to dispose of the projects of signalling to Mars by declaring them futile projects. But what appeals to the imagination is the thought of the possibility of a signal reaching Mars and some answering signal being made. It is inconceivable how anything further could be accomplished than merely that. But merely that would be a stupendous thing. And that is why the imagination of generation after generation of human beings will dwell on the question of the possibility of such a thing being achieved.

Wasted Lives.

Members of two of the families in the United States whose names are known all around the world as standing for piled up millions of dollars have during the past month been figuring in the newspapers scandalously. One has been suing for divorce from his wife, a former actress, and the evidence has set forth the sort of life led by such people; the other has been disclosed under the searchlight of publicity as a purposeless spendthrift, in whom conscience and moral principle have become deadened. There are respectable members of these families, who are not to be envied in the humiliation which is thus being brought upon them. To say nothing of the spendthrift licentiousness that has been laid bare to public view, what is to be thought of the senselessness of the slavery to mere dress that has been disclosed? The wife referred to from whom her husband has sought divorce declared in her evidence that she and the women of the ultra-wealthy set with whom she lives must don an entirely new outfit at least three times a day, and sometimes five or six times. Chiefly, it would seem, their time is devoted to robing and disrobing. With the aid of two or more maids, the process can be completed in from two to three hours. The greater proportion of their waking hours, then, would seem to be devoted to the simple and engaging pastime of putting on and taking off clothes. What a use to put the chief part of one's life to!

Woman and the Vote.

In speaking of the attitude of the International Council of Women—whose meeting, held once every five years, was the great event of last month at Toronto—in regard to woman suffrage, the Countess of Aberdeen said that the Council stood for woman suffrage in all countries where there is manhood suffrage, and added: "We impose the movement on no country adverse to it." The fact of the matter is that the one great serious obstacle to the woman suffrage movement is not the opposition of men, but the indifference or distaste of women. If in any country the majority of the women wanted the electoral franchise extended to their sex and were determined to have it, they would have it in mighty short order.

This Year's Railway Building.

Between Winnipeg and the mountains this year's railway building will amount to a total of over two thousand miles, at a cost of $85,000,000. The end of this season's construction will see the C. P. R. double-tracked all the way from Winnipeg to Lake Superior; it will also see the $1,250,000 C. P. R. viaduct at Lethbridge finished and in use. The G. T. P. main line will be ready for use clear through from Edmonton in the fall, and construction will be pushed on rapidly in the direction of the Yellow Head Pass. The Canadian Northern, like the other railway systems, is doing a lot of branch building; it is also heading for the Peace River country. To mention one more item, the Great Northern is to build into Winnipeg from the south. Thus Western Canada is getting itself equipped for the development of its immeasurable resources. This development is as yet only in its beginnings.

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The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

Secret of Popularity.

There is one true, genuine, and unfailing source of popularity and that is unselfishness. No man has ever yet persuaded men that he was living a life of unself love without winning a place in the hearts and affections of humanity. The human heart is keen to detect love. The world loves the lover. An English clergyman makes the following remark:

"When Dr. Matheson was obliged to have a colleague-successor, his colleague used to say that the Doctor persistently retired to the rear and pushed him to the front. This family-affectionateness will extend to every branch of the family. It is wonderful to see how one family can absorb many. When I have a piece of personal news, I have to write about a dozen letters to get the family told."

Creeds and Needs.

Every man has his own theory about the universe—his own theology and his own creed. And in the main we are pretty much agreed about most things. Our differences are superficial—occasioned by birth, environment and geographical location. The one thing which we admire in each other is sincerity. The heart qualities appeal to all men. Speaking of the work of Gipsy Smith the *Interior* says:—

"Five thousand professions of conversion were noted, and all grades of society from lowest to highest were included in the list. In the police court before a Christian judge a man appeared to confess the theft of a gold watch. Being asked why he thus put himself in the way of going to the penitentiary, the man replied that he had found Jesus at the Gipsy Smith meeting and he could not do otherwise than make confession. The judge, deeply affected, adopted the words of Christ and said to the man: "Go and sin no more."—This is the kind of religion which everybody believes in.

A Splendid Record.

Brilliant people are fascinating but men of average ability rule the world. Steady men—faithful men—men of conscience, character and quality—these are the men who hold the universe together. Their names are seldom written on the scroll of fame, or their forms projected in undying bronze or their biographies written for our study and inspection—but the foundations of civilization rest upon the shoulders of the faithful men. *The Boston Congregationalist* remarks:

A railroad engineer has just died in New Jersey who in forty years had run passenger engines more than two million miles. No passenger was killed on trains in his care. His name was Lloyd Clarke. How many a life of unrecorded service like this goes to make up the sum total of the quiet heroism of humanity!

True Wealth.

Money is matter in its finest form. As an article of exchange it is absolutely indispensable. A civilization may be judged by the character of its coin. A bank bill measures the progress of humanity in the matter of commercial forms and methods—but true wealth must be found in conduct, conscience and character. These are the things which hold men together. These are the treasures within the reach of all. The ideals of true wealth force themselves upon us when we read the following in Zions Herald:

"The most beautiful and at the same time the most valuable handkerchief in the world is said to belong to the Queen of Italy. The handkerchief in question is an example of the earliest Venetian point lace, dating toward the end of the fifteenth century. The piece in spite of its great age is in perfect preservation, and it is valued at £4,000, although it is stated that two American millionaires have offered three times that sum for it, but in vain."

The Best Man.

Are you big enough to recognize the best man? He may not be your friend. He may have stood in your way. He may have criticised your methods. He may have said mean things about you. He may have been unkind in judging your motives, but in spite of all he may be a strong man and the only available man for a certain position concerning which you are called upon to cast a deciding vote. Are you big enough to vote for him. "There was Abraham Lincoln. He was cordially hated by a vast number of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Stanton said all the coarse, hard things possible about him, but when Father Abraham came into office he made Mr. Stanton Secretary for War. Why? Because he believed him to be the most suitable man for the post. Mr. Chase said all sorts of abusive things about Lincoln, but when the President came into office he made Mr. Chase Chief Justice because he believed him to be the best man to fill the position."

Receiving "A Call."

The voice of the people is not always the voice of God. Sometimes the people are mistaken. A poor preacher with two good sermons will very often receive "a call" where a man of more solid and enduring qualities with his intellectual goods poorly arranged in the show window will be passed by. A recent exchange says concerning the late Dr. Marcus Dodds:

"Dr. Dodd's career contains many valuable suggestions for all who, like him, devote themselves to the service of men through the church. After graduating from the theological college, he had to wait seven years for a pastorate, and was a candidate in twenty-three places before any church was ready to make the venture with him. But instead of being embittered by the apparent unappreciativeness of the churches, the young man devoted himself all the more earnestly from his twenty-fourth to his thirtieth year to intellectual labor. He translated Lange's "Life of Christ," edited the complete works of Augustine, wrote "The Epistles to the Seven Churches," a "Manual of Devotion," "Prayers that Teach Us to Pray." He was tempted at one time to give up trying to get a pulpit, but like a true son of the manse, he adhered to his early purpose, and the lesson of these seven trying years was doubtless summed up a long time after, when he said to a company of students, "You may be perfectly sure that if you prepare yourself for a place of influence in the church the place will one day be given you."

Bismark's Iron Bed.

Bismark slept on an iron bedstead, plain, simple and unadorned. He had carried it about with him during many a military campaign and he liked it. It suited the proportions of his body. In the days of his glory, success and fame he still clung to his old iron bedstead. Gen. Grant said that in the days of his military expeditions his luggage consist of two things—a night shirt and a tooth brush. The man of genius needs little. An English writer says:

"I was very much struck in reading the biography of Sir Edwin Burne-Jones by his widow. He had a house in London and a house in Brighton, and he found that when he was in the Brighton house nearly everything he wanted was in the London house, and when he was in London nearly everything he wanted was in the Brighton house. If I were offered a house in every county in England, I should respectfully decline them, unless I could have the power to sell them and devote the money to good purposes. You can have too many residences."

Conditions of Success.

Ascertain, if you can, all the conditions of success. Beecher could not preach after eating a hearty meal. Mozart would not play when his audience indulged in gossips and light conversation—he demanded the appreciation of silence and attention. Moody would not exhort until the congregation had been "sung" into perfect harmony under the leadership of Mr. Sankey. Rev. J. A. Jones, of Bournemouth, England, says:

"Some men are curiously sensitive to climate. It made all the difference in the world to Robertson of Brighton, say Dr. Stopford Brooke in his biography, whether he wrote in a room which faced south or north, while a gloomy day influenced him life a misfortune."

My friend, know what your soul demands, and get the conditions right.

Genius and Will.

Will power is the supreme thing in human achievement. Keep your health in perfect order. Be sure of your physical basis. Let nothing interfere with your sleep, digestion and peace of mind. Be strong in the centre of your soul and then, having the foundations well laid depend on your will. A paragraph from *The Intellectual Life* illustrates what I mean:—

"When the materials for the "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella" arrived in Prescott's house from Europe, his remaining eye had just suffered from over-exertion to such a degree that he could not use it again for years. "I well remember," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "the blank despair which I felt when my literary treasures arrived, and I saw the mine of wealth lying around me which I was forbidden to explore." And although, by a most tedious process, which would have worn out the patience of any other author, Mr. Prescott did at last arrive at the conclusion of his work, it cost him ten years of labor—probably thrice as much time as would have been needed by an author of equal ability without any infirmity of sight."

Married People.

The best foundation for a happy married life is built out of the materials which enter into a perfect friendship—an ideal friendship. Agreement is the one thing necessary. Agreement in taste, desires, ambitions and purposes. Folks who quarrel before they are married will probably have their differences after they have established a home. In a chapter on "Society and Solitude" I found these words:

"If Shelley had not disliked general society as he did, the originality of his own living and thinking would have been less complete; the influences of mediocre people, who, of course, are always in the majority, would have silently but surely operated to the destruction of that unequalled and personal delicacy of imagination to which we owe what is inimitable in his poetry. In the last year of his life, he said to Trelawny of Mary, his second wife, "She can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead."

Woman's Influence.

The mightiest thing in the world is a woman's influence. I am not prepared to dispute a woman's right to vote. Why an ignorant man is granted a higher privilege in the political realm than an intelligent woman has always been a mystery to me—but of one thing I am sure you cannot place too high an estimate on the influence of a woman. Rev. Sam'l. P. Jones once said:

"A pastor in one of the cities in our Conference told me this. Said he: "Just after I was stationed at this place I married one of my Christian young men to a worldly-minded, un-Christian girl; and a few days after that I married one of my Christian girls to a worldly-minded, wicked man." Sometimes this is a mistake as long as eternity. "But," said he, "before six months had passed away the Christian girl had brought her worldly husband to Christ, and he had joined the church; before another six months had passed the gay and giddy girl had taken her husband out of the church and he was going arm in arm with her to hell."

Sincerity of Soul.

Have a look at yourself. Know the thoughts of your own soul. Never think for a moment that you can deceive yourself. Be honest in your thoughts, clean in your thinking and clean-cut in your conclusions. In the years to come honesty of purpose and sincerity of soul will be the chief sources of satisfaction. *The Homiletic Review* says concerning Thomas Henry Huxley:

"And it is saddening how often he had to face the charge that he was an outcast, religiously speaking, an infidel. On the death of his boy he wrote a long letter to Kingsley—one of the most ingenuous and pathetic letters in all literature—in which he recurs to his convictions about the Christian's hope: "I may be quite wrong, and in that case I know I shall have to pay the penalty for being wrong. But I can only say with Luther, 'Gott helfe mir, Ich kann nicht anders.' . . . But I can not help it. One thing people shall not call me with justice and that is—a liar. As you say of yourself, I too feel that I lack courage, but if ever the occasion arises when I am bound to speak, I will not shame my boy."

Pay for It.

In these days when preachers and prophets are working for the regeneration of society too much cannot be said concerning the ordinary virtues of justice and honesty. The average man knows the difference between truth and falsehood—between honesty and dishonesty. Oh that this knowledge might be applied to every day life. It is dishonesty to steal from anybody; it is a greater dishonesty to steal from everybody. Men holding offices of public trust should read the following:

"President Roosevelt is not the only official in the Administration who shattered a tradition. It has been the custom for years to permit the retiring Vice-President to carry away the inkstand provided for his use. A very expensive one was placed at Mr. Fairbanks' disposal four years ago, when his term ended last week Mr. Fairbank's surprised the Secretary of the Senate by handing him his personal check for $200 in payment for the stand. So tradition has gone by the board once more."

Honor Bright.

A clean man is a national asset. A pure woman is the incarnation of the true national glory. A citizen who loves justice and hates evil is better than a battleship. The strength of any community consists of and exists in the men who are pure, clean, upright and straightforward, ready for the right and sensitive to every approach of evil. There must be a standard of citizenship. Let us test men by the words of the poet, Alfred Tennyson:

"I would pluck my hand from a man, even if he were my greatest hero or dearest friend, if he wronged a woman or told her a lie."

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"DEAR SIRS—I received the goods safely on Thursday and I am perfectly satisfied with same. Everything was so nice and fresh, besides after paying freight I saved 25% by buying from you. Yours etc, H.M."

And the difference in price is not all. There is a freshness, crispness and cleanness about our goods that you may never have had a chance to notice before. 90% of the goods go to you right from the original cases, and are as fresh as from the hands of the packers. Read this letter from a customer in Norman, Ont.:

"DEAR SIRS—We received the Groceries Thursday and never saw such fresh goods at such low prices. Some of our neighbors would not believe that we could get Groceries from you as good as you advertised, but since mine came they are convinced that they are better and cheaper than they can get here and are all going to send for themselves....."

Now it will pay you to read this list carefully and on every line we quote a price ask yourself what you pay; and then why you pay it.

Alum—Per lb. .....5c.
Ammonia—Powdered, per 1½ lb. pkge. .....10c.
Liquid, per pint bottle .....10c.
Axle Grease—Diamond, per box, ...7c.
Mica, per box .....10c.
Apricots—Evaporated, choice, per lb. 14c.; per 25 lb. $3.25
Barley—Pot, per lb. 4c. Pearl, per lb. .....5c.
Baking Powder—Red Cross, 25c. lines per lb. 18c. Per 3 lbs. 45c. Per 5 lbs. .....65c.
Beans—Common White, per lb. 5c. Per bus. (60 lbs.) $2.75
Biscuits—Sodas, per 2½ lb. box, 25c. Per 17 lb. box, $1.45. Fancy Mixed, per lb. 10c. Ginger Snaps, per lb. ..9c.
Blue—Keen's per lb. 20c. Keen's, per ¼ lb. .....5c.
Borax—Lump, per lb. 7c,
Butter Color—Well's, per bottle ..20c.
Candy—Royal mixed, per lb. 10c. Acid Drops, per lb. 15c. Peppermints, per lb. .....15c.
Candles—Wax, per doz .....13c.
Catsup—Essex, per 2 lb. tin, 7c. White Star, per gal. .....60c.
Can Openers—Each .....5c.
Canned Fruits—Apples, per gal. can, 25c. Apricots, per 2½lb. can, 20c. Blueberries, per 2 lb. can 10c. Blueberries, per gal. can, 45c. Blackberries, per 2 lb. can, 19c. Cherries, pitted 2 lb. can, 16c. Peaches, per 2 lb. can, 19c. Pears, per 2 lb. can, 14c. Plums, per 2 lb. can, 10c. Plums, per case (24), $2.30. Raspberries, per 2 lb. can, 17c. Strawberries, per 2 lb, can, 19c. Pineapple, whole, per can, 12c. Pineapple, sliced, per can, ...12c.
Canned Vegetables—Peas, per 2 lb. can, 9c. Peas, per case (24), $2.05. Corn, per 2 lb. can, 9c. Corn, per case, (24) $2.10. Tomatoes, per 3 lb. can, 10c. Tomatoes, per case (24), $2.30. Pumpkins, per 3 lb. can, 10c., per doz., $1.15 Beans, per 2 lb. can, 10c. Beans, per doz., $1.15 Beets, per 3 lb. can ..15c.
Canned Fish—Salmon, "Sunflower" Pink, per tin 12c. Salmon "Sunflower" Pink, per doz., $1.35. "Tiger" Red, per tin, 14c. "Tiger" Red, per doz., $1.60. "Horseshoe" per tin, 18c. Sardines, Brunswick, per tin, 5c. Sardines, King Oscar, per tin, 12c. Kippered Herring, Canadian, per tin, 10c. Kippered Herring, Maconochies, per tin, 14c. Finnan Haddie, Golden, per tin, 11c. Lobsters, Loggies, per ½ lb. tin, ...23c.
Canned Meats—Potted Ham, ¼ lb. tin, 6c. Potted Turkey, ¼ lb. tin, 6c. Potted Tongue, ¼ lb. tin, 6c. Lunch Tongue, per 1 lb. tin .....25c.
Cereals—Rolled Oats, per 20 lb. sack, 75c. Rolled Oats, per 80 lb. sack, $2.75. Gran. Oatmeal, per 98 lb. sack, $3.25, Corn Meal, per 50lb. sack, $1.25, Corn Flakes, Quaker, per pkt. 10c. Force, per pkt. 15c. Grapenuts, per pkt, 15c. Puffed Rice, ...10c.
Prices subject to change.
Cheese—Manitoba Choice, per lb. ..16c.
Chloride of Lime—Per tin, ...8c.
Clothes Lines—48 foot Manilla, 75c. 48 foot, Cotton .....12c.
Clothes Pins—Per doz .....2c.
Chocolate—Cowan's Sweetened, per ¼ lb., 8c. Cowan's Sweetened, per lb. 30. Baker's Unsweetened, per ¼ lb., 12. Baker's Unsweetened, per lb, 45c.
Cocoa—Epp's, per ½ lb. tin, 10c. Baker's per ½lb. tin, 23c. Cowan's, bulk, per lb. .....20c.
Coffee—Choice Santos, per lb. 25c. Choice Santos, per 5 lb., $1.15. Choice Java and Mocha, per lb. 35c. Choice Java and Mocha, per 5 lb., $1.60. Barrington Hall, per 1lb tin .....35c.
Coffee Mills—Family size, each ..,25c.
Cream—St. Charles, Evaporated, per tin, 10c. St. Charles, Evaporated, per doz. $1.15
Cream of Tartar—Pure, per lb. ...28c.
Currants—Fresh cleaned, per lb. 8c. Fresh cleaned, per 25 lbs. $1.95
Castor Oil—Cold drawn, per reputed pt. bottle ....18c.
Dates—Finest Halloween, per lb. pkt. 8c. Finest Halloween, per 10 lb. pkt .. .. 75c.
Extracts—Lemon, per 2 oz. bottle, 8c. Vanilla, per 2 oz. bottle, 8c. Double strength Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple, Ratafia, Almond, etc., 2½ oz. bottle, 50c. Lemon and Vanilla, 8 oz. bottle. ....50c.
Figs—Natural, very fine, per lb. 5c. Natural, very fine, per 28 lb. bag ..$1.35
Fruits—Evap. apples, extra choice, per lb. 10c. Evap. apples, extra choice, 50 lb. case, $4.25 Evap. apricots, extra choice, per lb. 14c. Evap. apricots, extra choice, per 25 lb. case, $3.25. Evap. peaches, extra choice, per lb. 10c. Evap. peaches, extra choice, per 25lb. case $2.25. Evap. pears, extra choice, per 25 lb. case, $2.50. Evap. Prunes, 90 to 100 to a pound, per lb. 7c. Evap. prunes, 90 to 100 to a lb. per 25 lb. case, $1.45. Evap. prunes, 90 to 100 to a lb. per 50 lb. case $2.75. Evap. prunes, 70 to 80 to a lb. per 25 lb. case, $1.75. Evap. prunes, 40 to 50 to a lb. per lb. 10c. Evap. prunes, 40 to 50 to a lb. per 25 lb. case $2.20. Evap. prunes, 50 to 60 to a lb. per 10 lb. case .....90c.
Fish—Holland Herring, 10 lb. net. per keg 68c. Codfish, Acadia, per 2 lb. box 25c. Codfish, Bluenose, per block about 1 lb. .....9c.
Fruit Jars—Atlas Mason, Pints, per doz. 60c. Quarts, per doz. 70 c. ½ Gals., per doz. .....95c.
Gelatine—Coxe's, per packet, 10c. Knoxe, per packet .....15c.
Honey—Pure White Clover, per 1 lb. jar, 22c. Pure White Clover, per 5 lb. pail, 85c. Pure White Clover, per 10 lb. pail, ...$1.65
Icing Sugar—White, per lb. 7c. Chocolate, pink, yellow, per ½ lb .....9c.
Jam—Imperial, 5 lb. pails, 35c. White Star 7 lb. pails, 55c. E. D. Smith's 5 lb. pail, each .....70c.
Jelly—Upton's pint jars, each 13c. Upton's 7 lb. pails, each .....60c.
Jelly Powders—Bee brand, per pkt. 5c. Blue Ribbon, per pkt. 8c. Blue Ribbon, per doz. pkts. .....90c.
Lard—Compound, per 20 lb. pail, $2.30 Pure Leaf, per 20 lb. pail $2.85
Lard prices subject to change.
Lamp Burners—Medium, each 6c. Large, each .....7c.
Lamp Wicks—Medium per box. 5c. Large, per doz. .....7c.
Lye—Royal Crown, per tin, 9c. Gillett, per tin .....10c.
Macaroni—Per lb. packet, 10c. Per 10 lb. box ..... 70c.
Maple Syrup—Imperial Brand, per qt. tin, 30c. Imperial Brand, per gal. tin, 95c. "Special" pure 1909 make, per qt. tin, 38c. "Special" pure 1909 make, ½ gal. tin, 70c. "Special" pure 1909 make per 1 gal. tin, ...$1.30
Marmalade—Upton's per 7 lb. pail, 60c. Crosse & Blackwell's per 7 lb. pail ..... 80c.
Matches—Eddy's Headlight, per pkg. 12c. Telephone, per pkg. .....15c.
Milk—Condensed, Reindeer, per tin, 13c
Molasses—New Orleans, per 3 lb. tin, 16c. New Orleans, per 1 gal. pail, 65c. New Orleans, per 2 gal. pail, $1.10. New Orleans, per 5 gal. pail, ..$2.35.
Mustard—Keen's bulk, per lb. 27c. Keen's bulk, per 4 lb. tin .....$1.00.
Nuts—Mixed, per lb. 15c. Almonds, shelled, per lb. 35c. Walnuts, shelled, per lb. ..... 28c.
Nutmegs—Per ¼ lb. 8c. Per 1 lb. 30c. Ground, per 2 oz. tin .....5c.
Peels—Candied, lemon, per lb. 12c. Candied, Orange, per lb. 13c. Candied, Citron, per lb. .....19c.
Postum Cereal—Per 20 oz. pkt. ....22c.
Prunes—See Fruits, Evaporated.
Peas—Green, dried, per lb. 5c. Green, dried, per bus. $2.40. Split, per lb. 4c. Split, per bus. $2.20
Pickles—Red Cross, 18 oz. flat bottle Sour, 20c. Mustard, 20c. Sweet, 25c. 1 gal. pail, Sour, 75c. Mustard, 80c. Sweet, 85c. 3 gal pail, Sour, $1.90. Mustard, $2.10. Sweet, $2.30. 5 gal. pail, Sour, $2.95. Mustard, $3.20. Sweet, ... $3.45
Raisins—Fine off Stock, per 28lb. case, $1.80. Selects, per 14 lb. case, 95c. Layers, choice, per 28 lb. case, $2.05. Layers, choice, per lb. 8c. Seedless, per lb. 8c. Seeded, per 1 lb. pkt. 8c. Seeded, per 12 lb. pkt. .....95c.
Rice—No. 1 Rangoon, per lb. 5c. No. 1 Rangoon, per 50 lb. sack, $2.15. Japan, per lb. 6c. Japan, per 50 lb. sack, ... $2.45.
Rennet—P. G. Tablets, per bottle, 10c. P. G. Liquid, per bottle .....15c.
Sago—Finest, per lb. 6c. Finest, per 10 lbs. ... . 50c.
Salt—Common, per 50 lbs. sk. 43c. Common, per 280 lb. bbl. $1.95
Soda—Baking, per lb. 4c. Cow Brand, per 1 lb. pkg, 7c. Washing, per 100 lb. sk. $1.65
Soap—Royal Crown, per carton, (6 bars), 20c. Royal Crown, per box, 144 bars, $4.40. Sunlight, per bar, 5c. Sunlight, per 24 bars, $1.00. Sunlight, per box, 100 bars, $4.00. Fels Naptha, per bar, 6c. French Castile, per 10 cakes, 25c. Old Brown Windsor, per 12 cakes, 25c. Parisian Skin, per 7 cakes, 25c. Shaving, Williams, per cake' ....7c.
Spice—Ground, Pepper, Blk., pure, per lb. 18c. Ground pepper, white, pure, per lb. 22c. Ground, Cloves, pure, per lb. 30c. Ground Cinnamon, pure, per lb. 25c. Ground Pastry Spice, pure, per lb. 25c. Ground Ginger, pure, per lb. .....25c.
Spice—Whole, Cinnamon, pure, per lb. 25c. Whole Nutmeg, pure, per lb. 30c. Whole Cloves, pure, per lb. 25c. Whole mixed, pure, per lb. .....20c.
Starch—Corn, per 1 lb. carton, 8c. Corn, per 12 lb. carton, 90c. Laundry bulk, per lb. 7c. Silver Gloss, per lb. 9c.
Stove Polish—Royal Dome, per box, (6 dmes), 10c. Sultana paste, per tin, 8c. X-Ray, per pkg .....9c.
Shoe Blacking—Wood's Oil Dressing, per bot. 9c. Two in One paste, per tin, ...9c.
Sugar—Granulated, per 50 lbs., $2.60 Granulated, per 100 lbs., $5.00. Yellow, per 50 lbs., $2.50. Yellow, per 100 lbs., $4.85. Icing, per lb. ....7c.
(Sugar prices subject to change.)
Syrup—Golden Cane, per 5 lb. pail, 28c. Golden Cane, per 10 lb. pail, 52c. Golden Cane, per 20 lb. pail, $1.00. Golden Cane, per 60 lb. pail,.....$2.85.
Tapioca—Finest Pearl, per lb. 7c. Fine Pearl, per 17 lbs $1.00
Tea—Pekoe, equal in strength and flavor to any 35c. tea sold, per lb. 25c. Pekoe, per 10 lb., $2.25. Orange Pekoe, delightfully fragrant, per lb. 35c. Orange Pekoe, per 5 lbs., $1.65. Orange Pekoe, per 10 lbs., $3.15. Brook-Bond's Special, per 3 lb. tin. 85c. Uncolored Japan, very fine, per lb., 30c. Uncolored Japan, very fine, per 5 lbs $1.40
Vaseline—Cheeseborough, per bot ..5c.
Vinegar—X X X White Wine, the best known brand on the market, in 5 gal. wax-lined pails, per gall. 25. Pails to hold same are 50c. extra.
Yeast Cakes—Royal, per pkt. 4c. Royal per doz. pkts .....45c.
Hot Weather Special—White Star cider, absolutely pure and non-intoxicating. Orange, Pine-apple and Raspberry flavors. Per five gallon wax-lined pail $2.00

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The Land will easily pay for itself the first year. Some results this year:

½ acre Strawberries.....$ 626.00
1 acre Tomatoes.....1000.00
4 acres Onions, 75 tons....2550.00
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Prices—$150 to $200 per acre—
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The Home Beautiful.

"The Land of Make Believe.

Let us let the little children have the legends and the rest;
Let them keep the glad illusions of the years that are the best;
Let them know the joyous fancies of the mystic fairyland,
And the wonderful enchantments only they can understand,
For the years are coming to them when they'll sigh, and softly grieve
That they left the realm of childhood in the Land of Make Believe.

In the Land of Make Believe there is a vine that meets the sky,
And Jack goes up and down it—we have seen him, you and I;
There's a winding path that leads us to the hushes of the wood,
And a-many times we've trod it with the quaint Red Ridinghood;
There's a frowning cliff surrounded by a castle glum and grim,
And old Bluebeard lurks within it—you know how we peered at him!

In the Land of Make Believe we used to ramble up and down
To the playing of the Piper in the streets of Hamelin-town;
And we saw the fairy mother make the horses rear and prance
When we rode with Cinderella to the palace for the dance;
And of evenings, you remember, how we saw some one go by,
And we knew it was the Sandman, come to shut each blinking eye.

All the others—how we loved them! How they used to come and play,
Till at last they sent a message that they'd come no more one day,
For they had to leave us lonely with our broken dreams and toys
"e they stand behind in childhood with the little girls and boys.
Let us let the children have them, ere the years come when they grieve,
That they ever found the highway from the Land of Make Believe.

The Story Hour.

Happy the child and mother who journey together to the land of Make-Believe. I can see them now—a mother in the rocker and a little head cuddled up so close, with a little ear open to hear of the wonderful things in the world of May-be. I can see them again, seated beside the fire, enjoying the tales so old and yet so new—tales that make them magnify the present joys and forget the present sorrows, and cause them to live in the long ago or in the long hereafter. And yet again I can see them seated beside an open book—perhaps the Book of Books—and a voice, not always sweet indeed, but ever sweet at this hour, reading the stories which all mothers should love to read and which all children have a right to hear. Believe me, it is under such circumstances as this that heart is bound to heart Without this communion there is not developed that filial piety which is the beginning of all true worship. Without it, a dwelling though ever so fine, cannot become a home.

How to Tell a Story

The telling of a story is not difficult. The story teller who knows the main facts has simply to arrange them in order in her own mind and then begin to talk in a natural manner. Any one who has difficulty should get Miss Bryant's little book on "How to Tell Stories to Children." It not only gives the fullest information but has a fine collection of stories as well.

The teaching of a nursery rhyme is so simple that no instruction is required. The counting of the fingers and the toes to "This litttle pig goes to market" brings its own reward. The story of "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," has always an attentive hearing, while "Little Bo-Peep" seemingly never grows weary in her search for the missing flock.

And it is just as easy to tell of Cinderella, and of Little Red Ridinghood and Goldie Locks and the Three Bears. The only necessary condition is that voice, face, hands and whole body be used in the telling.

Nor is it less easy to tell one of the old Bible stories. With very little children it is well to tell these first in simple language. Afterwards they may be read in the words of the Book. Here is how one mother tells the story of Isaac before reading it to her little ones:

The Promised Son.

(Genesis XV., 7-17; XVII, 1-8, 15-22; XXI,5-8; XXII, 1-19.)

INTRODUCTION.

Do you remember what promise God made to Abraham when He brought him to the land of Canaan? Can you repeat the very words? What did we say Abraham expected from God? A child, of course. Do you remember how Eve looked for a child who would destroy the enemy and bring a blessing to the world? So Abraham was hoping for a child who would bring the blessing. I am sure that he often talked with Sarah about the child God was going to give them, but oh, how long it seemed! The years went by and there was no child. Abraham grew to be as old as your grandfather and Sarah as old as your grandmother, but still no child. Wouldn't you think they would begin to fear God was forgetting them? But Abraham still believed God, and that God was pleased with him.

PRESENTATION.

One day when Abraham was nearly one hundred years old, God came to him and made him the promise again. And I think God must have loved him more than ever, for we read that Abraham still loved God. Hear the very words. (Chap. XV. 5-6). So you see there is one thing God loves more than anything else. It is to have people believe and trust in Him. I wonder how your father would like it if you didn't believe what he said! Of course he wouldn't like it. Neither does God like it when people do not believe Him. Sometimes He keeps waiting and waiting just to see how much they really trust Him. That is just how it was with Abraham.

Well, one day when Abraham was one hundred years old, and Sarah was ninety years old, God sent them a little baby. He was the dearest, sweetest smiling little boy so that they knew at once what to call him. They named him Laughter, or in the language of that time, Isaac. Do you know any boys by that name? What did you say the name meant? I am sure there was a good deal of laughter, too. How Sarah must have laughed! How Abraham must have laughed! How all the neighbors must have come in to laugh over grandma's baby! But I think that behind it all Abraham must have been thinking of God's promise—"In thee shall all nations of the earth be blessed."

Do you not suppose that Abraham and Sarah watched over the little fellow very carefully? He wasn't a spoiled boy, either. He was most obedient and I am sure Abraham must have loved him all the more for it.

And now we come to the strangest part of the story. One day Abraham heard a voice call out "Abraham!" "Yes," he answered. "Here I am." Then he knew it was the voice of God. What could God want from him now? And what more could God give him?

Do you remember what Cain and Abel offered to God? Do you remember how Noah thanked God and gave him the best he had? Now Abraham used to do the same thing. He used to take his best oxen and his best sheep and put them on a pile of stone and burn them before God. And God was pleased when He saw He was remembered.

So when Abraham said "Yes, here I am," God said "Abraham, I want you to offer me your boy Isaac. I want you to put him, instead of one of the oxen, on the altar of stone."

How do you think Abraham felt now? Just think how long he had waited for Isaac. Think how much he loved him. Surely God couldn't mean it? And if Isaac were taken away how could the world be blessed?

But God told Abraham where to go and when to go, and just what to do. And Abraham still trusted God. So early in the morning he waked Isaac, and got the wood for the fire all ready, and went off to the mountain where Isaac was to be offered. And Isaac talked and chatted by the way just as he always did. All at once he stopped and said "Oh, father, you have forgotten something. Here is the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb? How did you forget the lamb?" Then poor old Abraham must have wept as he answered, "My son, God will provide himself a lamb." You see how much he still believed God. Then they came to the place where the altar was built. Isaac helped him to get the stones in place, and to lay the wood on them. Then he said, "Now, where is the lamb?" Think how Abraham must have felt when he said, "Isaac, my dear son Isaac, you are to be the lamb today." So he bound Isaac's hands and feet and laid him on the wood. Then he took the knife and lifted it to kill his son. But just then he heard God's voice saying, "Abraham! Abraham!" So immediately he turned and said, "Yes, Lord, here I am!" Then God said, "Abraham! I love you more than you can understand because you have been willing to give your only son to me. Now loose him and let him go. Look behind you in the bushes and you will see a lamb caught in the thorns. Let Isaac go and take the lamb for an offering."

Then how glad was Abraham in his heart! How he must have hugged his boy. How he must have felt as he told the whole story to Sarah, and how she must have wept with joy to see her boy back safe. But sweeter than anything must have been the words of God after it was all over. "In thy seed shall all nations be blessed." (Here read Chap. XII, 1-19.)

REVIEW.

1. What promise did God make to Abraham?
2. How old was Abraham when the child was given?
3. What was the boy's name?
4. What did God ask Abraham to do with him?
5. What happend as Abraham was about to slay Isaac?

What to Read.

What stories shall the mother tell to her children? Surely a woman's intuition is the safest guide. Nursery Rhymes and Jingles, Fairy Tale and Folk Lore, stories of real men and women who served well and truly, stories of animals and pets, accounts of travel at home and in other lands—here is a beginning, and there is no ending. No! you cannot afford to leave out any of them. In the rhyme and jingle the little soul first perceives the music of speech; in the fairy tale he first feels his possibilities and learns to revere the worthy and detest the base; in the real stories of earth he becomes a worshipper of heroes, which is the first step to true nobility; in the study of animals and pets he becomes humane and loving; while the stories of travel develop that longing for a richer and wider experience which is the necessary condition of all growth.

Some Good Books.

Yet what is a mother to do who has forgotten all, or who never knew? Here is a simple little list. For rhymes and jingles get Heart of Oak Books (No. 1) published by Heath & Co., Boston; for fairy tales get any book such as Classic Myths, Judd; Andersen's Fairy Tales; Classic Fables, Turpin. For real stories, read or tell the stories of the Bible and of the world heroes as found in Fifty Famous Stories by Baldwin. For stories of animals nothing is better than Long's stories: "Wilderness Ways" and "Ways of Woodfolk," published by Ginn & Co. The fiction that is suitable in the early years includes such books as "Five Little Peppers," Little Lord Fauntleroy," Helen's Babies," "Jessica's First Prayer," "The Bird's Christmas Carol." Almost best of all for reading to very little children is a copy of "Little Folks," published at Salem, Mass.

Two Teachers.

A school teacher sat at the close of day
Pressing his hands to his aching head;
He could still hear the boisterous play
And the shouts of his boys, as they hurried away.
And he frowned and fretted and planned anew
More stringent rules for the noisy crew.
"They'll be the death of me yet," he said.

A school teacher stood in his door one day,
And laughed so hard he could scarcely see,
At the antics and pranks of his boys at play
Their pompous airs and their mimic fray.
As he marked how they aped the ways of men,
He shook with laughter again and again.
"They'll be the death of me yet," said he.

—W. A. C., in California News.

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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO
Limited
Winnipeg, Man.
Daily Capacity 13,000 Bags

What to Wear and When to Wear it.

The September Bride

The June brides will all be disposed of by the time this number reaches the hands of the "Monthly" readers and I am quite sure the thrifty girl who is looking forward to being married in September will have many of her preparations well underway already.

For her special benefit I sought an interview the other day with the men and women who are busy on lines for wear next fall and though actual garments are rather undetermined as yet, there are a number of little things that point to what the styles will be and it is quite possible now to get hints for underwear and such things.

One idea specially noted was in the matter of petticoats. By September the fad of the soft silk petticoat will be a thing of the past and taffeta will again reign supreme among silk skirts. The most popular petticoat, however, will be the silk moire with wool moire for common wear. These silk moires come in the loveliest shade and are very durable and almost as light as silk. It is a much better plan to buy the material by the yard, and make the skirts yourself. It is quite easy to get a well fitting pattern and you can make the flounce part as plain or as elaborate as you please. The material for three skirts will not cost much more than one ready-made skirt would cost and so frequently the ready-made skirts have been scorched in the pressing and cut, or the style in which they are gathered and frilled makes them tend to cut.

It is quite simple to stitch three or four casings in the very bottom of your flounce and run the cord in to give it the required stiffness. For this purpose, by the way, a ball of the twine used in stores for tying heavy dry goods parcels is as good a thing as you can get.

Skirts will be quite as close fitting for fall as they have been this summer, that is round the hips, but there is a very decided expansion of the flounce. This is to accommodate the new skirts, which as I mentioned last month, are to be very wide round the bottom for the fall, while the sheath effect is still maintained higher up. Some of the sheer materials will be fifteen yards round the bottom and it will take some fulness underneath to hold this in proper place.

For the girl who is inclined to stoutness and prominent hips there is a new wrinkle in underskirts for fall and winter. This is a closely knitted skirt fitting like a glove and coming to just above the knee and completed with a very full flounce of taffeta or silk moire. I cannot say how these skirts may wear, personally I would be a little afraid of their getting out of shape, but the first effect is decidedly good for the woman or girl who wants to reduce her hips.

In the colors for underskirts black is still the leader but for the girl who makes her own and intends to indulge in a pretty skirt or two, let me say that old rose and wine shades will be the leaders for the fall.

The September bride in the country, who wishes to make up some pretty white skirts for her outfit, should get some city friend to watch the stores for her, for bargains in lace and embroidery. Lace which is both pretty and durable has been selling for three cents per yard recently and insertion to match at the same price. This lace combined with lawn, in the manner I described in detail for the June brides, will certainly make an exceedingly pretty skirt at very moderate cost. It is predicted that for the coming fall season the lingerie petticoat will be much more in evidence under even expensive party gowns than has been the case for some years and for this reason the September bride should see to it that she has a good supply. Fine embroidery, while not superseding lace, on these garments is certainly more in evidence than it has been for some years.

Separate Coats

The September bride will, of course have a suit, but I would suggest that she does not put too much money into it, but buy one at a more reasonable price and in addition have a separate coat, for the separate coat will be very popular for fall. These garments are decided on well ahead and one of the leading houses tells me that th fall coat will be 54 inches long, and closer in the lines than last year and that much of the trimming, in the form of straps, etc., will be low on the hips to give the long waisted effect. Many of the collars will be in the form of the Dutch collar and while many will be of the same material as the coat a number of moire and satin collars will be seen. Just at present there is a diversity of opinion about the leading colors, but all agree that self shades will be popular. As these coats are intended to be worn with different colored gowns, the more inconspicuous the shade the better.

Where collars are of a different material to the coat they will frequently be of black.

Suits

Although the exact fashion in suits for fall is still somewhat vague there are a few points to remember. The three piece suit will be the leader, the coats of suits, like the separate coats, are longer and there is a decided return to heavier material and more tweeds will be shown than has been the case for several seasons. The tendency in Eastern Canada to wear suits all winter, with large stoles and muffs, is no doubt partly responsible for the heavier materials, but so far as the Canadian West is concerned I think I may venture to say that the fur coat and the fur-lined coat will continue to hold sway. One of the leaders of fall suits will be the extensive use of jet buttons. The sleeves of coats will be quite small.

Net Waist

The September bride may reckon a net waist or two among her outfit with the calm assurance that they will be not only pretty and useful but the correct thing. The new samples are out for fall, that is for early fall, but I would suggest to the girl who hopes to wear her net waists right through the winter that she beware of the long tucked sleeve which is shown on nearly all the early models. The styles for the later fall, which are now under way, all indicate small but decided puffs on the sleeves both at the elbow and the wrist, but particularly at the elbow. Net waists may be of black, white, or ivory and it is a splendid idea to have one the color of your suit, as this gives greater variety to your outfit, at comparatively small expense, the colored nets being shown at very reasonable prices.

Exhibition Shopping

Let me say a word to the women who are planning to come in to the Industrial Exhibition this month. There are, I have it on the authority of the heads of departments in all the big stores, to be very special bargains for exhibition week, so that the woman who has shopping which she wishes to do should plan to give her morn-

Continued on page 48a.

The Women's Quiet Hour.

The Boy Crop.

How's the boy crop, neighbor?
What's the chances uv it?
Is it rootin' deep an' sound
In Life's rich an' meller ground?
Is it growin' rank an' strong
Is it comin' right along
With fair skies above it?

What's the boy crop, neighbor,
Is the rains the growin' kind?
Do they keep in yer mind?
Do you ever stop to see
If its growing thriftily?
Do you sort o' love it?

Got a boy crop neighbor?
Air ye thinkin' uv it?
Air ye givin' it a show
Fer to thicken up an' grow
Into manhood strong an' true
Such that you'll be proud that you
Was the grower uv it?

—Hugh J. Hughes.

These quaint and rather unmusical verses came to me the other day in an exchange and I felt the sentiment if not the metre would find an echo in the heart of every mother in the West. The struggle of trying to make ends meet under the strenuous conditions of a new country, has rather had the effect of pulling material things into prominence wholly out of proportion to their true value and both the boy and the girl crop have been somewhat neglected. In many cases I know it could not be helped, but in others the desire to possess "just another quarter section" has been allowed to interfere with the education of both boys and girls, parents seeming to forget that while for many years at least it will be possible to get more land by paying a little higher price for it, there is only a few years in which it is possible for a boy or girl to acquire an education, no matter what the price paid for it.

Domestic Science Course

The agricultural college is again taking up the question of the Domestic Science course for young women. The scheme which has been worked out by Principal Black, being to have a course for girls immediately following the close of the course for boys. In this way the present dormitories would be available and in the dairy and administration buildings could be found sufficient room for installing the special equipment for instruction. Of course this is to be merely a temporary arrangement until such time as the Provincial Government provides money for the erection of large permanent buildings for the women. The Board are of the opinion that if this short course is well attended and real interest shown by the women and girls in the training thus offered, it will be much easier to obtain the necessary grant for the erection of permanent buildings.

I asked the Board if they did not think the summer would be an awkward time for the girls and young women to leave the farm, but they declared to a man that the work of the women on the farms was no greater in May than it was in January, February and March and the girls could be spared well enough. This only goes to show how fond the male biped is of expressing his opinion freely on a something which he quite evidently knows nothing about. Personally I am sure that it will require great personal sacrifice for mothers to spare their daughters during these months, but I am equally sure that it the sacrifice is made, and these classes well filled, it will have the effect of hastening the day when proper buidings will be erected in which it will be possible to carry on the work at the most suitable season of the year. To attain this end is worth considerable effort, and effort for the benefit of their families has been the slogan of western women ever since there were women on the prairies. It is the intention of the Board to put in wood as well as gas cookstoves and in every way to make the equipment of such a character that what the girl learns in the college can immediately and without difficulty be adapted to the equipment on the home farm. The college will be a help to the girls not merely in the matter of helpful instruction in Domestic Science but in the companionship in effort and the talking over of different methods and the great stimulus of competition. It is amazing the help that lies in striving with others for the mastery. The hardest part of the work on the farm in many cases is the sense of isolation. Field grain competitions, plowing matches, stock judging competitions, have all helped farmers to draw together and realize the bond of a common struggle for mastery, but there has been nothing among women to take the place of these competitions. The housewife who has kept her home neat under difficulties, who has planned her work well and carried out her plans efficiently has missed the satisfaction, one of the keenest known to humanity, of showing her neighbors and friends the result of her labors in competition with others and though Domestic Science classes in Winnipeg may provide no direct competitive outlook for the housewife herself, she will have the satisfaction of seeing the results of her training expressed by her girls in these competitions.

There will also be the pleasure and stimulus of having new methods and ideas introduced into the home.

Getting Into a Rut

For the simple reason that each woman does her work in her own home, apart from other women, there is more danger of dropping into ruts in housework than there is in almost any other line of employment.

It has been my fortune to travel over a great part of the Canadian West, and being fond of housework and having had a good deal of practical experience I have given a hand with it, and discussed the doing of it in many scores of homes. With the utmost truth I can say that the most slatternly and inefficient housewife I have come across has always been able to teach me something, though peradventure it has only been something to avoid. Without boasting I think I can as truthfully say that rarely have I talked with a housewife without being able to tell her something along the line of her work that she did not know before and which she frankly confessed would be useful to her.

Close observation of myself and also of other women has led me to the conclusion that it is almost instinctive with women to think that any departure from the method they have been accustomed to must necessarily be wrong. This is a most erroneous idea which more frequent intercourse with others doing the same line of work will very quickly dispel. The mere trying of new methods is in itself a break in the monotony of housework and quite six times out of seven the new methods are better than the old. Simply because a method differs from the one your mother and grandmother used should not be sufficient to damn it without a trial. Men claim, and with some show of reason that nearly all appliances for lightening the work of the house have come from men and not from women, who should be the most interested in labor-saving methods. Any dealer in such articles will tell you that it is infinitely easier to get a man to try a new kind of plow or binder than it is to get a woman to try a new kind of washing machine.

It is this slowness in trying new methods and appliances that very largely accounts for housework having come to be looked upon as drudgery. All the ills of housework on prairie farms, where the maximum of labor is often expended with the minimum of result, will not be ameliorated by the establishment of a school of domestic science at the agricultural college, but it is a move in the right direction and such should receive the cordial approval, and where possible, the hearty and practical approval of the woman of the West.

Don't Marry a Man If He Drinks

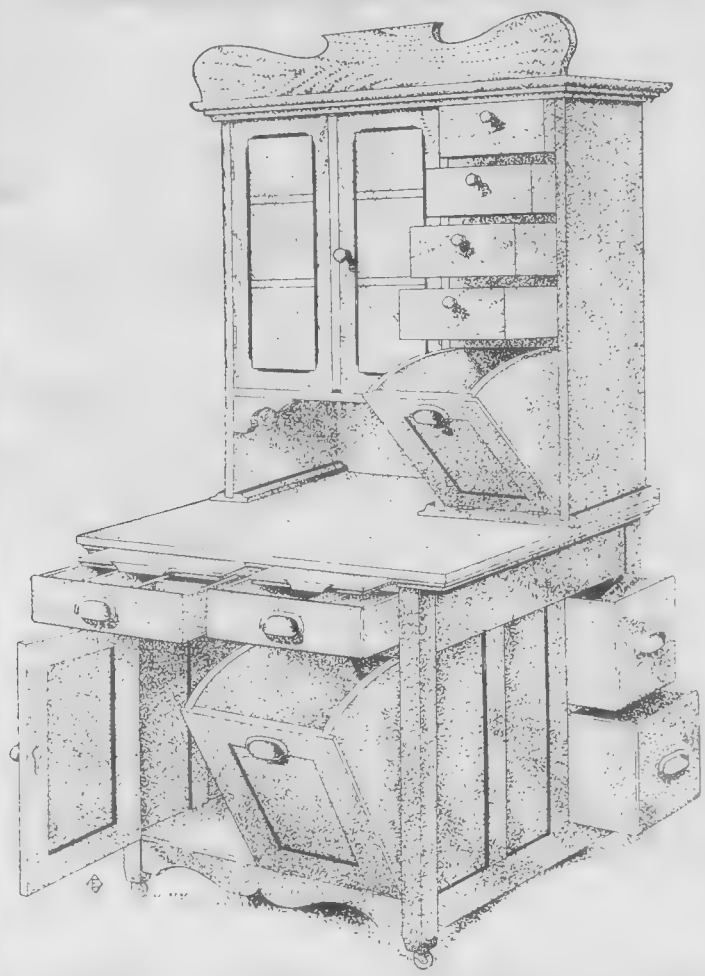
This was the refrain of a temperance song, very popular when I was a school girl and I was reminded of it the other day by a query adressed to an American farm paper, about "marrying a man to reform him?" It seems scarcely possible in this day that any girl or young woman can still be carried away by this conceit, for it is conceit. As one writer has very tersely put it "marrying a man to reform him is like getting up on a table and trying to lift a heavier weight up to where you are standing. Can't do it, can you? No, but try to lift the weight from the table to the floor and see how easily it can be done." The lesson of this quotation is too obvious to require comment. In a case of this kind it has always seemed to me that the question a woman or girl should ask herself is, "dare I risk this for the children that may come of such a union?" If it were possible for a woman to say "I love this man so well that I am willing to risk my life and my health to help him to reform it might be right for her to do what she liked with her own life. But marriage means more than the woman and the man, it always carries with it the probability of a family. The rightful heritage of every child called into being is a sound mind in a sound body, and how can this be possible where a woman marries a man to reform him. We progress very slowly in the matter of transmittible disease, but we have got far enough to prevent the marriage of people known to be insane, idiotic, or with such a disease as leprosy, for example. There is quite as positive evidence that a taste for liquor can be and is transmitted, as that insanity, idiocy, or leprosy is transmitted but so far governments have made no attempt to prevent the marriage of the habitual drinker or drunkard, yet one is as dangerous to posterity as the other. How a woman can marry a man who she has once seen drunk, passes comprehension, but whatever a woman may be willing to risk for herself, first, last and all the time she has absolutely no right to risk bringing into the world children handicapped from the start because of the vices and the appetite of their father. When the desire to reform the drunken and vicious man by marrying him comes upon a woman just remember it is not yourself alone you are taking the risk for. Another thing to remember is that if a man does not care sufficiently for a girl to reform for the sake of marriage with her, the chances are only a thousand to one that he will reform afterwards. This form of missionary effort shows a marvellously small percentage of returns.

"SHEEP NIBBLING"

"WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG"

Two of the remarkable $40,000 gallery of rare paintings to be shown at the Winnipeg Exhibition July 10-17. The picture "sheep nibbling," by Herman Johannes Von der Weel, has won silver medals at Amsterdam and Paris and a gold medal at Munich.

EATON'S FOR EVERY NECESSITY FOR FARM AND HOME



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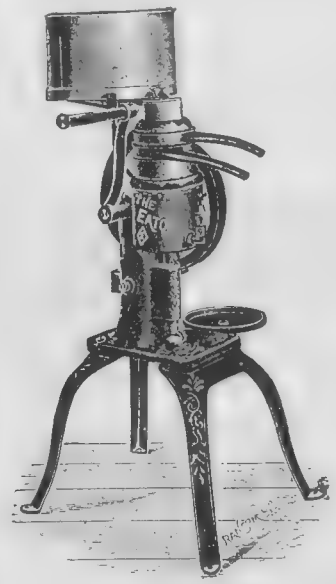

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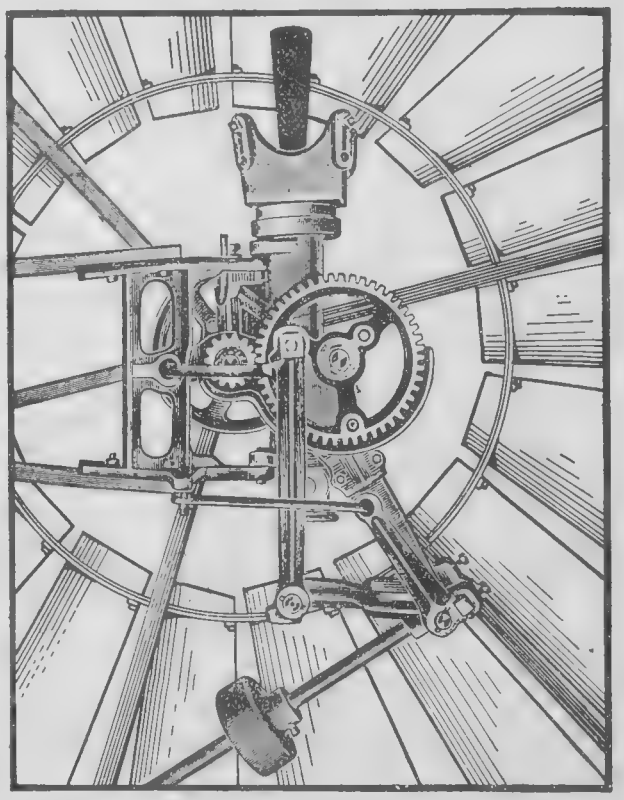
We guarantee that every Diamond E Mill, properly put together and cared for according to instructions, will run in as light a wind and endure as hard a service as any mill made and that our towers when put together and properly anchored according to instructions, will stand without damage, all winds which do not damage surrounding buildings or trees. This guarantee holds good for one year.

8 foot back-geared stool pumping Windmill, with 40 foot No. 1 tower,



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A very pleasant entertainment was given at Deepdale, Man., on June 30th. The chief feature of the entertainment was a farce entitled "That Rascal Pat," rendered by members of the district. With some slight variations from the original, this makes a very pleasing little farce. The cast of characters was as follows: Patrick McNeggerty—J. J. Powell; Charles Livingstone—B. Speers; Major Puffjacket—Merley Button; Laura—Miss F. Kerswell; Nancy—Mrs. J. Powell.

Very soon the members of the Winnipeg City Band and their able leader, Mr. Barrowclough, will be wending their way to Toronto, where they have to fill an extended engagement at the Exhibition, to repeat the success made last year, when they won so much praise from unexpected sources. The reputation then gained is likely to be maintained, and probably excelled on their present visit to the East, in which every citizen of Winnipeg should take an interest.

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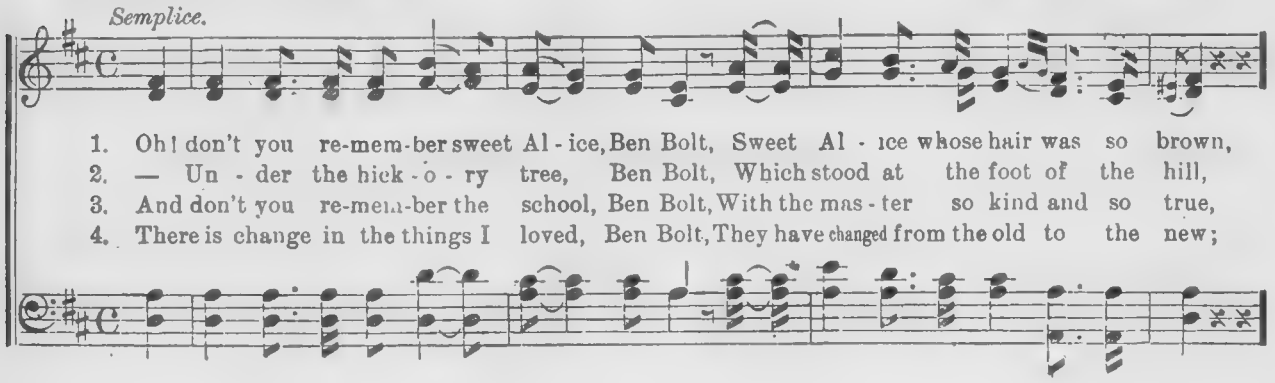
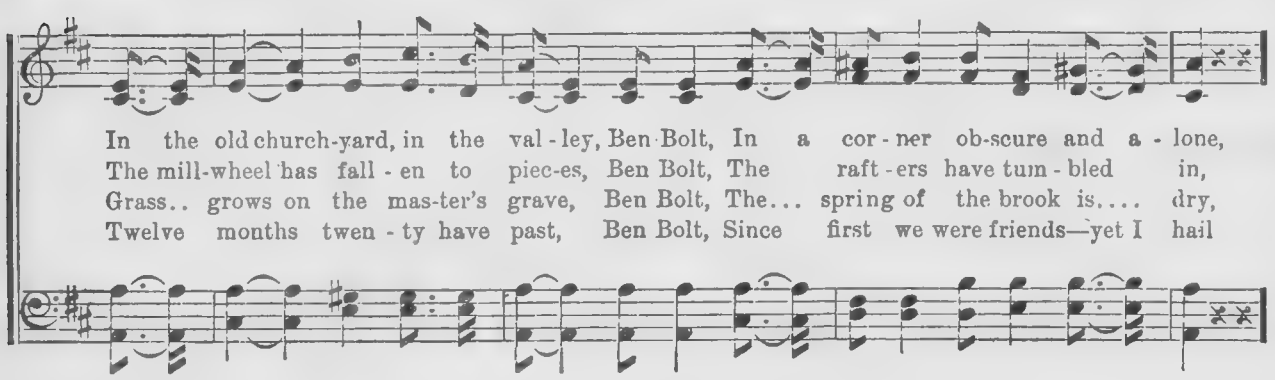
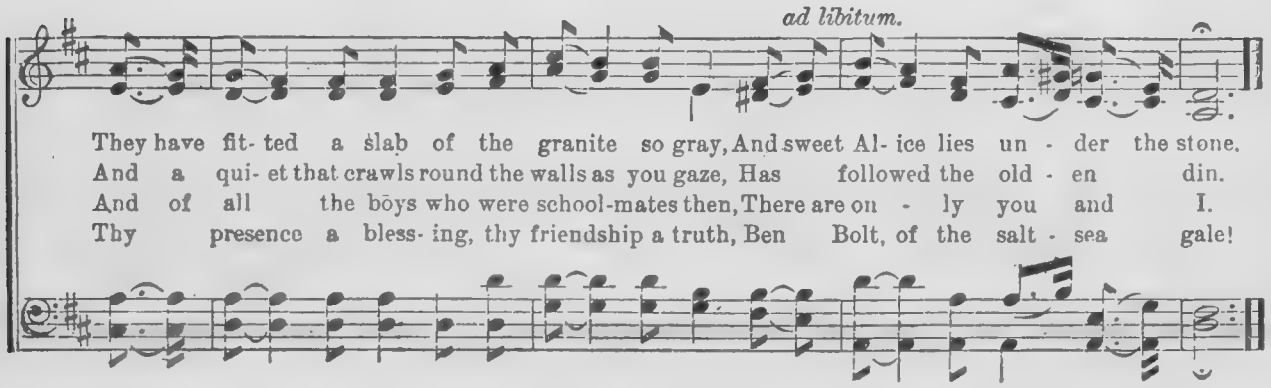
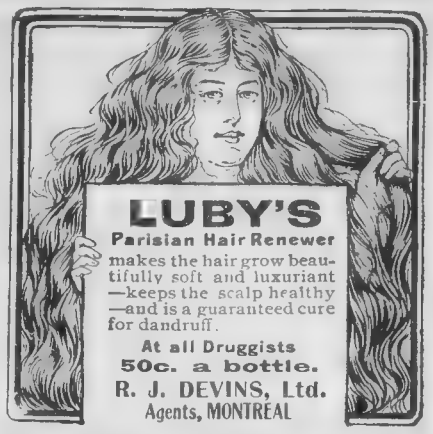
Semplice.





ad libitum.





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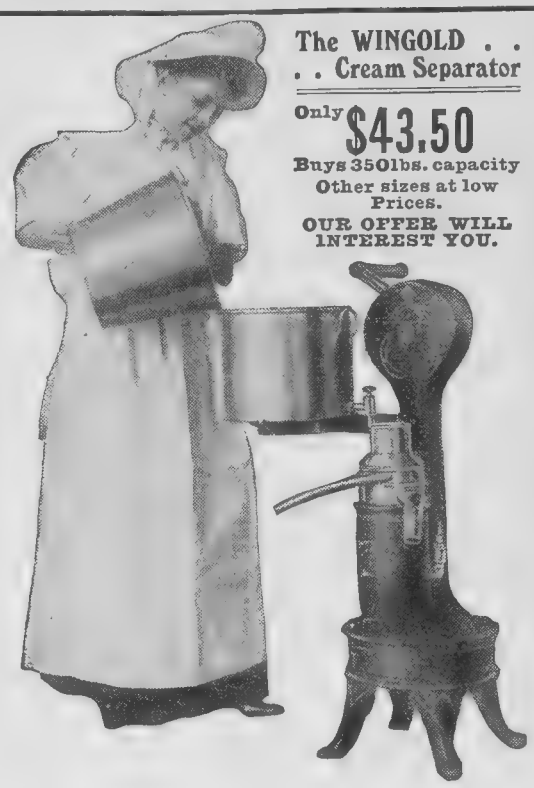

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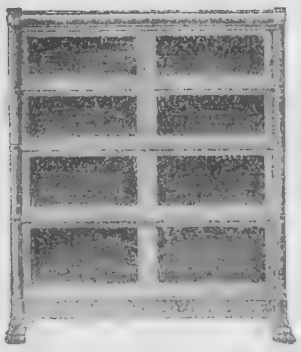

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The Western Home Monthly has not now, nor did it ever have, any connection whatever with any so called matrimonial bureau or paper. We are anxious that our readers should not associate the Monthly with such concerns. The correspondence column has proved most interesting and as in the past it will continue to be conducted without the least possibility of objectionable features. Subscribers can correspond with us in the fullest confidence.

"This Girl of Mine."

[Contributed for the Correspondence Department by A. E. H.]

There's a girl that's true to me,
There's a girl I long to see;
She's the kind they all should be,
This girl of mine.

Never fickle; no, nor coy,
Scorning tricks that just annoy,
Real sincerity her joy,
This girl of mine.

Never difficult to woo,
All my life, her love I knew,
All my life she dearer grew,
This girl of mine.

To admire, for sport or pride,
Many maidens have I tried:
None a place can hold beside
This girl of mine.

I may smile, or I may sigh,
She can see the reason why,
She's experienced more than I,
This girl of mine.

She's not pretty; no, nor gay,
And her hair is turning gray,
Yet her beauty lights my way,
This mother of mine.

Who will take pity on Manitoba Chick.

Ochre River, April 20th, 1909.

Editor.—Kindly allow me a short space in your correspondence columns as I am a subscriber of your valuable paper, and am greatly interested in the correspondence columns. I am a farmer and would like to correspond with some nice young lady of about my own age. Well, I guess I will describe myself. I am quite fair, light hair, blue eyes, about five feet 8 inches tall, weight about 155 pounds, age 19 years. I am fairly good looking—at least they all say so. Now, girls, wake up and write first as I am quite shy. I will answer any letters. Well, I will close hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and that this letter will escape the waste basket. Wishing your valuable paper every success. My address will be with the editor.

"A Manitoba Chick."

A Sensible Letter.

Saskatchewan, May 6, 1909.

Dear Editor—Would you kindly allow another tenderfoot to enter your camp, as he has been reading your magazine and has also inwardly commented on the bright, sensible sayings of your correspondents. The ladies are universally sympathizing with us poor fellows, and consoling (?) us as to our hard lots. Well, I'll acknowledge that it was a trifle cold last winter, and perhaps sometimes monotonous even to the most optimistic—but apart from that this land is the best under the sun—Hear! Hear!

I couldn't help but admire some of those good, thoughtful letters in your correspondence column. The "Preacher's" and "English Primrose's" were ideal! Letters like those will raise the standard of the columns according to the wishes of our esteemed friend "A Guest." Was it not Lowell who said "Some say it is easy living the Christian life, but they find out differently when they try to do so"? It might have taken years of experience to find it out but it's true, and we need all the Christians we can get in this country.

Almost all the fair sex have given their views on the requirements of an ideal man. In fact, if you'll permit me to say it, they have literally drawn the line as to intimate that we poor black sheep "shall" or "shall not." What do you think, gentlemen? Is it not well that their dictating powers are limited However those who sanction smoking but not chewing or vice versa are, to my mind, hardly consistent. I thought Avanelle's letter was fine except for that little reason: tobacco may not be detrimental to a full-grown person, but the influence he has on younger people surrounding and unconsciously imitating him will assuredly do them no good. Now I'm writing merely for the pleasure I find in doing it; and am not counting on any "Pyramus and Thisbe" scenes, but should be happy to know that I had brightened up someone's lonely life, and would indeed be glad to know that any of you wished to brighten up my "prairie ennui." With this I close, that should any of you care to drop me a line I would be pleased to answer and give what little description of the West I know. As for a detailed description of myself, that is merely secondary, and I may, if in the humor, give it, but prefer now to remain incognito except to say I am twenty years old and a Protestant Christian (at least trying to be). My address will be either with the editor or in the basket.

"Rugby."

Western Belle is a Little Shy.

Sunny Alberta, April 21, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for some time and now will subscribe for it. I enjoy reading the correspondence columns and as everybody seems to give a description of themselves, I will follow the crowd. I am 17 years old, 5 feet 4 inches high and have a fair complexion. I think some of the girls are rather hard on the boys regarding dancing and smoking. I do not see any harm in either and am fond of dancing myself but do not like to see a man with his mouth full of tobacco. I have lived in the west now for 4 years and like it fine. I am not in the marriage line but I thought I would like to write and correspond with some of the lonely bachelors under 30. I would also like to exchange postals as I am quite fond of them. I like doing house work but would just as soon be outdoors working in the garden and milking cows although I like to see the house nice and clean. I would sooner live on a farm any time than in town as I have been raised on a farm. I would be pleased to correspond with any girl or boy if they will write first as I am a little shy. My address is with the editor. I will sign myself

"Western Belle."

Correspondents Wanted.

Rosser, Man., April 22, 1909.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your valuable magazine but have had the privilege of reading it as it comes to the house. I like reading the correspondence columns and have decided to write and ask permission to join. As the rest are giving a description of themselves, I will try and do the same. I am a young Canadian, 19 years old and as for looks, well, I am not homely. I weigh 137 pounds, am 5 feet 6 inches tall and have auburn hair. I do not use either liquor or tobacco but I don't mind a cigar once in awhile. I am fond of amusements of any kind. Now if any of the young ladies care to write to me I will be glad to answer any letters from them. My address is with the editor. Hoping this will escape the waste basket and wishing your magazine every success I will sign myself

"Young Canadian."

A Candid Correspondent.

Manitoba, April 20, 1909.

Editor.—When reading your interesting paper, thought I would write a few lines. I sincerely sympathise with the poor bachelors. It is something fierce the way all the girls go on at them. Why not let them smoke, chew, drink and swear if they want to, it must give them some satisfaction.

Now comes the hardest part as it is a very difficult thing for a homely person to describe herself. Well I am 5 ft. 7 in. tall, dark brown hair, fair complexion when it is clean, but that's not often as it is covered with freckles, moles and whiskey-tackets, blue eyes, turned-up nose, large mouth and prominent teeth. Have exceptionally large hands and feet. Play the organ a wee bit and sing like a lark. I am very fond of riding and driving. Hate house work, but can at a pinch cook a potato and make a cup of tea or a cigarette (also smoke them, too.) Now I will not say my age, as it will surely scare you if my description does not. Hoping this will escape the W.P.B.

"Tomboy."

Loyal Arch Purple Fancies Himself.

Meridian, Sask., April 15, 1909.

Editor.—Being a subscriber to your paper I thought I would write a letter to the correspondence page. I wrote once before and my letter did not appear in print for some reason beyond my comprehension, but I hope to have better luck this time. I must say I enjoy the W.H.M. very much and look forward to its coming with interest. There appear monthly some fine stories and other articles that cannot help but interest and instruct whoever reads and studies them. I became also very much interested in the different letters that appear in the correspondence column. There have been some very good letters which amuse as well as instruct and I admire the way some of them are written. I am a bachelor myself, 30 years old and have under my control a half section of land and with stock and implements their value is about $9,000.00. I might say I am not on the matrimonial market but if I could get a suitable partner I would no doubt take one providing she would be a helpmate instead of a drawback to me. A person is better living in single blessedness than to be bound to a person whom you cannot love and honor. Where love reigns supreme in a home it is next to heaven. I for my part am willing to do my duty providing my life partner does her duty. I would not expect to make a slave of my wife in any form and would not be made a

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slave of by my wife or any other woman, or person or persons. I am a lover of freedom and like to see others enjoy the same. Now, girls, if you take a notion to write to me you can form an opinion of what you are up against and guide yourself according. You see, when I double up I am to be the head of the family or there would likely be a little fun if you attempt to govern or manage me. Or, as some people say I am to be boss. But I am not a hard or overbearing boss by any means for I am a lover of peace though when I rule I am firm always, keeping as my motto "Justice" to the letter. I am a staunch temperance man but like my pipe and tobacco but am also temperate in that as well. Enjoy all clean sport and am fond of music and singing as I can take a small hand in that as well. I am a protestant to the core. I also respect and admire a true Christian and give honor to whom it is due. Cannot stand for a mean low trick of any kind as I do not believe in them. Will tell any person what I think of them to their face, not behind their back. I also honor the word of God and like to hear it expounded with vigor and without fear. Now, as I have taken up enough space for this time I will close and perhaps later on I may visit your page again if you do not all object. Wishing the editor and page friends all success and happiness I take my departure. I will sign myself.

"Royal Arch Purple."

From Sweet Seventeen.

Manitoba, April 23, 1909.

Editor.—Will you kindly allow me a short space in your W.H.M. correspondence columns. We have been subscribers to your valuable paper for some time and think we really could not get along without it. I greatly enjoy reading. The correspondence columns. And thought I would write. I am a farmer's daughter, 17 years of age, tall and fair, with blue eyes and light brown hair. Can play the violin also piano and can sing and dance and greatly enjoy a canter on my pony with my dog for company. I can also milk cows and make "music" on the wash board when occasion demands.

As we live in a very lonely part of the province and I have no companions excepting my dumb friends (my pony and dogs) I would very much like if some of your readers would write to me (either ladies or gentlemen) for pastime only. But would especially like to hear from those living near Atwater, Sask., as I was thinking of going there soon and would like to hear more of that part. So anyone who will be so kind as to write to me will find my address with the editor. Please forward the enclosed letter to "Billy Sweet" and oblige. "Tris."

Rolly Appreciates The W.H.M.

Alberta May 1st, 1909.

Editor.—I have only been a subscriber of your paper for a short time, but already I have learned to like it very much and to await its coming with impatience. The correspondence column especially attracts my interest for here one makes the acquaintance of people from all over the country and learns their views on the many subjects of common interest. As it seems customary to give a description of oneself, here goes.—I am a homesteader in one of the most fertile parts of Sunny Alberta, about 1000 miles from nowhere; at least it seems that far when I want to go to town. I am still on the funny side of twenty, five feet eleven inches tall, weigh 165 lbs, have dark (not black) hair and blue eyes, am a total abstainer and do not use tobacco in any form. If this description merits the correspondence of any fair maid under twenty, I will be pleased to hear from her especially if she is of the "Catheline" or "Teasing" type. Well, I guess I had better close and give someone else a chance. Wishing the W.H.M. and all its readers success I will sign myself "Rollicking Rolly."

Mustn't Smell the Cork.

Hamiota, Man., March 29, 1909.

Editor.—Although not yet a subscriber to your paper I am an interested reader of its columns especially the correspondence. As I get a read of it from a friend who subscribes it is with much pleasure I sit down and read the letters of our western bachelors and girls, I think there are some very sensible letters indeed and it seems as if some of my bachelor brothers did really want a helpmate. That's just the fix I am in myself and I am going to ask our genial editor to help me to get this mate. He has helped others and I am convinced that he will help me when I give a description of myself. I am a Scotchman, age 24, and have blue eyes. I am very fond of music and dancing and like to go to theatres. I do not smoke or drink and will have nothing to do with any girl who likes the smell of the cork, as the Scotch saying goes. But I shall be pleased to answer and correspond with any young girls say from 18 to 24 years of age. I would be more than pleased to have a letter from "An Eastern Girl" writing from Armstrong, B.C., Feb. 24, 1909, as she has such a pleased way of writing. I can't help thinking I could fall in love with her right away. Anyone caring to share my little lot can

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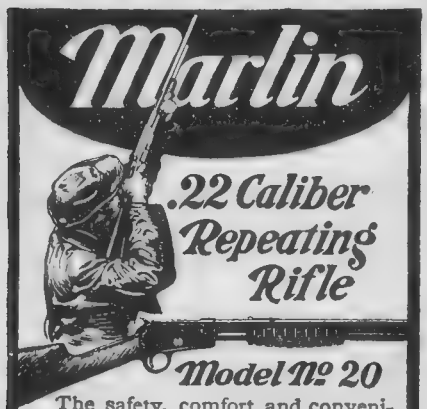

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have my address from the editor. Wishing the correspondence columns and the W.H.M. every possible success.

A Gala Water Lad.

Pussy Willow Has Her Say.

Erskine, Alberta, April 17, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper for some time but have never written to you before. I hope I will not be intruding by writing now. I am a farmer's daughter and like the life of the Wild Wooly West much better than city life. My favorite amusements are skating, dancing, card playing, and horseback riding. My hubby must be a good musician as I am very fond of music; my favorite instrument is the violin. I can play the organ like thunder and can sing like a blackbird. I do not think a man should chew tobacco or drink anything stronger than tea, but do not mind seeing a man smoke so long as it keeps him in good humor. I prefer a dark man, five feet eleven inches in height and good looking as I am no beauty myself, but am a happy-go-lucky sort of a girl and of a very agreeable disposition. I am not on the matrimonial list as yet being only sweet sixteen. I am five feet five inches in height, have dark eyes and black curly hair and my waist measure is 24 inches. I would like to correspond with "Snowball" if he would please write first as I am very bashful just like all the girls of sixteen. Anyone wishing to write to me will find my address with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every success. I remain,

"Pussy Willow."

A Musical Methodist.

Manitoba, April 26, 1909.

Editor.—I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for a short time and I am interested in the correspondence column so thought I would write a few lines. Well, I am a methodist and very fond of music. I can play very well on the organ and enjoy all kinds of amusements but have never danced. I see all the rest of the boys and girls have described themselves so I will do the same. I am 5 feet 3 inches in height, dark brown hair and eyes, age 21. I can milk cows, feed chickens and have learned to make bread this winter. As this is my first letter to the paper I will be wondering if it escapes the waste basket till I see the letter in print. I would like to hear from Weary Willie and also Plain Mike in the April number. I will be pleased to hear from any of the boys and girls. Wishing the W.H.M every success. My name is with the editor. "Shamrock."

Wants to Write to Plain Mike.

Bethany, April 17, 1909.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to the W.H.M. but I read the letters where I am staying. As this is my first letter I would like to see it published in next issue. I would like to correspond with some of the bachelors, especially Plain Mike if he will write first. As everyone describes themselves I guess I must be in the fashion. I am 5 ft. 5 in. in height, weigh 130 lbs. have brown hair and blue eyes and am a first-class cook. I can keep house with most people and am very agreeable. Now, as I think my letter is long enough I will close wishing the W.H.M. much success. Please forward enclosed letter to Irish Mike. "First Kid."

Wants Correspondents.

Manitoba, April 23, 1909.

Editor.—Having been a constant reader of your most interesting paper and having had considerable amusement out of the correspondence column, I have decided to join your merry circle. I am very fond of music and dance a little. I would like to get in touch with some of the ladies. I am a farmer, 21 years of age, and as for looks I think I would pass in a crowd. Hoping to hear from some of the ladies. I will trouble you to forward the enclosed letter to "Laughing Water." I will sign myself

Handy Andy.

Cubit Enjoys The W.H.M.

Saskatchewan.

Please forward enclosed letter to "Laughing Water," Ont. in April number. I am a new subscriber of the W.H.M. and I really think that it is the best monthly paper that I have ever subscribed for. I would advise those who have not already subscribed to do so at once, for one is always sure of his money's worth of reading out of the W.H.M. I might as well say that I would like a few lady correspondents for pastime. All those who would like to get a description of me will please write. My address will be with the editor. Wishing you every success.

"Cubit."

A Practical Girl.

Ontario, May 3rd, 1909.

Editor.—Have you room for another chatter-box in your corner? I have been reading the letters from so many of the boys and girls and thought I would like to swell the number. I think some of the girls are pretty hard on the boys as regards smoking, etc.,

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though, of course, I don't think any gentleman would swear before a lady as some of the girls seem to think.

I must say "Mr. Crank" expresses my opinions pretty well in his letter in the April number, but he seems to have a pretty poor opinion of girls in general. I wonder why! Perhaps he could tell us some time. I am sure we would all be glad to know. But, "Mr. Crank," I, for one, would not let a cow go four days without milking her, although I must say I like to keep my hands nice and am also very, very fond of nice clothes, too.

I would like to correspond with "Mr. Crank" if he will write first; would also like to exchange post cards with anyone out West. I have views of Vancouver, Seattle, Victoria, Fernie, Minnedosa and Summerland but would like some from other places. I have about one hundred now. How many of you girls are interested in poultry? I am trying to raise a good many this year. I had an incubator lent me and have about fifty chicks three weeks old.

I will now give a description of myself, as it seems to be the rule. First and foremost, I am what you call a "Jack of all trades," as I can bake, sew, milk, raise poultry, and am also raising a pet lamb. I am very fond of music, can play, and sing a little and have also been told I would make a pretty good wife for some one. I have dark brown eyes and medium dark hair, pretty good complexion, and am 5 feet 1 inch in height and slender. I think I will close now, hoping this escapes the waste paper basket, and wishing you all success.

"Heart's Ease."

Wants to Hear From Catholic Girls.

Sask., May 20, 1909.

Editor.—As I have been an interested reader for some time of your valuable paper the W. H. M., particularly of the correspondence column, I thought I would write a short letter myself. I consider your correspondence page as being particularly advantageous to us readers as we thus get an opportunity of becoming acquainted, or at least getting in touch, with others whom we might otherwise never know. It is always interesting to know a little of another's life.

I am a bachelor on a farm in Saskatchewan and in fairly good circumstances. I will be pleased to answer all correspondents of either sex. I don't know that I am looking for a woman very particularly, but then one never knows what might happen. I am still "heart whole and fancy free," and if any girl likes to write I will answer promptly. I am 25 years old and a Canadian by birth. It seems to be the rule to praise one's self generously. The usual formula is, I believe, "People say I'm good looking, of a sunny, amiable disposition, refined manners, etc." Well, I don't know that I'm any of those things. I'll say with Bobbie Burns:

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
For to see oursels as ithers see us."

We would all have more humility, I'm sure. I guess I'm about like the rest, no better, I think; no worse, I hope. I have received a good education and have been around the world a little and I would give any person intending to come West all the information I can. All that we have to live for is our friends and our chief pleasure is intercourse with our fellow beings, and as neighbors out here live at a distance, I would enjoy some correspondence. If any R. C. girl anywhere in the East thinks she would like to correspond with a young man who will do his best to make a good home, my address will be with the editor. I consider the West a good country to live in. There are good opportunities out here. I have been all my life on my own resources and I am pretty well satisfied with the West. Well, thanks, Mr. Editor. I'll weary you no more, so will close, hoping that a few will drop a line to

"Ivanhoe."

This Lady Wants Correspondents.

Alberta, May 1st, 1909.

Editor.—I greatly enjoy reading the letters in the W. H. M. and so thought I would be like the rest, and add one more to the number. Now, boys and girls, here is some one who wants correspondents, wants them badly. I am a very lonely individual and often do I feel sad and melancholy and it would be a real act of Christian kindness were you to write to me. I am living in a very lonely part of the country, at least I find it lonely, and would be pleased to receive letters or post cards from anyone, and will do my best to answer.

I will not give a description of myself; might frighten everyone. Boys, if you want to know what I am like just write and find out, but remember this is only for fun, as I am not on the marriage market, although should the right one come along I guess you know what I should do. I think one is just as apt to meet the right one in this way as in any other.

I should like to hear from "A Happy Saskatchewan," "Up a Gumtree," "Billy Sweet," "Doctor Maly," in the April number, and also anyone else who cares to write and cheer up a lonely little dab like me.

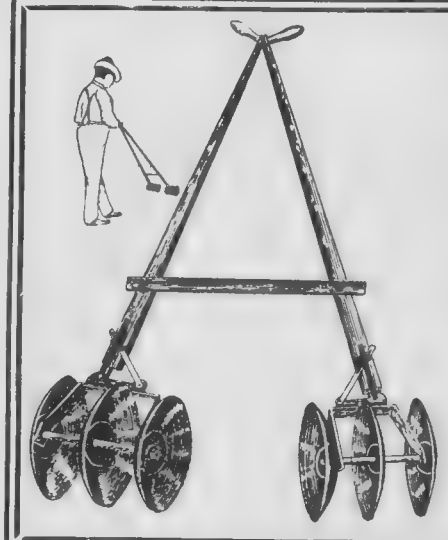
Hoping and praying that this escapes the waste paper basket and wishing the W. H. M. all success

"Seldom Seen."

"Jethro" Has His Say.

Manitoba, May 7, 1909.

Editor.—I have been reading with much pleasure and profit your valuable paper and have perused the correspondence columns very closely in the hope



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of there finding my affinity, but so far she has not shone on my horizon. However, I am hoping that "she" may read this letter wherein I now set down my character and appearance.

I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, broad shouldered and good figured. Always dress to suit my own peculiar style. My hair is dark and parts beautifully in the centre and the girls say my eyes are lovely. They are brown and soft as a cow's, except when I get mad, then they shoot fire. But I wouldn't shoot them at the girl I liked best. No, siree! I'm that kind of a fellow who would always be kind to the fairer sex. Well, sir, I feel how useless it is for me to write what I am in such a public way, but if "she" will only write to me I can give a more satisfactory account of myself. I might as well mention the fact that I hold a responsible government position and make lots of money so that "she" will be well provided for. Am very fond of music and play with feeling. Skating and the theatre are my chief amusements. Am a lover of home and fond of reading and would be willing to spend most of my evenings reading to her. I might say that I don't talk much but think lots, which is more to the point. Am conscientious in everything I do; also somewhat sensitive.

Trusting that your valuable paper may continue to have a prosperous circulation. "Jethro."

A Teacher Who is a Saint.

Saskatchewan, May 13, 1909.

Editor.—I have not long been a reader of your delightful paper, but am now among those deeply interested and would like to join the ranks and fall in line.

I am a school teacher, 24 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. Do not use tobacco or strong drink in any form.

I will give further particulars to any one who will write. I would like to correspond or exchange post cards with anyone. Young ladies, please write first, as I am shy. My address will be with the editor. "Teacher."

Third Attempt is Successful.

Indian Head, Sask., May 9, 1909.

Editor.—I hope you are not getting tired of my letters as this is my third attempt. They say patience and perseverance will overcome anything. That's me. As I am absolutely tired of batching, I would like to correspond with a nice young lady (farmer's daughter if possible) who could make a home comfortable. By making a home comfortable I don't mean, the way some do, I'm afraid, that a woman should look after the house, milk cows, and feed pigs, and sometimes rustle wood. Of course, everybody has their own opinion, but I think, to know that when you come home from harrowing on a nice hot, windy day, tired and hungry, your supper will be ready for you, and your dear little wife anxiously waiting at the door to ask you if you are very tired it ought to go a long way towards making any man happy. I guess I had better stop (before I get wound up) and give the customary description in case some nice young girl might like to know what kind of an animal I am.

I am a young western farmer, with brown hair and grey eyes and am not bad looking when shaved and fixed up on Sunday. Neither drink nor smoke. Girls, please write first, as I need a little encouragement. Wishing the editor and his magazine every success, and hoping that when he fires my letter at the waste basket he misses it and hits the paper, I sign myself,

"Harry the Fiddler."

Who Will Take Pity on "Saskatoon Turnip?"

Saskatoon, Sask., May 10, 1909.

Editor.—After many tremblings and quakings I have found the courage to take up my pen just to let the members of the correspondence corner of the W. H. M. see that there is a blushing, lonely bachelor in the pretty little town of Saskatoon who is pining for a cheering word from the gentle sex.

Now I must tell something about myself. I am an ex-soldier and have served 10 years in India for King and country, am 5 feet 10 inches in height, weight 180 pounds, and am considered passable (photo on application). I am 30 years of age and an Englishman.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to say a few words as regards correspondence. I think that a great deal can be learned by this means, even if we do not see the original. Now, I just want to learn as I am hungry for the learning, and I wonder if there are any of the fair sex willing to give me a fair trial?

Last year I was working on a railroad camp and it was quite a pathetic sight to see the men crowd round me when the mail came in; one would ask, "Is there any for me" If I said "No," what looks of disappointment would be upon their faces, and those who did receive letters would go to some secluded spot and read them. Oh readers! There is where you see real love for the old folks at home, as a letter is more than money to those rough and ready fellows.

I lost both my parents while in India, also a brother in the South African War, so I am entirely alone in the world; no mother or father to write me a cheering letter, so that is the reason I have at last written to see if I could get a cheery word from the members of the corner. I would only be too pleased to answer any letters, also I would like to give some of my experiences and adventures while in India, so I hope that you will find a corner in your very valuable paper for my letter.

"Saskatoon Turnip."

While There's Life There's Hope.

Waldron, Sask., May 22, 1909.

Editor.—As I take quite an interest in your valuable paper I should like to give some of the Eastern ladies my views upon the subject of acquaintance made through the correspondence column of the W. H. M. Some of your readers seem to think that if an acquaintance is made through correspondence with the help of your paper it cannot result in real friendship, but I certainly think this is incorrect. In the first place, we boys in the west have not the chance of seeing many young ladies, and around this district it is about one to every twenty bachelors. Is it therefore any wonder that some of us should wish to hear from more of the fair sex? Then, again, what is the difference between introduction by correspondence or through a friend? No girl would think seriously of marrying a man without first finding out all about his social and financial standing. With regard to the life of a bachelor out here, it is certainly lonely, and although I have a number of male friends I should like to hear from some ladies about my own age. If they will favor me with their name and address I shall be pleased to write them first. I am 25 years old, dark, weigh about 135 pounds, height 5 feet 6½ inches, fond of music and singing. Trusting some of your fair readers will take pity on a poor lonely bachelor, and wishing your paper every success, I remain,

"Dum Spiro Spero."

Letter from An Energetic Girl.

Alberta, May 30, 1909.

Editor.—Is a girl from the States allowed to belong to your "merry bunch?" If so, I should feel it quite an honor to belong to such a lively crowd. My home now is Canada, so I should like to be one of you.

Now, as to giving one's description—really, I think this one subject has been quite exhausted long ago. Why not say fair or dark, large or small? Isn't this quite enough? Just as though we poor weak women would describe ourselves right—whoever heard of a woman telling all her defects?

"Billy Sweet's" letter amused me so much. Now, my dear Billie, do not imagine we girls all go daffy over small hands and feet—for my part I detest both on a man. The larger and coarser he is the better, and more manly he looks to me. One does not want beauty, but goodness and honor in a man. Vanity in a man is most disgusting of all things to me, so Billie, leave such things for the weaker sex—it's bad enough there! What would become of this paper if we women all told the number of shoes and gloves we wore? I think we need to start up some new subjects for discussion.

But as it seems to be necessary to describe ourselves, I will endeavor to give as correct a description as is in my power. I am 23 years old, weigh somewhere between one and three hundred pounds, have a fine complexion (costing me wholesale 49½c a box), beautiful, long, brown curly hair (which I paid the last on this month), and a set of as pearly white, even (store) teeth as one could find anywhere out of a dentist's shop. I wear a number eight shoe, a number 7¾ glove. Eyes dark green. Do not like housework, never do chores, and love to read and humor myself all the time if possible. Am too cross-eyed to read as much as I would like. Am very high tempered, though if properly handled I am very meek. Hate to cook above all else. There are just three things I like—music, men and myself. Think if I could find some dear, kind, meek, obedient man to love me and wait on me I would make a most loving (?) wife. I would be very kind to him, providing he does all his work and half of mine.

Now some of you "old bachelors" from 35 to 85, will you please write me I want to get married. See?

"California Cowboy Girl."

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Any girl can earn this beautiful doll by selling thirty jewelry novelties for us at 10 cents each. This is a large, handsome jointed doll, dressed in satin. Lovely curly hair, pearly teeth, and large sleeping eyes. Send your name and address to-day and we will immediately send you the jewelry to sell. When sold return our $3.00 and we will send you the doll. A few hours' work and you are the owner of this handsome doll. Address: The W. Stephens Co. Drawer 36, Norwood Grove, Man

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Write me, and I will tell you the only proven method that will actually stop a man from drinking; either with or without his consent, and without danger to him, or loss of his time. It will **cost you nothing** to try. I have given my advice to hundreds upon hundreds, and never heard of a case where it failed. Address **E. Fortin, R. 135, Chicago, Ill., 40 Dearborn Street.** Absolute secrecy promised.

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A day that will be remembered for the many notable values that are being prepared for this occasion

THURSDAY, JULY 15th, 1909

Over thirty-five departments are contributing many of the best values this store has ever known, which is an announcement that will interest every visitor to the Exhibition.

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At this early date only a listed announcement of the economies can be made here. Look for further details to appear in the city weeklies and other outside publications.

Women's Waists—worth $3.50	special	$1.69	15c. to 25c. Back and Side Combs	special	.10
Women's Summer Corsets	"	.69	Women's 25c. Hose Supporters	"	.10
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Striped Flannelette	special, per yd.	.06	Saltpetre, reg. 10c. per lb.	special, 3 lbs	.20
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Centre Pieces, with working silk	special	.15	Prime Hams	" per lb.	.17
Pyrographic Burning Outfits	"	1.39	Sides of Bacon	" "	.18
			Back Bacon	" "	.17
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			Picnic Hams	special per lb.	.14
			Dry Salted Bacon, by side	" "	.12½
			Short Rolls of Bacon	" "	.14
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			20 lb. Pails of Lard	special	2.85
			10 lb. " "	"	1.50
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			$5.95 to $6.75 Iron Bedsteads	"	4.95
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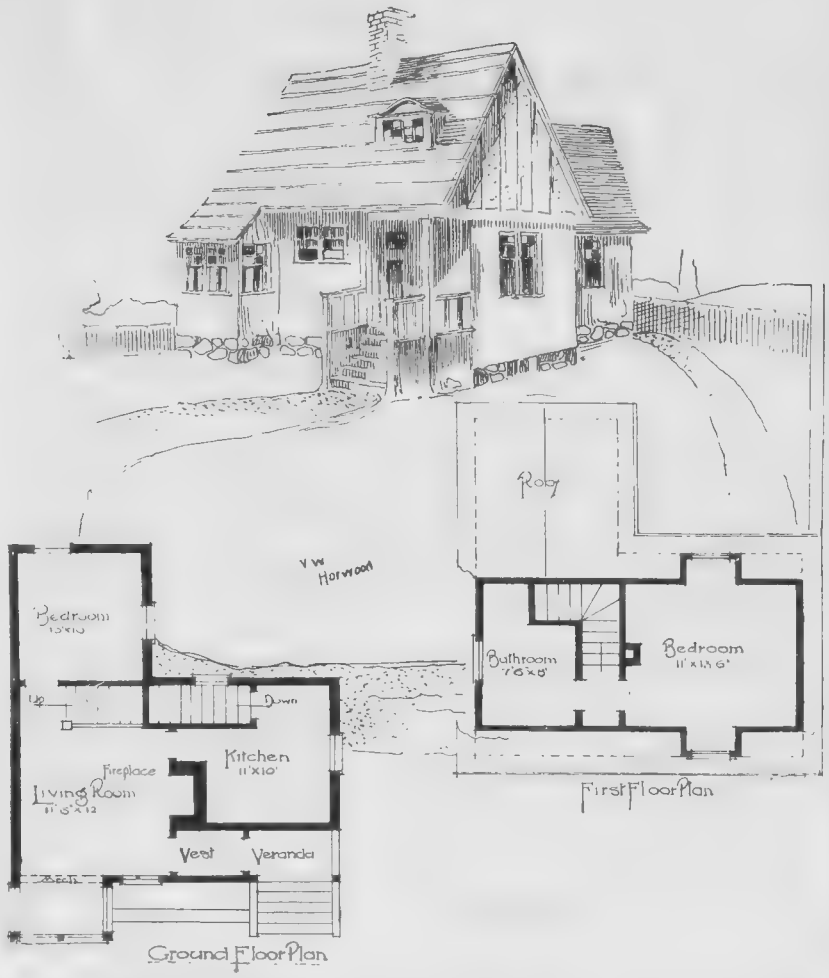

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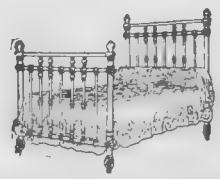

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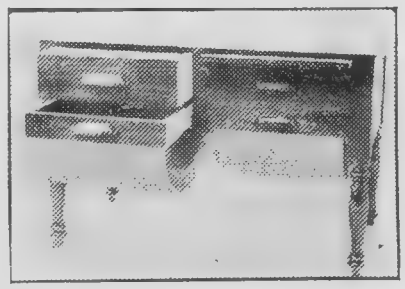

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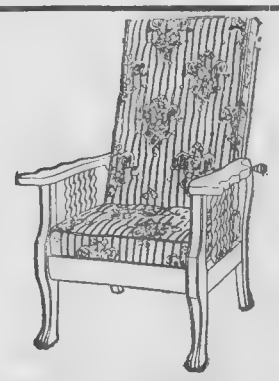

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Temperance Talk.

Drink Habit Among Women.

While every phase of the temperance question has a vitality and an importance that demands the most serious thought, conscientious discussion and unceasing effort, there is one phase which goes to the heart of every God-fearing, country-loving man or woman, and that is the drink habit among American women.

In August, 1900, in my report to the Catholic Total Abstinence convention, without any thought of sensationalism or of criticism, I cited the testimony of authorities on the subject—alienists, physicians, scientists, and those having charge of inebriate institutions—because I thought that their evidence would carry greater weight than could mine. The press of the country took the question up, and for awhile excitement ran high. The investigations then started by the metropolitan press resulted in an absolute verification of the truthfulness of the statements made in my report, which was further corroborated by additional testimony from eminent physicians and well known clergymen who were interviewed on the question at issue.

The greatest furore seemed to centre around Dr. Cyrus Edson's statement regarding drinking among society women, and interviews with many woman members of the social class bristled with indignation or ran smooth with a thin veneer of apology for the custom, but no society woman whose position was secure and free from blame allowed herself to be interviewed on the subject.

There are society women who are leaders in all that is pure, lofty, refined, intellectual, charitable, and philanthropic, at whose door no such charge could be made—but there are others. What was said concerning the drink habit, whiskey-teas, punch-bowl receptions, afternoon poker games with highballs, gin fizzes and cocktail refreshments is true, every word true, and as we go down the social ladder we find that similar customs prevail, in quantity if not in quality.

One of the greatest neurotic specialists of the century said, "If you would stop drunkenness, begin at the cradle, in your nurseries." I would go further, and say, begin before the conception of a new life. Though a child may not inherit the direct taste for alcohol, yet it is true that a weak, characterless one, with perverted moral tendencies, will be the child of any mother who poisons her character by drinking egg-noggs, cocktails, brandy or beer, while she is forming the character and building the structure of the new being God has given her.

In almost every walk of life young women are surrounded by such conditions. The wonder is that more of them have not acquired the curse of an alcoholic appetite. In that part of the world where the hand-painted china or cut-glass punch bowl is ever present at social functions, who is chosen to serve out its wine or brandied contents? Why the brightest, prettiest, most winsome girl the hostess can secure. Naturally, when the young girl entertains her own friends the custom instituted by the elders is further carried out, resulting oftentimes in a maudlin condition of both the hostess and the guests. After-theatre suppers, with champagne as a beverage, have sent many a young woman home in an intoxicated condition.

Then there is the beer garden—a blot and a shame on our boasted Christianity and civilization. Visit one of these, ye who are inclined to be skeptical or critical, and see our future mothers, now in their teens, drinking glass after glass of beer or other intoxicant, and judge for yourself what the harvest will be after a few years of such indulgence, when love for the social glass has become a fixed habit.

How can any sensible person expect women to escape destruction from the same cause which countless thousands of strong men have gone down to ruin, body and soul? Has not a woman a physical being, flesh cells, nerve centres, brain tissue, as well as has her brother? And if practice or indulgence gives birth to habit, habit to vice, vice to death of the body by alcoholic poisoning, and of the soul through moral decay of the man, in God's name, why is it a matter of such wonder that women should also go down under its deadly influence—she whom men have always called "the weaker vessel"

Someone has said that clergymen and physicians wield more influence in human lives than do any other class of men. However true this may be, one thing is certain, women themselves have almost unlimited power as regards society and its practices. They can be less worldly and more spiritual; they can put the seal of condemnation upon society's drinking customs; they can exclude strong drink from functions in which they are concerned; they can avow themselves total asbtainers, that the light of their good example may be a guide to their hapless sisters in life's valley and shadows. They can teach little children the danger that lurks in the wineglass. Oh, what can not women do when their hearts shall be moved by divine pity like unto that which filled the heart of Him "Who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for its redemption."

Alcoholism and Tuberculosis.

Dr. Knopf, of New York, in his admirable essay on Tuberculosis, writes as follows: Now, one more word concerning alcoholism or drunkenness. There is no doubt that alcoholism must be considered the greatest enemy of the welfare of the nation, the most frequent destroyer of family happiness, the ruination of mind, body and soul, and certainly the most active co-operator of the deadly tubercle bacillus or germ of tuberculosis. To combat alcoholism requires above all education. From early childhood the dangers of intemperance and its fearful consequences should be taught. In schools and at home the drunkard should be pictured as the most unhappy of all mortals. Alcohol should never be given to children even in the smallest quantities.

In families where there is a fear of hereditary transmission of the desire of strong drink, even the mildest alcoholic drinks should be absolutely avoided. It would also be best if all people so predisposed, or who may have acquired only the occasional desire for strong drink, would never smoke, for experience has taught that attacks of dipsomania are often caused by an excessive use of tobacco. The young man starting out in life should take with him the moral training which will enable him to become a gentleman, and be considered a polite gentleman, though he absolutely refuses even to enter a liquor saloon in order to treat or be treated to drink. It is this treating habit—alas! so prevalent in our American society—which has ruined many a young man and made him a moral and physical wreck. The creation of coffee and tea houses where warm, non-alcoholic drinks including bouillon are sold in the winter and cool ones in summer, are to be encouraged. It would be of additional advantage if some of these houses could offer healthful amusements for the old and young. Temperance societies which through intelligent propaganda help to combat the fearful evil of alcoholism, should receive encouragement from everybody

No Drinkers Need Apply.

The Interborough Rapid Transit Company which operates the elevated and subway railway lines in New York City, has put into effect a rule against drinking which is more rigidly enforced than any other. Even the odor of liquor on a man's breath will cause instant dismissal from the company's service, and all men being employed must sign a contract not to drink.

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Of course, **"SAFE LOCK"** Shingles cannot leak. The locks are so formed that it is impossible for even driving rain or drifting snow, to penetrate a **"SAFE LOCK"** roof—they are positively weather tight.

When you roof with **"SAFE LOCK"** Shingles you are guaranteed:—

SATISFACTION—Because they can't leak.

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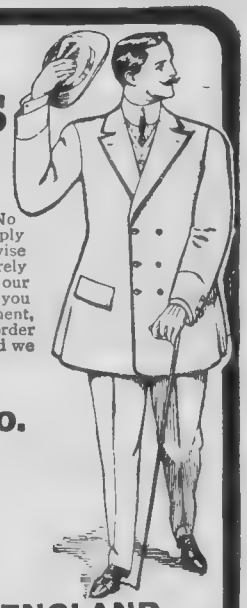

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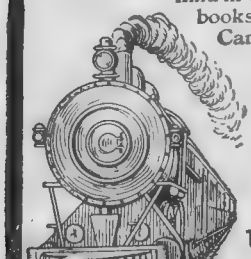

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General Information.

Fortunes Won at Monte Carlo.

After a fifteen-years' trial of a system which practically consists of betting high enough and long enough, Mr. Huntley Walker has left Monte Carlo £18,000 the richer. He won £6,000 one day, and the next day, in a little over two hours, won £12,000 more, which necessitated the table at which he was playing suspending operations for a few minutes while further funds were obtained. This is technically called "breaking the bank," and recalls the feat of "Monte Carlo Wells," the first man to break the bank at the famous gambling resort, who a few years ago won £40,000 from the Casino.

Wells played by a system, and afterwards explained how, starting with a certain capital, he bet on "runs" or "series," staking £20 or £480—the minimum or maximum bets.

Five years ago an immensely wealthy American, Colonel Power, the owner of mines in Mexico, won £70,000 at the Casino. His first day's play which lasted less than an hour, brought him in £3,760, and each succeeding day had a similar story to tell. Crowds dogged his footsteps whenever he entered the Casino, some of the habitués rubbing his shoulder or surreptitiously touching the hem of his coat for luck, while the more rational followed his play. The Colonel did not plunge, but continued to stake the maximum of £480 each time. The result was that he came away richer by £70,000.

A Russian count once carried away £14,000 as the result of a single night's play, while a North of England shipowner won £6,000 in a couple of hours. On another occasion a Yorkshire colliery owner left Monte Carlo, after a three weeks' stay, £15,000 richer than when he went there; but in the same month the wife of an English peer lost £16,000 in one night and £20,000 on the night following.

One of the most remarkable incidents which ever happened at Monte Carlo was when a Mr. Jaggers won £80,000. He kept a close watch over the roulette wheels at the various tables, and discovered that each one had a small defect which resulted in one number winning more frequently than any other. These numbers he backed, winning £120,000. The bank, however, discovered his secret, had new wheels made, and Mr. Jaggers was losing rapidly when he wisely desisted and returned home with £80,000.

One of the distinctions enjoyed by the late Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the uncle of the Czar, who died in November last, was that of being amongst the men who had broken the bank at Monte Carlo. He won something like £60,000 in a couple of days; and it may be remarked that Lord Villiers, heir to the earldom of Jersey, was credited a short time ago with an extraordinary run of luck. Starting with a capital of £2,400, a sum which represented only five maximum coups, and playing only one hour in the evening, always on black, he won £30,000 in a few days.

But, in spite of all these huge sums which have been won, the bank holds its own against all systems, plungers, and persevering gamblers, and, as a witty proverb invented in the days of M. Blanc, the founder of the Casino, truly says, "The black often loses, and red often loses, but white (Blanc) always wins," and his winnings range from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000 every year. Well might one remark that he who breaks the bank to-day will be broken by the bank to-morrow.

All About Turkey's New Sultan.

If Reshad Effendi intends to remain for any length of time on the throne of Turkey, he will have to be his brother's keeper in the very strictest sense of the word; for if Abdul Hamid is allowed to cross the water into Asia Minor he will at once be surrounded by thousands of troops who are still fanatically loyal to him as the representative of the Prophet.

But the new Sultan, bearing in mind the somewhat strained relations that have always existed between them, will doubtless see that his deposed brother is kept tightly under lock and key.

Very little is known about him, for the simple reason that for the greater part of his life he has been almost a prisoner of State.

Even his age is not known with certainty, though he must eb somewhere between sixty and seventy. He is a tall man, inclined to be stout, and walks with a habitual stoop and downcast eyes. It is more than hinted that he squints!

The main reason why he ascends the throne is that he has identified himself with the Young Turk movement more closely than any of the other Imperial Princes. A short time ago his approval of the Young Turks nearly led to a premature grave.

This time last year, when Abdul Hamid was ill, Reshad had the indiscretion to issue a manifesto in favor of reform. Abdul got well again, however, and Reshad went into even stricter retirement, from which he has suddenly emerged with all the limelight on him.

It was thought that when Abdul came to the throne he would immediately kill off all his brothers; but he thought better of it, and Reshad was allowed to drag out his life in confinement. During that time his hair, once jet black, has become white.

He has had to be very careful of everything he said or did, for as he knew very well, every attendant near him was a spy in the service of his Imperial brother. And since Abdul has been attacked by acute melancholia, pointing the way to madness, Reshad has guessed that very little would cause an Imperial edict to go forth: "Off with his head!"

Luckily no such fate has overtaken him so far, though he had a very narrow escape a few years ago.

The Sultan had gone to the Selamlik to pray, and just before he left the mosque there was a tremendous explosion, and part of the roadway over which his carriage would have had to pass was blown into the air. Several people were killed, and suspicions were cast on the party of Reshad.

But an artillery officer who was in Constantinople at the time took the trouble to examine the scene of the "attempted assassination." He came to the conclusion that the whole thing was a "fake."

The explosion, he said must have been caused by a mine, and in order to prepare the mine secretly it must have been necessary to remove the sentries who were always there.

This could not be done except by the highest authority. Another curious thing was that the Sultan stayed about a quarter of an hour longer than usual in the mosque, and then came calmly forth when it was all over, and gained himself a reputation for the greatest coolness.

Opinion in Constantinople associated it at once with a Palace intrigue connected with the succession, and for some time it was feared that Reshad might lose his head. But Abdul relented, and then, quaintly enough, Reshad was allowed to leave his prison in order that he might congratulate his Sovereign on having had such a lucky escape.

They did not meet again until about a year ago, when Reshad was again permitted to kiss the Imperial hands, and hope their owner might live for ever.

The new Sultan is said to be a mild-mannered, well-informed old gentleman, speaking many languages including English. He is courteous and kind-hearted, but rather spiritless and irresolute. Altogether, one feels a little bit sorry for him.

Effect of Weather Upon Man's Destinies.

By Robert Michens.

I remember a bluff Briton—probably belonging to what is vaguely called "the good old stock," whatever that may mean—saying to me once when I had expressed regret at a great persistence of rain in England, "You don't mean to say you are affected by the weather! I should be ashamed if the weather had any influence over me." No doubt he was right. No doubt we should rise superior to weather and everything else that strives to dominate us in this occasionally contrary world; but the effort is difficult, to some almost impossible.

Most people, I think, are affected by the weather. Some like bad weather, just as some like bad company. I know a man who has toad-like propensities. He loves to crawl out in a good soaking mist, to feel the damp all round him, to revel in moisture, to breathe a flabby atmosphere. It does him good. It sends up his spirits. He can crack a joke in a drizzle, but when it is dry he is—well, dry, too. But he is an exceptional person. Rain induces sadness in the average man. If it goes on long it makes him think that "Brief life is here our portion," that man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward; that we are but shadows in a world of shadows; that we are here today and gone tomorrow, and so forth. Truisms all, which we manage to forget in fine weather, when no phantoms in goloshes meet our eyes and if we make a false step it is not certain to be into a puddle.

Those who are not accustomed to rain are frightened by it. I once saw an Arab rained upon for the first time. He was abjectly terrified, and demanded to have his passage paid from the country—Sicily—in which the dread phenomenon occurred. He had been conveyed from the Sahara, I think, by an European, whose servant he was, and he evidently thought his master was behaving abominably to him in permitting him to get wet. By the first steamer he returned to his native desert, abandoning excellent wages, and shaking the raindrops furiously from his slippered feet.

Southern Italians become morose, and almost murderous, in long continued rain. It seems to bring all the bad in them to the surface. Unreasonable as children, they are apt to behave as if they thought it your fault when you have much to do with them. Do not try to cheer them up. It will be useless till the heaven clears, and will only add to their resentment.

Britons, of course, get what we call "hardened" to horrible climatic changes. Nevertheless, I am convinced that our national sobriety—by sobriety I do not mean abstinence from alcohol, but a decent solemnity of demeanor—is generated by our gray skies, our piercing east winds, our heavy, yellow fogs, and our slushy roads and pavements. We "bear up," it is true, but the continual effort gives us a stiff upper lip and a forbidding eye. Sunshine creates geniality in the average human being. Darkness, on the other hand, produces solemnity and a dull, boiled gooseberry demeanor. The waterproof face is the direct result of a firmament of lead. Many English people look like incarnate umbrellas. It is not our fault. It is the fault of the clerk of our weather, who ought to be dismissed without his month's warning or any wages. He never gives us warning. Why should we give it to him?

Strong wind in day time makes many people bad tempered, and a howling wind in the night turns thousands towards deep melancholy, combined sometimes with suicidal tendencies. I like a high wind by the sea. It sends my spirits up. But a gale in a city irritates me tremendously. To me it is pleasant and cozy to be comfortably tucked up in bed at night and to hear the wind beating on the windows and howling in the chimney. The violence exhilarates me. On the other hand, a calm night of steady pattering rain is, I think, a nerve destroyer.

As to the man who genuinely loves fog, I genuinely believe him to be a morbid and unwholesome minded individual, who we should all beware of. I would not always judge a man by the weather he loves any more than I would always judge him by the company he keeps; but he who enjoys being unable to see, and who revels in colliding with lamp posts and living, like a pea, in pea-soup, must have an imperfect nature and a distorted mind. "You ought to carry your fine weather about inside you," said the bluff Briton to me. I know he was right. These people nearly always are.

The Instinct of Industry in Animals.

A recent and interesting contribution to the sum of popular knowledge of animal instinct is M. Frederic Houssay's work on "The Industries of Animals," published in the "Contemporary Science Series" by Mr. Walter Scott. It is an ingenious attempt to bring man and animals into line on the common ground of their provision by industry of the necessities of life. The arts of collecting provisions, storing and preserving food, domesticating and managing flocks, and capturing slaves, are quite as well understood by animals and insects as by man in the earlier stages of his civilization, and show a curious analogy in their development in the case of the more backward among human communities. Ants of the same species both have, and have not, learnt to keep "cattle." Lespès found a tribe of black ants which had a flock of "cows" which they milked daily. But he also discovered a nest of the same species which had no flocks. These he presented with some of the aphides used by their cow-keeping relations. The ants instantly attacked, killed, and ate them, behaving in exactly the same improvident manner as a tribe of Australian "blackfellows" when presented with a flock of sheep. A little-known and striking instance of foresight and industry exhibited by a bird is that of the Californian woodpecker. Like others of its kind, this bird is an insect-eater. Yet in view of the approach of winter, it prepares a store of food of a wholly different character, and arranges this with as much care as an epicure might devote to the storage of his wine in a cellar. In the summer, the woodpecker lives on ants. For the winter it stores up acorns. To hold each acorn it hollows a small hole in a tree, into which the acorn is exactly fitted, and is ready to be split by the strong beak of the climbing woodpecker, though too tightly held to be stolen either by squirrels or other birds. A relation of this woodpecker inhabits the driest parts of Mexico, where during the droughts it must die of starvation, unless it made a store. To prevent this it selects the hollow stem of a species of aloe, the bore of which is just large enough to hold a nut. The woodpecker drills holes at intervals in the stem, and fills it from bottom to top with nuts, the separate holes being apparently made for convenience of access to the column of nuts within. The intelligence which not only constructs a special storehouse, but teaches the woodpecker to lay by only the nuts that will keep, and not the insects which would decay, is perhaps the highest form of bird-reasoning which has yet been observed. The common ants of Italy—*inopioe metuens formica senectæ* of the Romans—is not so strangely ingenious as the gardener-ants of the tropics, which prepare a particular soil on which to grow within their nests the fungus on which alone they feed, exhibits what is probably the most complex form of instinctive industry shown by any European animal. They store up oats and various kinds of grain, maging hundreds of little rooms as granaries, of about the size of a watch. But grain lying in the ground naturally germinates. How the ants prevent this is not known. Probably by ventilation, as bees ventilate their hives by artificial draught. All that is certain is, that if the ants are removed the grain sprouts. When the ants wish to use the store, they allow the grain to germinate, until the chemical change takes place in the material which makes it's fermenting juice food suitable for their digestion. They then arrest the process of change by destroying the sprout, and use the stock of glutinous sugar and starch so left as their main food in winter.

Transcona adjoins the new Grand Trunk Pacific shops, which, when complete, will be the largest Railway Shops in Canada.

TRANSCONA

The employment of three thousand men means that Transcona should soon have a population of 15,000

The New Railway City of the West

Transcona is the most interesting property put on the Western market for many years. The work of construction has commenced on the large G.T.P. shops. An army of workmen are employed to rush the huge structures to completion as speedily as possible. Of all the towns and cities of the West, not one started with such assurance of population and prospects of wealth.

We have therefore every confidence in offering to the public **Business and Residential** Properties in **Transcona.** It is destined to become within a very short time one of the most important and prosperous Railway Centres of the Country, and considering its many advantages there will be rapid increase in the price of Real Estate.

Transcona is laid out as a model city, with wide streets and lanes, good sized lots, public parks and playgrounds.

Prices—Lots will be sold at $3.00 per foot up, less a discount of 10 per cent which will prevail for a few days. Terms—one-fifth cash, balance extending over 2 years. Come early and secure choicest locations.

To accommodate those who cannot purchase in the daytime, the office will be open each evening from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Transcona is but six miles from Winnipeg and will have Electric Car Service with that City in a short time, as well as a perfect Railway Service.

Readers of the Western Home Monthly are asked to write for booklet descriptive of **Transcona**, and Visitors to the Winnipeg Exhibition are invited to call at our Office and examine maps of property. It will give us pleasure to drive any interested parties to and from the property.

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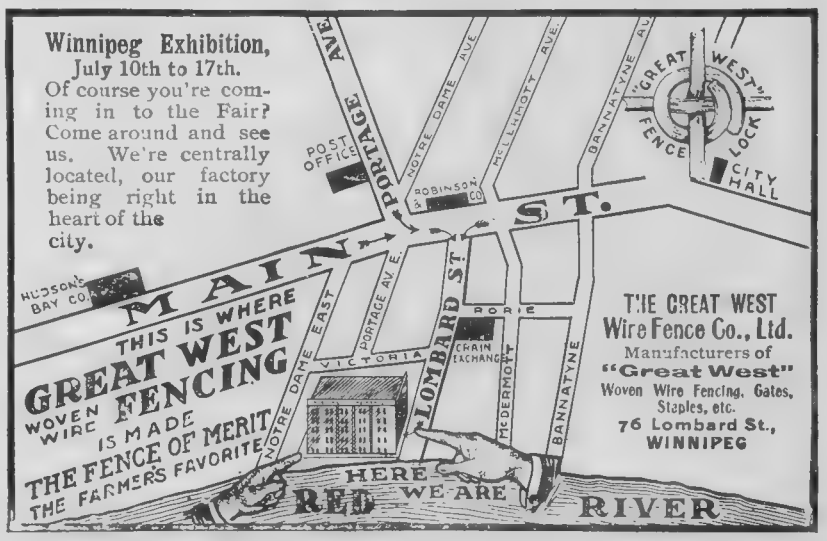

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To protect credit buyers from exorbitant prices, charged by discriminating retailers, we will accept notes from responsible parties, payable November 1st, at only 4 per cent added to our low cash price, which we quote for this season, F.O.B. Winnipeg as follows:—

Standard, 500 ft. "Cricket Proof" **8c**
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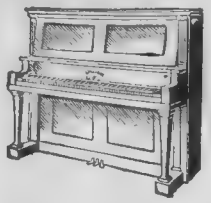

A Piano Sale for those who do not usually attend such events.

College and Students' Pianos

We have held the exclusive contract to supply Instruments for the Imperial College of music, and as they have closed for the season the pianos have all been returned and are being put through our cleaning up and refinishing department, and it would be difficult for even a trained piano man to detect that they had been used.

Those who know with what painstaking care a musician selects his piano, and how well he uses it after it is secured will appreciate such an opportunity as this.

You have a chance to get the Piano used personally by that splendid artist, Sokoloff, or the eminent vocal teacher, Lehuinne besides those from the studios of the other professors and teachers. Most of the pianos are the *NEW SCALE WILLIAMS, famous for their tone, and a season's use under favorable conditions by an artist improves rather than injures a good piano.*

In addition to the College Pianos, which are too numerous to specify we have a large stock of *Students' Rental Pianos* also the *many fine uprights* taken in exchange for New Scale Williams Player Pianos. We mention a ew from the entire list :—

1—Allen & Jewett, square piano, rosewood case, in good condition **$68.00**

2—Foucke Upright. Ebony case, ivory keys, sweet mellow tone and good action..... **$105 00**

4—Chickering Square Grand. Magnificent toned piano, splendid action. one of the best makes in America, in first-class condition **$125.00**

4—Hardman Upright, studio size, good tone and action .. **$140.00**

5—Krydner, Cabinet Grand, dark walnut case, only used a few years and fully guaranteed. Mfd. in one of the largest and best Canadian factories... **$193.00**

6—Evans Bros., Cabinet Grand, Mahogany case, sells regularly at $375. In first class condition in every way..... **$225.00**

7—Heintzman & Co., Cabinet Grand Upright. Has been thoroughly overhauled and is guaranteed in first-class condition **$235.00**

8—Williams. Plain, artistic mahogany case, studio design, in good shape and fully guaranteed. A choice piano for the small or medium sized parlor. **$235.00**

9—Nordheimer. Only used a short time, latest style mahogany in perfect shape. Regular price $475 ..... **$315.00**

10—New Scale Williams, college piano. Almost impossible to distinguish it from the new stock. Regular $500, guaranteed same as new pianos **$340.00**

11—New Scale Williams, Sheraton style finished in natural Tuna Mahogany, beautifully inlaid with satin wood, an art treasure as well as a magnificent musical instrument. Regular $700.00 ..... **$375.00**

12—Baby Grand New Scale Williams, used by the great pianist Sokoloff during past season, case in rich San Domingo Mahogany Satin oil finish. Regular $850.00 ..... **$500.00**

13—Angelus Orchestral Piano Player, cost originally $425.00. Has been thoroughly overhauled **$150.00**

14—Simplex Piano Player. A sample as good as new. Sells everywhere in Canada at $275.00 ..... **$150.00**

These instruments will all be ready for the Exhibition Visitors, and a better assortment of real bargains has never been offered to Western people.

ORGANS We have also several organs of different styles and makes which are being thoroughly overhauled. $15.00 upwards

OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS.—For those who cannot come personally we will agree to select the instrument from the stock which we consider the best suited to your circumstances. We pride ourselves on the satisfaction we give to mail order customers. If any piano is not satisfactory on arrival we take it back and allow freight one way.

TERMS—We have no hard and fast rules for payment, we try to arrange as far as possible to suit the convenience of customers.

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Send me full particulars of piano listed under

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Or a College at about .....

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Sunday Reading.

Sunday.

Menial Callings.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest friends, bright creatures scorn not one.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
—Wordsworth.

People talk about menial callings; but what is a menial calling? I will tell you. It is a calling that makes a man mean. The moment any calling makes a man a man, he has dignified it and glorified it.

Show me the chrysalis first, and what a prejudice I have against butterflies! But show me the butterfly first, and how beautiful looks the horny case out of which it came! I carry the beauty of the thing itself back to that from which it emerged, and by association dignify it. And I honor a man that has built up his character in "menial callings," who has dug up treasure where none but an ingenious, industrious and patient man could have found it.

Monday.

Helpfulness.

When I have time, so many things I'll do.
To make life happier and more fair,
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend! No longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time.

"They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of those that are weak, and not to please themselves. There's a text wants no candle to show't; it shines by its own light. It's plain enough you get into the wrong road i' this life if you run after this and that only for the sake o' making things easy and pleasant to yourself. A pig may poke his nose into the trough, and think o' nothing outside it; but if you've got a man's heart and a soul in you, you can't be easy a'making your own bed, an' leaving the rest to lie on the stones. Nay, nay, I'll never slip my neck out o' the yoke, and leave the load to be drawn by the weak uns." — George Eliot.

Tuesday.

The Cure for Sorrow.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the rbighter,
If any little song of mine
Make make a life the brighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing.

It is our plain duty to make others glad. Christianity is the greatest joy-bringer the world has ever known, and those persons are not true to Christianity who do not daily bring gladness and joy into the lives of those around them.

We are not to dictate to others, we are to seek to brighten their lives. "Not that we have lordship over your faith," wrote Paul, "but are helpers of your joy." What an heroic light-bearer the loving Apostle was! And we can all be so if only we are willing to devote ourselves to lightening the loads and brightening the lives of those near us.

There are hosts of murmurers in the world, but few real helpers of joy. More thankfulness, more readiness to help and cheer others is what we all need.

Wednesday.

True Prayer.

There was once a boy whose mother lay ill in hospital. The lad fancied his mother would not have left him if she had loved him, and determined to send her a letter telling her how sad and lonely he felt.

He was only a little chap, and had not yet learned to write; but he scribbled all over the paper, and begged one of his friends to carry the letter to his mother. "Then," said he, "I shall see if she loves me."

The messenger laughed at the strange letter, and declared that his mother wouldn't be able to read it. "She will understand," said the little fellow.

And when the scrawl was given to his mother she recognized at once the work of her boy's hands, and understood his meaning yet the boy had actually written nothing at all.

Our prayers are often put together as badly as the little chap's message, but God knows His children's meaning. If we are only sincere in our petitions we may be sure that in His own good time the answer will come.

Be not afraid to pray!—to pray is right—
Pray (if thou canst) with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay.
Pray in the darkness, if there is no light.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be.
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
— Hartley Coleridge.

Thursday.

Wife and Mother.

Religion, in a wife and mother, ought to be amiable; it ought to be such as shall win and not repel; holy, and yet human; heavenly, but not too sublime for this everyday world of ours. The children in the home ought to venerate her for her goodness and purity, and when she has passed from these mortal scenes the memory of her gentleness and kindness should live on in the hearts of her dear ones.

Wordsworth has beautifully expressed the more human character of a true wife and mother:

A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Friday.

Daily Duties.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me;
They ever come in monotonous round—
Breakfast and dinner and tea;
Smoothing the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care.
There is e'er some task in my little home,
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

GRAND TRUNK SHOP SITE

A HIVE OF INDUSTRY

Haney Quilan & Robertson are busy at work on their $869.000 contract, which has to be completed by the spring of 1910. The J. D. McArthur Co. has the round house well under way, a branch line is being built to the gravel pits at Birds Hill for ballast for the yards. John Vopni, the contractor for the large station will begin work this month, and tenders are being called for the balance of the shops, that are estimated to cost another half-a-million dollars.

These shops and yards when completed will be among the finest in North America and the number of men employed will mean that the new town of Transcona will soon have a population of 10 to 15 thousand people; and in our opinion offers better inducements to investors than any other town along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Get in Line With Prosperity

By making a small investment here now, and the growth of this new town will mean something to you; will contribute largely to your prosperity; will put money in your pocket, that you don't have to work hard to earn. Because increase in population means increase in Real Estate Values.

We can sell you some of this choice property at $175 and $200 per lot with a small payment down, you to pay the balance, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, at your option. Write us at once for full particulars.

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Household toil is drudgery only when it is considered so. The spirit in which it is approached makes a veritable gulf of difference. Set about it cheerfully, with a disposition to laugh at temporary failures, and the commonest task grows beautiful, interesting, yes, and elevating. No matter how lowly the occupation, if duty calls to it it will be beneath nobody's dignity. Shame really attaches only to being ashamed of following it.

Saturday.

The Cheerful Soul.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
And there comes good luck and bad;
The thriftiest man is the cheerfullest;
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad, sad,
'Tis a thriftless thing to be sad.
—Thomas Carlyle.

There is no excuse for being gloomy. It is not only bad for ourselves, it is bad for everyone else. It is our duty to smile whenever we can, and to cheer and encourage our neighbors as much as possible. The perormance of a kindly action leaves in our souls a lingering balm which greatly helps us to face life's difficulties. There is no joy so true and abiding as that which comes from making others happy.

Day and Night.

"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

The day is Thine — the long and radiant day,
From the first dawning light till evening closes;
And all its warbling birds and fragrant roses,
And all its golden beauty bids us say,
The day, O Lord, is Thine.
And life's brief day is also Thine; and we
Must work while light doth last for our dear Master.
O that our sluggish feet could travel faster,
And we with readier service give to Thee
Our life's fast-fleeting day!
The night is Thine—the dark and dreary night,
Hushing the birds to sleep, the flowers concealing;
But by its hosts of glowing stars revealing,
Through the deep sky, Thy glory and Thy might!
The night, O Lord, is Thine.
That darker night is also Thine, O Lord,
When Thou sweet sleep to Thy beloved givest;
For while they needs must die, Thou ever livest,
And o'er Thy dear ones keepest watch and ward
Till darkness ends in light!

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The Windmill that will stand the strain of the high winds so prevalent in Western Canada must have strength, rigidity, and proper regulation.

THE MANITOBA built by us is the acme of perfection. After having built Windmills for many years for the Western trade we have so perfected ***Tho Manitoba*** that it is now the ***heaviest, strongest*** and ***best regulated*** mill in the world. A ***Manitoba Windmill*** will save you time, labor and strength, will furnish cheap power to pump water, grind grain, saw wood, etc.

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are built in all sizes from 2 to 25 horse power. They have ***no complicated parts,*** are very ***economical in gasoline,*** exceptionally ***strong*** and ***well made*** and have lots of ***surplus power.*** They are ***carefully*** and ***thoroughly tested*** before shipment and are ***guaranteed to give satisfaction.***

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Has a ***larger cylinder*** and will develop ***more power*** than any other. Send for illustrated catalogue "H" and complete information.

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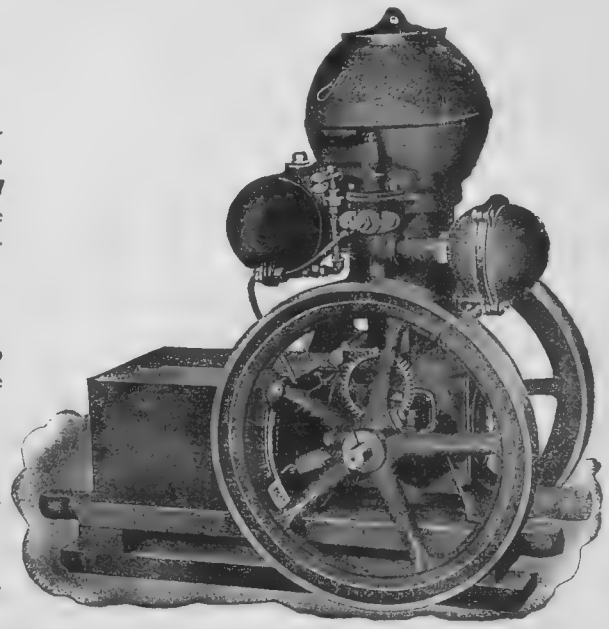

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INCORPORATED 1891

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Have no liabilities.
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Cost 25c per acre or less, according to the loss claims.
In seven years the full amount of the Premium Notes was not called.

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In the Business World.

Fine Art Display for the West.

The Fine Art Gallery at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition July 10th to 17th, will house as fine and elaborate a collection of paintings as has been shown west of New York and Montreal. One special loan Exhibit numbers two hundred and twenty-five original paintings, the value of which runs to the total of over $40,000 with several masterpieces included, which are not for sale at any price. Included in the display are about two dozen paintings, nearly all oils, which have won medals at the continental salons of Munich, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Berlin and Paris, and quite a number that have at various times been allotted space on the coveted "line" at the great Paris exhibitions. This collection which has been gathered in Montreal and through the centers of Europe by the exhibition's special art commissioner, Mr. E. O'Brien, the art connoiseurs of Montreal, will be a special attraction to the exhibition. Most of the paintings to be shown are oils, but the water color school is not without its representation. Of the 225 paintings that form the loan collection about half are the work of leading artists of the American and Canadian school, while the others represent the pick of the European galleries. Following are the titles and description of some of the paintings which have won notable distinction in art exhibits: "Romance," by Ven Wichera, valued at $1,000; "The Heart of the Empire," water-color by F. M. Bell-Smith, valued at $500; "The Ghost Story" by Muntz, valued at $650; (These three paintings have all received honorable mention at the London and Paris salons). "The Iris" by G. W. A. Reid, valued at $1,000; "Tranquillity" by G. W. A. Reid, valued at $1,000; "Brown and Gold" by G. W. A. Reid, valued at $500; "A Passing Shower" by J. Weiss, valued at $500; "Village of Heenbergerm, Holland" by William Cornelius Rip, silver medal Rotterdam, bronze medal Paris, valued at $470; "When the Heart is Young" by Bernard de Hogg, pupil of Von Essen, valued at $550; "Sheep Nibbling" by Herman Johannes van der Weele, gold medal 2 class, Munich, silver medals Amsterdam and Paris; "Milking Time" by Johannes Scherrewitz, pupil of Poggenbeck, valued at $300; "A Royal Bengal" by Jan von Essen, medal in Melbourne, Amsterdam, Nizza, Brussels and Cologne, valued at $400; "A Fair Parisian" by J. A. Goupil, Legion of Honor, Paris, 1881, valued at $350; "A Wayside Pond, France" by Chintreuil, owned by the late J. Popham; "Pollard Willows" by Arnold Marc Gorter, Honorable mention Paris, 1900, valued at $100. These are only the gems out of the collection which the exhibition has obtained for their public display. The entire collection is valued at over $40,000, and naturally, as the works are of a nature that cannot be duplicated, special precautions have had to be taken before the Continental galleries would allow these works to come west. They have been shipped from London under a special guard and accompaniment, and are now in Montreal. The week before the Exhibition they will come west in a special car attached to the Canadian Pacific Limited, protected by personal attendants who are familiar with every piece in the collection. The collection is under a heavy insurance bond during its entire journey to and fro, and while under exhibit, special precautions against fire, accident or malicious tampering will be taken.

Important Notice to Our Readers.

Visitors to the Exhibition that opens its gates here on July 10th are respectfully invited to visit the establishments of Merchants who place their announcements in the Western Home Monthly. This embraces many of the leading institutions of the City and almost every line of Commerce. To visit the business Homes of the advertisers of this Magazine is to get a splendid insight into the business life of Winnipeg with all its wonderful activities. Whether you call as a purchaser or not your welcome will be cordial.

Jaeger Pure Wool Underware.

Every year finds thousands of converts to the nature idea of light wool for underclothing. Jaeger's light pure wool underwear, the finest quality made, is becoming more and more the accepted garment for comfort and health by people who give the matter the thought and attention it deserves.

To Whom It May Concern.

Bowmanville, Ont., Mar 27, 1909.

I have an orchard of 400 apple trees, been set out for 13 years. Last spring the trees were in a wretched condition and appeared to be dying, and absolutely covered with bark lice, I was induced to use Cooper's Spray Fluids, and there isn't the slightest doubt but that it has done the good work. My trees have made wonderful growth, and are now in a very healthy condition, can run the old bark and scale off with the hand, leaving the new bark clean and fresh. I can't say too much in favor of Cooper & Nephews' Spray Fluids and would strongly recommend them to fruit growers. (Sgd.) R. H. Hemley, Lake Side Cottage.

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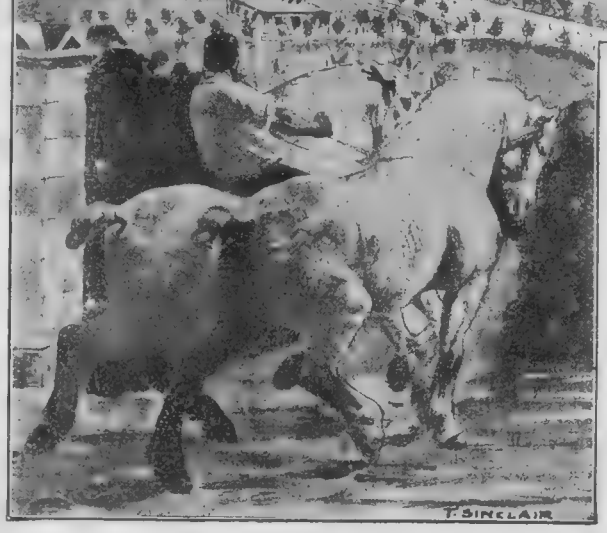

JULY 19th to 23rd.

The wonderful popularity of the Brandon Fair with the great farming population of the Western Provinces and the great hold which it has obtained on their affections, is not difficult to account for. The Brandon fair is, first, last and always, an agricultural fair in the best sense of that much abused term. If you doubt this, just glance at the premium list of this year's fair and you will find there a classification of live stock and farm products, which needs fear comparison with no other fair in the Dominion of Canada. It denotes a knowledge of and an interest in the requirements of the average farmer and breeder which are, without doubt, the chief elements in the success of what has now come to be recognized as the greatest agricultural fair in Western Canada.

There are many new features in this year's premium list, of which two may be mentioned: the agricultural motor test and the butter making competition. The motor competition is but the natural result of a great new industry which has started in our midst and which marks an epoch of great importance in the agricultural development of the west. The butter making competition, for which magnificent prizes are offered, will surely appeal to the farmer's wife and daughter who prides herself on her butter making ability.

Splendid success has attended the efforts of the management to provide high class amusement to the many thousands of visitors. The C. W. Parker shows, the greatest amusement company of the kind on the North American continent, will provide a midway and free attractions, the like of which has never been seen in Canada.

Prize lists and all particulars as to special excursions may be obtained from Charles Fraser, Secretary, Brandon, Man.

Colorings that make Home look Cheerful

THERE are certain Colorings in which *Cheerfulness* is as inherent as it is in certain temperaments.

And, there are other Colorings that seem to have in them the very microbe of depression.

No one could long be cheerful in a room painted *black*, for instance.

And, no one could long resist the cheering, comforting uplift of a log-fire burning brightly in an open grate.

The dreary color of "A gray day" creeps into one's spirits and depresses them, just as surely as the golden-yellow color of a sunshiny day cheers and gladdens.

* * *

These subtle *influences* of Color are of much greater importance in making the Home feel cheerful, comfortable and restful, or gloomy and irritating, than we are likely to at first sight suppose.

But, any Home-maker who will thoughtfully read Brightling's new book entitled "Wall-Paper Influence on the Home" is pretty sure to discover a few things on this subject which he would gladly pay many times its price for.

The book, in addition to its chapters on *Color*, covers the Influence of *Design* upon size, width, height, dignity, or cosiness, of a room.

* * *

The subjects throughout have been treated in a simple, untechnical way which makes the information easily understood, and ready to apply toward inexpensive and effective decoration of the average home.

Published by the Watson-Foster Co., Ltd. (Ontario St., East, Montreal), and sold *by mail*, Cloth bound, at twenty-five cents per copy, or from your wall paper dealer at same price.

NEW DESIGNS IN

Knitting and Lace Making.

This is an entirely new book, just published, and it contains 73 new and beautiful designs for crochetted and knitted laces and other fancy work, with 68 handsome illustrations. The book embodies all the latest ideas in needlework, and will be found invaluable by all ladies who delight in this fascinating and useful employment. Among the designs given are those for table scarfs, doilys, sofa cushions, tidies, fan lace, Dakota lace, medallion lace, lace for infants' dresses, edging lace, scroll leaf lace, magnolia lace, Japanese lace, infants' hoods, edging, ring lace, daisy lace, pen wipers, pillow lace, loop lace, handkerchief cases, heart lace, maltese lace, counterpanes, pin-cushion covers, herring bone point lace, Antwerp lace, corset covers, Chesterville lace, horseshoe lace, Grecian lace, shell fan lace, new idea lace and insertion, flower-vase mat, infants' mittens, guipure fan lace, forget-me-not lace, etc., etc. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post paid upon receipt of only **15 Cents.**

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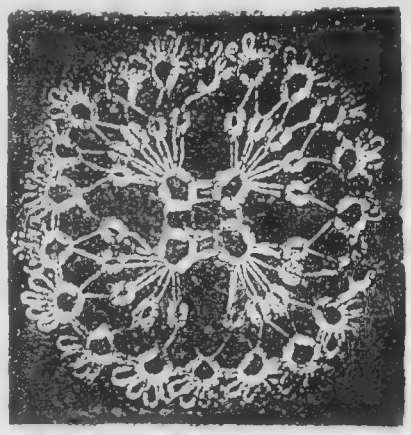
$9 a Week to one young lady or married woman in each community for part time, home work. **Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.**

Work for Busy Fingers.

A TATTED WHEEL, FOR INSET.

Among the medallions used in combination with embroidery and insertion for the trimming of shirt-waists none can be daintier than those of tatting. They are also durable, and not at all difficult to make.

Commence in the centre with a ring of 4 double knots, 1 picot of usual length, then make 5 long picots, each separated by a double knot, then 3 double knots, an ordinary picot, 4 double knots, and draw up the ring. Leave about ¼ inch of thread and made another ring in same way, jaining to preceding ring by 1st picot at side. Make 4 rings in all, joining as described, then cut and tie the thread securely. The 1st of the 5 long picots is about ¼ inch in length, and the next a trifle longer, the 3rd longer still, the 4th like 2nd and 5th



like 1st. This gives a slight curve to the corner.

Next, make 4 double knots, join to 1st of 5 long picots, 4 double knots and draw up; leave ¼ inch of thread and make a ring of 4 double knots, then 5 picots, each separated by 2 double knots, 4 double knots, and draw up. Again leave ¼ inch thread, make 4 double knots, join to 2nd of 5 long picots, 4 double knots, draw up, leave ¼ inch thread, make 4 double knots, join to 1st picot of previous large ring, 5 picots, each separated by 2 double knots, then 4 double knots, and draw up. Repeat entirely around, alternating small and large rings, and join last to 1st large ring. Apply to shirt-waist by basting on carefully, buttonholing in each picot, and cutting away the lawn from beneath.

SOFA CUSHIONS.

I have noted in many homes recently the increasing prevalence of pretty sofa cushions of various shapes and sizes. They lie around in a profusion that is quite bewildering, filling not alone their hitherto special province—a comfort-inviting decoration for the couch—but besides this, are scattered around with seeming carelessness in the odd niches of the rooms and upon the chairs. They give an air of comfort, too, which is scarcely obtained by any of the other many decorations which have been used in the past, and to me are a pleasing innovation in room decoration.

One of the prettiest of these cushions that I have seen is the "sea-dragon pillow." It is made up in the usual size—eighteen inches by eighteen inches square. The covering is of sea-green satin, which reproduces in effect the very sheen of the water in sunlight. The design upon the face of the cushion is a sea-dragon, drawn in exquisite curves and sweeps, and wrought in silver and gold Japanese cord, couched down, with white and yellow silk thread. The embroidery sparkles and glints from the green background. A five-inch double ruffle of satin, overset in silver and gold, completes the tout ensemble. This design will recommend itself in cheaper stuffs, green crepon or denim; or a fish-net and little fishes afloat in water hues may be readily drawn upon the material and worked in, in the Japanese gold and silver cord and couched into place.

Then there is also the laurel-wreath design, which is made of dark, rich green satin, knotted together at the base by means of a brown velvet bow-knot. The design is cut out and appliqued upon a background of changeable velvet, which serves as the face of the pillow. The pile of the velvet is the dainty gray tint of freshly-burned ashes, while beneath it gleams a cherry-red color, suggestive of fire-flame. The entire design is edged with tiny gold cord couched into place with yellow silk thread. A heavy gold cord edges the cushion, with distingue twists in the cord at the corners. It is backed with somber brown satin.

Another handsome cushion, and one suitable for a wedding gift, is of heavy white satin, with linked hearts worked in silver. Lace and satin frills encircle this charming pillow for a bride, and at one corner is caught with a knot of white ribbon and a cluster of orange blossoms.

Besides these, there are heart and octagonal-shaped cushions and a number of other designs, each with its own appropriate little handiwork in the way of embroidery and ruffles.

A HANDSOME TABLE COVER.

A very handsome covering for a small table is made of two shades of satin ribbon three or four inches wide. Plait the ribbon in basket style until as large as desired. The ends can be finished in two ways: Fringe the ribbon on the four sides about three inches deep, and paint on two ends of the cover a spray of daisies, golden, red, or whatever flower harmonizes with the color of the ribbon; or, finish each strip of ribbon in a point with small silk tassels, and paint a small flower, such as a pansy or forget-me-not, on the end of each strip. A very beautiful combination is made of green and deep cream white satin ribbon, with purple pansies on the green ribbon. The green tassel should be sewn on the point of the white ribbon and vice versa.

A SIMPLE YET LOVELY CORNER IN MEXICAN WORK.

Take a square of linen the size desired, and of a quality suitable for the article and purpose intended. For a handkerchief a square of linen lawn 12 x 12 inches, or smaller, will be needed; for a stand cover or centrepiece a heavier quality should be chosen. The round thread or art linen draws more easily than the ordinary kind.

For the hem leave twice the width it is wanted—that is, for a half-inch hem leave 1 inch. Draw ½ inch and leave 8 to 10 threads, or a little less than 1-16 inch, then draw an inch, again leave 8 to 10 threads and draw ½ inch. Draw the 1st 8 threads out to the edge of the square. Fold the hem neatly and hemstitch on all sides, taking about 6 threads to a stich.

The corner will be left entirely empty, excepting the bars, when the threads are drawn both ways, and should be buttonholed closely and neatly. Hemstich on both sides of the drawn spaces, crossing the working thread back and forth over the narrow strips left plain between the ⅛-inch and inch spaces, taking also 6 threads. In the ⅛-inch space knot the strands in clusters of 3 each, about 1-16-inch from the edge, carrying the knotting thread straight along; then leave about ⅜-inch in the centre and knot again in the same way, only that this time you take 2 strands in one cluster and one of

the next, thus dividing them. This narrow border is very easily worked and especially pretty for handkerchiefs or turnover collars, yokes for children's dresses, etc., etc.

In the wide space knot 8 strands together in the centre, carrying the thread straight from one to another. Then knot these clusters 3 times above the same below the centre, at even distances, the 1st knotting at side of centre taking 4 strands together twice, the next taking 2 together 4 times, and the next the same, only dividing the groups. Knot all threads where they cross in centre of the diamond-shaped space, and weave a tiny wheel around them. The corner is surrounded by 12 of the same little wheels, or "spiders," and in the centre of corner all threads are knotted together, and a little "fly-wheel," each arm woven over 7 threads, is made. Any other design may, of course, be chosen, but this is simple and familiar to most needle workers.

A sofa pillow, of loosely woven crash or scrim, is very pretty if drawn in squares, leaving ½ to ¼ plain between spaces hemstitched, crossing the plain strips or dividing bars as directed, and filled with any figure preferred—such as were used on the embroidered gingham pillows so popular a few years ago, and which are again coming into feminine favor.

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To Increase Flesh.

Will you please let me know how I can weigh more, as I am quite thin and do not now weigh as much as I should for my height? I will be very thankful if you will tell me how I can get fat. I am a young man and work in a bank, and sometimes feel ashamed of my size. —Anxious.

Your thiness may come from some irregularities of the digestive organs. Regulate all the functions of the body in accordance with the rules of health. Do not eat much meat but partake freely of vegetables and fruit. Drink abundantly of milk, but sip it slowly. If you can learn to like olive oil this will be a valuable assistant in increasing your flesh. There is a new treatment for putting on flesh which is most highly recommended. You might investigate it. This discovery, which has been successful in increasing weight, is called sargol. It is not a patent medicine for doctors order it freely, and you know that physicians do not countenance patent medicines. The Sargol company announced last winter that they would send a 50c package free to any thin person. I understand this offer still holds good, at any rate I suggest that you write the Sargol Co., 5-G. Herald Bldg., Binghampton, N.Y. (Better enclose 10c for postage, etc.) and ask them to send you a 50c box of Sargol to test. I am informed that the discoverers of sargol have such confidence in their new preparation that they guarantee so many pounds of flesh within a certain time if the treatment is taken regularly.

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The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
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The Fashionable Pongee.

Pongee is one of the most fashionable materials this season and it can be utilized in a great many different ways while it is to be found in a number of plain colors and also in some checked and figured designs. The girl's dress illustrated shows it in the natural color with the threads of brown forming a check and the scallops are bound with brown satin while the guimpe is of ivory white tucked net. The dress is made in semi-princesse style with the blouse and the skirt joined beneath the belt and the front edges are lapped but the closing is made at the back. The the open square Dutch neck will be exceedingly fashionable throughout the entire summer. Made from pongee or any similar material the gown becomes adapted to afternoon visits and occasions of the sort but the model can be utilized for the simpler washable fabrics and become adapted to morning wear and general use. It can be made either in round or in walking length.

For the medium size will be required 10½ yards of material 24, or 27, 7¾ yards 32 or 5½ yards 44 inches wide with 4 yards of banding, ⅝ yard of all-over lace. The pattern 6321 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure

ONE PATTERN.
6327. 14 to 16.

ONE PATTERN.
6321. 32 to 40.

model will be found appropriate, however, for foulard and other simple silks and for linen, poplin, pique and for the simpler ginghams, chambrays and materials of the sort with the guimpe made of whatever material that is best adapted to the one chosen for the frock.

For the sixteen year size will be required, for the dress 8 yards of material 24 or 27, 5½ yards 32 or 4 ⅝ yards 44 inches wide; for the guimpe 1 yard 36 with 2 yards 18 inches wide for the chemisette and sleeves. The pattern 6327 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The gown shown on the figure to the right is of pongee in one of the lovely green shades and shows trimming of green banding combined with jet with a sash of black Liberty satin and the chemisette is of white lace, just a touch of white being becoming to the greater number of women. This gown also is in semi-princesse style and is closed at the back but it can be made either with or without a chemisette and

Dainty Warm Weather Frocks.

Frocks for the real warm weather are being very simply made and these two are charming and childish and altogether attractive while they involve very little labor. In the illustration the one to the left is made of pale pink linen chambray with the collar edged with heavy lace. There is a slightly full front and back, which are gathered at the upper edge and joined either to the rolled-over collar or to a standing one. The sleeves are moderately full and can be made either long or short. For the very dainty frocks the model will be found pretty made up in muslins, dimities and materials of the sort while for morning wear the chambray illustrated, gingham and the like are appropriate.

For the two year size will be required 2½ yards of material 24, 1⅞ yards 32 or 1 ⅝ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6297 cut in sizes for children of 6 months, 1, 2, and 4 years of age.

The second frock is designed for

6297. ½ to 4. 6311. 4 to 8.

slightly older girls and is made with bloomers to match. The waist and the skirt are cut in one and are gathered and joined to the square yoke, and this yoke can be made with a square Dutch neck as illustrated or high and finished with a standing collar as liked. Also the sleeves can be made either in elbow length or long. Chambrays, ginghams, percales, lawns, muslins, all materials of the sort are appropriate and the bloomers can be used or omitted as liked. In this instance the dress is made of pale blue mercerized cotton material and the bands are of white embroidery.

For the six year size will be required 5¾ yards of material 24, 4¼ yards 32 or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 2⅛ yards of banding. The pattern 6311 is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

A Simple Frock of Lawn.

Lawn with banding of embroidery and with insertion of lace is the material from which this very dainty, charming little frock was made, and just as illustrated the dress is an exceedingly attractive one. The model is one of the available sort, however, and it could be utilized for the pretty Dresden dimities that are so much liked, for colored lawns and for simpler chambrays and materials of the sort, with trimming such as illustrated, or varied to suit the material and the fancy. The square Dutch neck and short sleeves are summerlike and attractive as well as smart, but many girls like the high neck and long sleeves at all seasons of the year, and this frock allows a choice. The epaulette-like trimmings over the shoulders are exceedingly becoming to childish figures and the trimming portion at the front gives the long continuous lines that mark the season, yet the skirt is simple and straight and is gathered and joined to the blouse by means of a belt.

For the twelve year size will be required 6½ yards of material 24, 4½ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide with 6 yards of embroidered banding, 4½ yards of lace insertion and 4¼ yards of edging. A May Manton pattern, No. 6338, sizes 8 to 14 years will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

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6338 Girl's Dress.

Design By May Manton.
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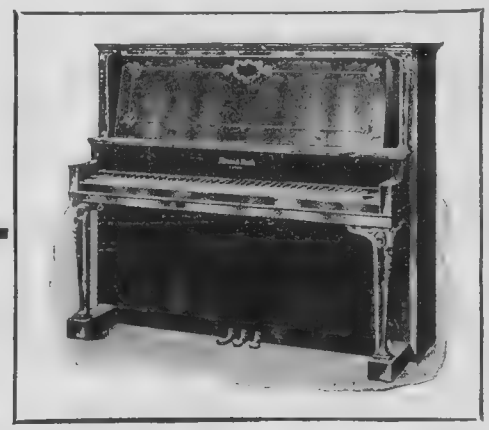

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Includes over forty Upright Pianos, taken in exchange for new Mason & Risch and Pianola Pianos. These instruments have been carefully looked over by our experts and in many cases cannot be told from new.

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They are all Uprights and in excellent condition.

1	Evans	cost	$350	only	$150
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1	Gerhard Heintzman	"	450	"	210
1	Morris	"	400	"	190
1	"	"	400	"	220
1	Hointzman & Co	"	450	"	245
1	"	"	500	"	290
1	Fischer	"	500	"	300
1	Mason & Risch	"	550	"	363

We have in addition to these about 30 equally good bargains.

Write To-day for our mailing list. We will be pleased to send you full description by return mail and explain to you our "**New Method**" of easy payments.

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A Smart Summer Frock.

Frocks that are made in the one-piece style are always favorites for the younger girls and this one, closed invisibly at the left of the front is especially desirable. Rose colored linen embroidered with white makes the dress illustrated, but white and all colored linens, pique, chambray and also the thinner muslins are appropriate, for frocks of this sort are utilized at all hours of the day. Dutch collars make a feature of the season and are as comfortable as they are smart, but, in spite of their advantages, they are not always desirable and the neck of this dress can be finished with a standing collar if preferred. Embroidery is always dainty and charming but were the dress wanted for playtime wear a plain stitched finish would be the only necessary one, or, if figured material were used, the collar, cuffs, and belt could be trimmed with banding or in any pretty fashion suited to the material. The skirt and body portions are cut in one and the tucks are left free below the belt to provide fulness.

For a child of ten years of age will be required 3¾ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern of the dress, No. 6344, sizes 2 to 8 years, or of the embroidery pattern, No. 407, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

A Graceful Gown of Foulard.

TWO PATTERNS.

Foulard is one of the most serviceable of warm weather fabrics. It is light and cool, sheds the dust and it is available for a great many different occasions. This gown shows it used to exceptional advantage, for it is made in over dress style and the guimpe beneath can be varied to suit the need of the moment, while it is always easy to provide fresh and dainty ones which give the effect of an entirely renewed toilette. The skirt is one of the new ones with lapped front edges and is made circular with a box plait at the back The blouse is lapped at the front so that the trimming forms continuous lines but the closing of the blouse is made at the front while that of the skirt is made at the back. For the gown of afternoon wear scarcely any better material than the one illustrated could be suggested but the same model could be made available for simpler washable fabrics if liked and also can be utilized for pongee, for marquisette and for all materials of the sort. For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse 2⅝ yards 24, 2⅛ yards 32 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7 yards 24, 6¾ yards 32 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide with 6¼ yards of banding to trim the gown; for the guimpe will be needed 1¾ yards of material 36 with 2¾ yards of all-over lace for the yoke facing and the sleeves.

Blouse—6317. 32 to 40.
Skirt—6305. 22 to 32.

The over blouse pattern 6317 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6305 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure and the guimpe pattern 6160 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

A Useful Gown of Cotton Repp.

TWO PATTERNS.

Cotton repp is being much used this summer and it is shown in a variety of beautiful colorings while it is just the right weight for a serviceable gown such as this one. In the illustration the color is grayish blue and the collar and cuffs are of white muslin daintily embroidered by hand. Repp includes all fashionable shades, however, as well as white and the same model would be found available for linen and all similar materials. The skirt is a plain seven gored one which can be cut with the high waist line or finished with belt as liked and can be made either in round or walking length. If preferred the skirt could be utilized for the heavier material and the blouse for the thinner waistings. If the long sleeves are not liked those of three-quarter length can be substituted.

Blouse—6316. 32 to 42.
Skirt—6272. 22 to 32.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3⅞ yards of material 24, 2⅞ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 9¾ yards 24, 7⅞ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide when material without up and down is used; for the collar and cuffs will be needed ½ yard of lawn 36 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 6316 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6272 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure and the embroider pattern 412 is cut in one size only.

WHAT TO WEAR AND WHEN TO WEAR IT.

Continued from page 27.

ings to it. There will be extra values offered in ready to wear summer goods of all kinds, but though I am entirely in sympathy with the merchants in thus giving a special opportunity to the women from outside points to share in some of the shopping privileges that their sisters in the city enjoy all the time, I would venture a word of warning to not buy very much in ready-to-wear summer goods that you cannot finish out this year. The indications are that styles will show a radical change for next summer and the change will be along the lines of extreme fulness so that what is perfectly correct now might next summer be hopelessly outre.

When styles change from very full to skimpy it is possible to remodel gowns with small difficulty, but when the styles change the other way it is a wholly different proposition.

In the matter of piece goods, in which there will be some very tempting special bargains, there is not much danger of going astray and some of the materials are very beautiful and the colorings exquisite.

Fall Openings

I have it on the authority of one of the heads of the ready-to-wear department of a leading store, that they will have the first lot of samples of New York fall suits on hand for exhibition week, so this will be a very special opportunity for the September bride who wants to get the latest thing for travelling to get an idea of just what will be the most suitable and to buy, also, if she thinks fit.

Summer Underware

I was spending a spare half hour among the woven underwear the other day and remarked to the girl in charge what a very nice quality of vests she was showing for 10c, 15c and 20c each, when she said, "we have a very decent one for 5c." It was quite correct, a very comfortable vest for 5c and at once it struck me what an investment this would be for the woman who must do her own washing in the hot weather. It would be a splendid plan to have a dozen of these little vests, then it would be possible to change as often as you liked and at the same time no heavy washing would be piled up. I then and there made a rough calculation and found that you could have 12 vests for 60c, 6 pairs woven drawers for $1.50, a Heatherblom underskirt for $1.25 or $1.50, a neat dark print blouse for 90c and a very good dark blue cotton skirt for $1.50 to $2.25, or an outfit that would last you for the hot weather for at least two summers for $5.75, or at the outside $6.75. This may be a suggestion to some of the women who have not previously tried the woven underwear. It is cool, light and above all it is so easily washed.

A Great Piano Company.

The recent amalgamation of the Morris and Karn piano and organ companies has given Woodstock, Ont. what is perhaps the largest piano institution in Canada. The new company is known as the Karn-Morris Piano and Organ Co., Ltd. Mr S. L. Barrowclough, the Winnipeg representative, who has returned from a visit to the East, speaks enthusiastically of the prospects and superior facilities of the new organisation Mr C. E. Thornton, who for several years past was the manager of the Morris Piano Company, and under whose direction the Morris Piano became exceedingly popular, will be the general manager of the new company. Few, if any, Canadian instruments have stood the test as well as the Morris, and wherever it is in use throughout the Dominion, it has given absolute satisfaction. The Karn instruments have been on the market over 40 years, and are known and sold in every civilized country in the world, the total output to date amounting to about 75 000 instruments. Following an exhibition in London, England, some years ago, an order for 3.500 instruments was received. This meant 175 carloads, and constituted it is said, the largest order ever given for pianos. With the amalgamation of these two large concerns, controlling ample capital, and commanding the highest skill and intelligence, it is easy to beleive that the instruments of the future will be decidedly high-class. The Company's Winnipeg store is situated at 337 Portage Avenue, and under the intelligent direction of Mr. Barrowclough, than whom there is no better authority on music, the public can have every confidence that their requirements will be efficiently attended to.

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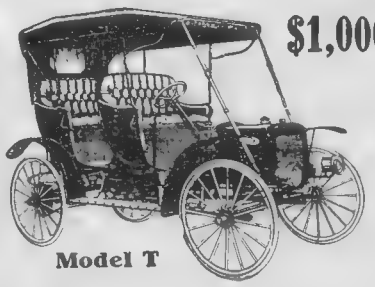

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Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—COMMON TERMINATIONS.

The names required have a common termination. Example: The name of an Apostle———; an Englishman of letters—Johnson. A seafaring man ———; an American President—Jackson.

A denomination of money———; a poet.

Fresh ———; a man of science.

One of St. Paul's "things hard to be understood" : an English statesman.

A familiar process in domestic economy ———; an American statesman.

Benefices ———: an American statesman of '76.

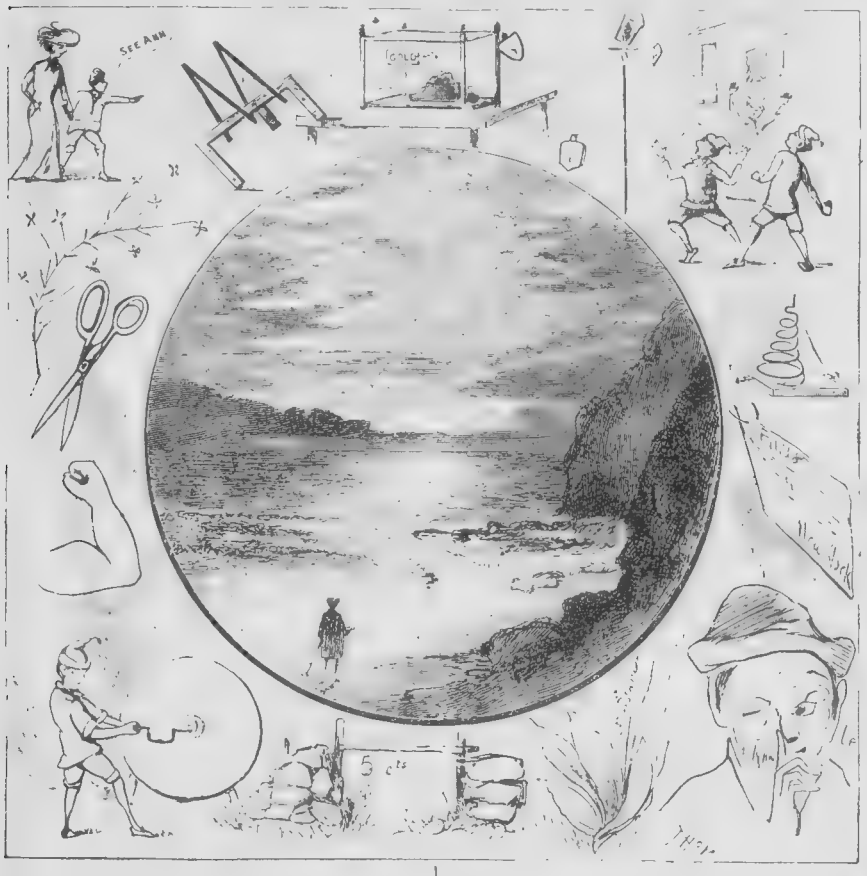
Diminutive ———; a writer of law.

Benediction ———; an English woman of letters.

The impregnation of cloth with a mordant ———; a suburb of London.

No. 2.—A NATURE FAKIR PUZZLE.

Down to the beach in his leisurely way
The Nature Fakir went one day,



Peering about him with curious gaze
And seeing the sights in original ways.
Suppose there's a creeper a-climbing a wall—
For the Fakir the creeper begins to crawl.
And arguing on in his logical way—
Becomes a lizard without delay,
For "lizards are creepers" he will say.
If some one exclaims in a critical mood,
"I can't see the things that you say that you see,
In a wood, or a hill, or an old apple tree."
He quietly remarks, "Don't you wish that you could?"
The Fakir, the beach, and the setting sun,
Are all to be seen in the circular one.
While on the margin scattered around,
Are some of the odd-looking finds that he found.

No. 5.—CONNECTED DIAMONDS

Upper Left: 1. A vowel. 2. A cutting instrument. 3. To elevate. 4. a tree of several species. 5. A consonant.

Upper Right: 1. A consonant. 2. A tree of many species. 3. An animal of South America. 4. Relationship. 5. A consonant.

Lower Left: 1. A consonant. 2. A tree. 3. An animal of Asia. 4. A kind of cloth. 5. A consonant.

Lower Right: 1. A consonant. 2. A fish of several species. 3. A bird. 4. A tree of Europe. 5. A consonant.

No. 6.—A SWARM OF ANTS.

1. Ardently desirous of rising.
2. Distasteful in a high degree.
3. An overbearing ant.
4. Having weight or consequence.
5. An indulgent ant.
6. A pertinent ant.
7. An ant able to return sound.
8. An ant inclined to complain.
9. An ant displeased at what is unworthy.
10. A splendid ant.
11. An ant fitted to please.
12. An insolent ant.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the August number of the Western Home Monthly.

Answer To Puzzles In June Number.

No. 1. Bird Puzzle. — Goosander. Goos(e g)ander.

No. 2 Enigmatical Fable.—The vine has tendrils (ten drills).

No. 3. Illustrated Rebus. — There are none so deaf as those who will not hear.

No. 4. Easy Transpositions. — 1. Pines, spine. 2. Ports, sport. 3. Tones, stone. 4. Piles, spile. 5. Cares, scare. 6. Malls, small. 7. Tares, stare.

No. 5. Twelve Ages.—1. Marriage. 2. Manage. 3. Carriage. 4. Adage. 5. Rage. 6. Page. 7. Sage. 8. Stage. 9. Dotage. 10. Disparage. 11. Presage. 12. Wage.

No. 6. Charade.—Jack Frost.

No. 7. Geographical Puzzle. — Tripoli (Triple E.)

No. 8. Blank Words. — 1. Stone. ton. 2. Lowest, owes. 3. Lowly, owl. 4. Grounds, round. 5. Ceases, ease. 6. Palaces, a lace. 7. Glances, lance. 8. Troubled, rouble. 9. Poverty, overt. 10. Missouri, is sour. 11. Twenty, went. 12. Wagon, ago.

No. 9. Historical Riddle.—Chap. I.

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3½x3½ & 3¼x4¼	.20 " "	.40 " "	.70 " "
3¼x5½ & 4x5	.25 " "	.50 " "	.75 " "
5x7	.45 " "	.95 " "	1.50 " "
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2¼x3¼	$0.20 per doz.	$0.35 per doz.	$0.45 per doz.
3¼x4¼ & 3¼x3½	.40 " "	.40 " "	.70 " "
3¼x5½ & 4x5	.50 " "	.50 " "	.75 " "
5x7	.90 " "	.95 " "	1.50 " "
6x8	.10 " "	.15 each	.25 each
8x10	15 " "	.20 "	.30 "

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Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.

Pattern G.

Shirtwaist Front.

This Shirtwaist may be opened either front or back. The entire design is to be outlined with the exception of the body of the butterfly, which should be solid, and the circles, mhich may be worked eyelet.

The cuffs and collar to match will be found on Pattern H.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

This Cuff and Collar design matches the Shirtwaist Pattern G. The entire design is to be outlined, with the exception of the body of the butterfly, which should be solid, and the circles which may be worket eylet.

Pattern H.

Cuff and Collar.

The two small designs are for encircling initals.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

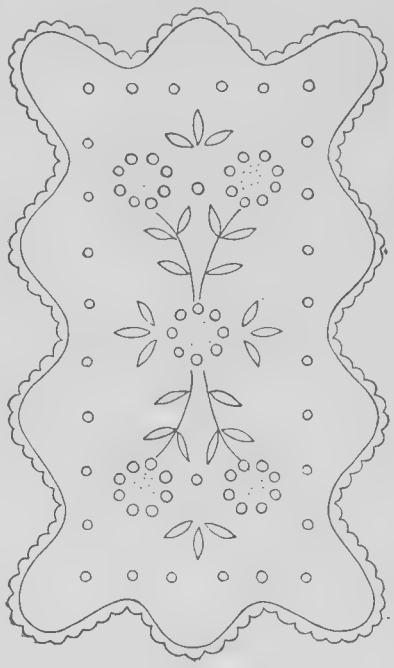
Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

Pattern J.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10x15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The patter may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.

Pattern J.



Pin Cushion.

This pin Cushion is most attractive when completed. The leaves are to be worked solid, the stem outlined, and the circles done in eyelet embroidery. The outside edge is button-holed. For the back of the cushion, transfer again simply the button-hole edge and the eyelets just inside. The cushion itself must be just small enough to allow the front and back to be laced together through the eyelet holes. Lace with any colored ribbon and finish with bows at the corners.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

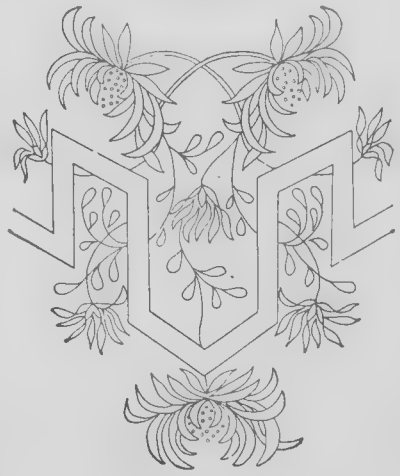
When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

This design is intended for a waist buttoning in the back and is most effective if done in the shadow stitch, although the edge may be outlined and the petals filled in with French knots. The space between the lines is for lace insertion which should be continued to the seams. The collar and cuffs may be made of rows of lace insertion to match.

Pattern K.



Shirtwaist Front.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

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Dear Sir.—I can say that your Bel **Melita, Man.** been a godsend to me, and I can recommend it to anybody.—**T. M Vandry, Spurgrave, Man.**

You Run No Risks in Using My Belt. I Take All Chances.

Do you doubt it? If no, any man or woman who will give me reasonble security can have my Belt. I will arrange it with all the necessary attachments suitable for their case, and they can

PAY WHEN CURED

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt Cures

Varicocele, Rheumatism Kidney Trouble, Lame Back, Sciatica, Stomach Troubles, Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and every indication that you are breaking down physically.

Call or Send for this Book To-Day.

If you can't call, cut out this coupon and mail it to me to-day. I will send you my 84-page book, together with price list, prepaid, free. Advice and consultation free. Call if you can.

Office hours: 9 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. Wed. and Sat. to 8.30 p.m.

FREE BOOK COUPON

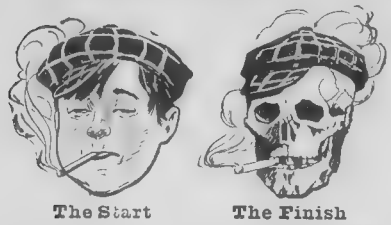
Dr. E. M. McLaughlin, 112 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:—Please forward me one of your books as advertised.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOBACCO KILLS



The Start The Finish

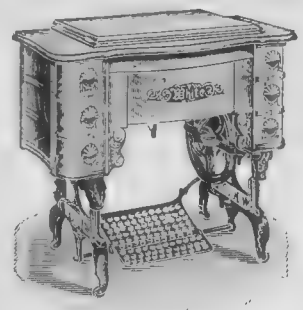
"Easy-To-Quit" is a positive, absolute "stopper" for any tobacco habit. It is a vegetable remedy, and any lady can give it *secretly* in food or drink. It is harmless; leaves no reaction or bad after effects, and it stops the habit to stay stopped.

Free Treatment Coupon

Send this coupon, with your name and address, to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 1203 Fifth and Race Streets, Cincinnati Ohio, and they will send you, by mail, in plain wrapper, a free trial package of Rogers' "Easy-To-Quit," with a record of thousands of cures.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....



"The White"

Runs Light and Sews Right

The old reliable "White" has stood the test for years—and is still the highest grade sewing machine built in the world to-day. Don't you want a machine with this reputation, one that will last a life time. Sold on easy payments to responsible customers. Write for Catalogue W. showing different styles.

The Harmer Implement Co.,
142 Princess St., Winnipeg.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

HEINTZMAN PIANO Cabinet Grand, slightly used, good as new, only $220.00. Bell organ, six octaves, piano case, in use only twelve months, bargain at $67.00. Easy fall payments. The Winnipeg Piano Co., 295 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

Woman and the Home.

A Housekeeper's Petition.

Oh, for a land of pure delight,
A real housekeeper's heaven!
A place where fires are always bright
And bread responds to leaven;
Where houseflies never speck the blinds,
The window glass or sashes;
Where worn out chimneys never smoke,
And burnt coal makes no ashes;
Where tinware always meets the eye
With one perpetual glitter;
Where children never scatter toys
And sewing makes no litter.
A land where meat is never tough,
Potatoes never soggy;
Where lamps just fill and trim themselves
And chimneys ne'er get foggy;
A place where napkins keep in shape,
And silverware don't tarnish;
Where nothing hard or sharp or round
Is known to scratch the varnish.

— M. V. Bowman.

Co-operation.

The mother and the teacher are simply living on opposite sides of a hedge, and it is necessary for some one to push aside the branches and reveal them to each other, and they will clasp hands and live happy for ever after. Each has taken her material from nature, and has rendered account to it; but they have not rendered account, one to the other. The magnitude of the work of each has sunk the worker. The difference between the mother and the teacher began far back in girlhood days, when one was compelled or permitted to stop all intellectual training at sixteen, or possibly seventeen, because she did not have to teach, but was going to marry and become the mother of children. The teacher, on the other hand, pursued her way through four or five years more of mental unfolding, of broadening culture, of full, free, expansive life, and in the exercise of her profession has continued to develop by reflex influence from the world of letters and of life in which she lives. Each, then, so differently trained, has magnified the means of her own training and minimized that of the other. The mother has not asked, or expected or admitted the need of the material aid of the teacher in the training of her children, and, therefore, many a conscientious, earnest teacher, who has interpreted her profession to mean man-making or woman-making, who has slaved for her brain children, who has lived for them, has all but died for them in the cause of their perfect equipment for sucessful living, when the supreme moment came, when the crucial decision was to be made as to the final destiny of the boy or girl, has found herself excluded from the family council, her suggestions resented or ignored, her pleadings of no avail. She has to stand helpless, while the mother asserts her right to guide or to ruin her children if she pleases —and as she pleases. Thus it comes to pass that the teacher in school has been busy teaching laws which the mother at home has been busy violating. If we are to have co-operation between the mother and the teacher the mother must accompany her child not only to, but through the schoolroom door. She must understand the aims of the teacher, the principles of mental and moral development. She must know the reasons for pursuing certain methods, and for making certain prohibitions. Such knowledge comes not by instinct, but by intelligent and educated insight. And so there can be no co-operations between teacher and mother until the general conflict with ignorance is abandoned and the encounter becomes hand to hand; until the teacher becomes as individualistic in her methods as the mother is individualistic in her interests. There will be no co-operation between mother and teacher till there is unity of aim, till the teacher ceases to scorn the utilitarian phase of culture, and the mother ceases to demand it alone as the end of culture.

Hugging the Baby.

Some years ago a physician wrote a pamphlet entitled, "Emotional Prodigality," in which he enumerated the ills of mind and body likely to follow the demonstrative affection bestowed on babies, and entreated a calm repression of the mother's love and father's joy where the infant was concerned. The warning of the doctor has been repeated and emphasized, until today, in some homes, it is as bad form to hug or kiss a baby as it is to smash the china.

A mother full of the new theory forbids anyone to speak to her baby, much less to play with him. Such a mother explained to a witty friend that she wished her son to be "a perfect animal".

"That is all very well, my dear lady," replied the friend; "but you are at present contriving for him to become a perfect vegetable!"

Somewhere between the over-excitement of an emotional devotion and the over-repression of such pseudo-science there lies the happy middle ground of loving welcome for the newcomers to the world. They will find it cool and silent soon enough. Let them find it warm and tender at first.

One who watches an Italian mother knows where the great painters found their models for "Madonna and Child." Devotion, repose, comprehension, needing no translation in word or gesture—these one sees in lovely living pictures all over sunny Italy.

Perhaps the nervous American mothers may learn from the languorous Southern women. At any rate, they must preserve the world-old fashion of hugging the baby!

The Mulitplication of Toys.

Among toys, as among men, longevity depends not only on individual constitution, but partly on circumstance and treatment. Toys last longer in some families than in others, but in even the most fortunate there comes a time when father sighs as he examines the wreck of the things he bought at Christmas.

It is a pleasant charity which collects these broken or outgrown toys from the families of the well-to-do, and redistributes them among the poor, and not the least interesting of the observations made by those who do this work is the care and skill with which the repairs are sometimes made by the new owners.

It is, of course, a truism to speak of the enormous multiplication of toys which has taken place within comparatively few years. Every one notices it, and few seem to find it anything but commendable. There is, however, more than a question as to whether it is not an injury rather than a benefit to a child. Where in other days he had one or two toys at a time, he now has a dozen. The result is that no one of them comes to occupy the supreme place in his affections which one used to fill; nor does he learn how they are made and "what makes them go," as he formerly did. There is a loss in concentration and in knowledge. In the case of the elaborate mechanical toys, there is also, perhaps, a loss of imagination. Why is it that the mute old rag doll is preferred to the beautiful wax doll that cries so pitifully when pressed to do it?

After all, is there any wiser plan than the old one of encouraging the children to make their own playthings? It was cheap, it occupied the minds of the young people, and taught them to observe and invent and execute—and these are useful gifts in after life.

DON'T STAY FAT

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No Charge to Try the New KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply Will Be Sent You FREE—Do It To-day.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a home remedy to be had that will quickly and safely reduce their weight, and, in order to prove that it does take off superfluous flesh rapidly and without harm, a trial treatment

This represents the effect the Kresslin Treatment has had in hundreds of cases.

will be sent free of charge, to those who apply for it by simply sending name and address. It is called the KRESSLIN TREATMENT, and many people who have used it have been reduced as much as a pound a day, often forty pounds a month when large quantities of fat were to be taken off. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting, or in any way interfering with your customary habit. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. It does it in an ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS way, for there is not an atom in the treatment that is not beneficial to all the organs. So send name and address to Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 713E 41 West 25th St., New York City, and you will receive a large trial treatment free, together with an illustrated book on the subject and letters of endorsment from those who have taken the treatment at home and reduced themselves to normal. All this will be sent without one cent to pay in any shape or form. Let him hear from you promptly.

CANCER CAN BE CURED

I will gladly furnish to every sufferer positive and indisputable proof that my **Mild Combination Treatment** does cure Cancer.

The past ten years of my professional life has been devoted to the exclusive study and treatment of Cancer in Kansas City. I have received scores of testimonials from grateful people who will gladly write you personally of their own experience. Many claim that my **Mild Combination Treatment saved their lives.**

Dr. O. A. Johnson

I will also furnish ample evidence of my integrity, honesty, financial, and professional ability. No matter how serious your case may be, no matter what treatment you have tried,

DO NOT GIVE UP HOPE

but write for my new book, "Cancer and Its Cure," which is sent FREE together with large new book of testimonials. If you want **proof** get these books. They tell you just what you should do.

If you know of anyone suffering from this dread disease do them a favor by sending them this advertisement.

DR. JOHNSON REMEDY CO.
1233 Grand Ave., Suite 510 KANSAS CITY, MO.

C. K. N. A new discovery. Has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sufferers from lack of vigor and vital weakness which sap the pleasures of life should take C. N. One box will show wonderful results. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and one dollar. Address. The Nervine Co., Windsor, Ont.

FREE $1 Box. *To quickly introduce and make known, will with first order mail two boxes for one dollar and five 2 cent stamps. Order at once as this offer is for a short time only.*

K·D·C CURES **INDIGESTION.**

FITS For proof that Fits can be cured write to

CURED Mr. Wm. Stinson, 134 Tyndall Ave., Toronto for pamphlet giving full particulars, of simple home treatment. 20 years' success—over 1,000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors—

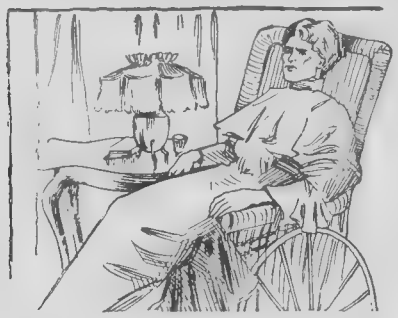
TRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD., DUBLIN.

RHEUMATISM

DR. CLARK'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous safe, sure cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct charges prepaid, on receipt of one Dollar,

J. AUSTIN & Co., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont

PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION



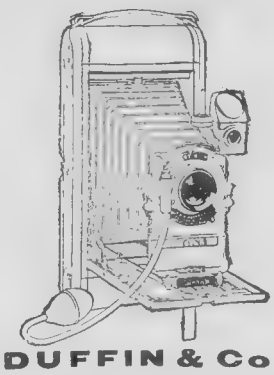
Was in Bed for Three Months.

Read how Mrs. T. G. Buck, Bracebridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was so badly troubled with my lungs people said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so had to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B.B.B. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with weak lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything."

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark.



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Importers and Dealers in

PHOTO SUPPLIES

Both Professional and Amateur

208 Bannatyne Ave. Cor. Main Street

WINNIPEG.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

Mention Western Home Monthly.

DEAFNESS CURED

By New Discovery.

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." -Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvellous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 5092 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill. and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

Keep Young.

There's no need to grow old because you are getting on in years. Many a woman at forty, or even fifty, is often heard to say "she feels quite like a girl still." The habit of being a girl stays with one long after the years of girlhood are past. Of course, some natures age more quickly than others; still, though it may not come naturally to have a flow of buoyant spirits, we may, with a little perseverance, cultivate them.

A mother of a large family, even though she has a hundred little duties that take up all her time, need not necessarily grow old. She is quite as capable of seeing a joke and enjoying a harmless little game as her children; yet so many young people keep their parents quite outside their amusements, and do not consider that they have the same capacity for enjoyment as themselves.

A mother who has grown up daughters especially should have more chance of keeping young than a mother of a large family of boys. The girls ought to take much off her hands and leave her more time to herself.

When they are having a musical evening, they should ask mother for her song—the one that she always sings about the house; and they will be agreeably surprised to find that mother has quite a nice voice—a fact that they never knew before. Mother can also enjoy a joke. Don't keep it all to yourself; tell mother; she will laugh as heartily as you do, and will be led to tell you of funny things she has heard, and the telling and receiving of these little pleasantries will brighten her up for the whole evening.

Glass and China.

Hand-painted china and all ornaments decorated with gilt should never be allowed to stand in water, especially if it is very hot, as such treatment is sure to injure the decoration. A soft brush is necessary for the washing of cut-glass. To dry it thoroughly use plenty of sawdust, as this will absorb the moisture where the brush cannot reach.

Plaster of Paris.

Plaster-of-paris will save endless trouble. Place it in a wide-necked bottle, that it may be easily got at. Mix it with water and mend little holes in the wall. Combine it with glue and mend all kinds of bric-a-brac. It will withstand heat, dries quickly, and the extra amount can be scraped off, making a neat-looking job of mending. So often portions of gilt picture frames are broken off; plaster-of-paris and water mixed together can be made to stimulate the missing kinks and flowers, the whole gilded, and a new-looking frame is the result.

Two Kinds of Business Women.

"I have found two kinds of business women. Do you recognize the types as I draw them?" asked Mary B. Cleveland in the March Designer.

During one of the hardest winters Chicago ever knew, when, week after week, our waiting room was filled with girls so hopeless that their discouragement spoke in their beragged skirts and untidy hair, a bright-looking stranger seated herself with the groups of girls who, begging for "something to do," had become fixtures in the office. Almost immediately the telephone rang and a man's voice said, "My stenographer has gone back on me. Can you send me a substitute?" An affirmative reply brought a sharp, "Then send 'em quick!" and, adding an address, the speaker rang off.

It was against our principles to send girls to uninvestigated offices, but this seemed a desperate case and I waived the rule. Addressing the girl who had been longest in our waiting list, and from whom, only the night before I had received a doleful letter, I said, "Now, Miss Smith, your chance has come. Here is an emergency call, and all you have to do is to go in and win."

In funereal tones she replied, "Did he say what the salary is?"

Turning impatiently to the girl next in order in point of waiting and corresponding mournfulness, I asked, "Miss Jones, will you try it?"

A pause, followed by, "I should like to know what his hours are," sent me to Miss Robinson, who quavered, "But I want a permanent position." Another speculation as to the machine in use, until at last I turned to the bright-faced newcomer with, "Will you go?"

The door had closed upon her before I had caught my breath; she returned late in the evening, spent with the strain of the day, but radiant with victory. She had found her employer frantic with anger at his secretary's sudden defection, and she had turned in with a vim which made her own reputation and saved that of the whole stenographic profession, at the same time securing the permanent position at a liberal salary. She did "the thing in hand!"

Jug Handle Practice.

If there are a dozen grain and produce warehouses in your neighborhood, you will find that they all have a uniform price for your corn, wheat or potatoes. You have nothing whatever to do with fixing that price and you were not consulted. You do not even know who dictated the prices for you your own products. If the warehouse man has feed, seeds or fertilizers to sell you, he will laugh at you if you undertake to fix their price, and you very soon find out that whether you are a seller or a buyer, the other man invariably regulates the prices.

If you take butter and eggs to the store you do not say to the storekeeper that eggs are so much a dozen and butter so much a pound. On the contrary, you ask him, "What are you paying for butter and eggs today? When you have disposed of them at the figure he names, and you turn to the grocery and muslin counters, do you say I will give you five cents a pound for your sugar; twenty-five cents a pound for coffee, or seven cents a yard for muslin?" By no means, for you know that the storekeeper would laugh at you and probably look for the soft spot in your head. He is the dictator of prices, not only of his own commodities but of yours, as well. In short, the farmer of all others, is constantly up against a rule that does not work both ways. The practice is old, and considered highly respectable; but all the same it is not a square deal. When the farmer comes to his own he will have something to do with this price business.

Among the applicants for domestic employment in the service of a Brooklyn household there once came a big husky Irish girl named Annabel.

"What was your reason for leaving your last place, Annabel?" asked the mistress during the course of examination.

"I couldn't stand the way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum," was the reply of Annabel.

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the lady. "Did they quarrel all the time?"

"All the time, mum," repeated Annabel, "an', mum, whin it wasn't me an' him, it was me an' her."

George Ade says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman year in its history." Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"'Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!'"

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

Switches

Made of the finest live hair.

Our assortment is the largest in western Canada, and we guarantee to be able to match any shade of hair.

Note our Prices:

16 in. long.	.....	$1.25
18 "	"	1 75
20 "	"	2.50
22 "	"	3.50
24 "	"	5.00
26 "	"	7.00
30 "	"	10.00

How to order.—Cut sample full length of hair, and state whether curly or straight. Money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

We have just issued a very useful little book entitled "The Care of the Hair." This is brimful of interesting information and should be in every western home. We will gladly mail a copy to any address free of charge.

SEAMAN & PETERSEN

THE NEW YORK HAIR STORE

Y.M.C.A. Block, Winnipeg

Also at Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Receipt That Cures Weak Men--Free

Send Name and Address To-day—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge.

WANTED

Traveling Salesmen

YOU Can Be One Over 500,000 are now employed in the United States and Canada, and thousands of new ones start every year. Traveling Salesmen earn all the way from $1,000 to

$10,000 A YEAR

and expenses. We will teach you to be an expert by mail in eight weeks.

Our Free Employment Bureau

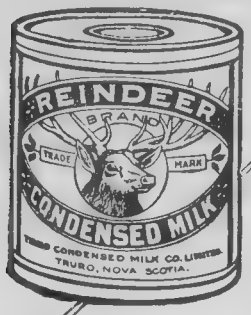
the largest of its kind in the world—will assist you to secure a position with a reliable firm. We received calls for Salesmen from over 3,000 firms last year and placed hundreds of our graduates in good positions. Scores of them who had no former experience and who formerly earned from $25 to $75 a month have since earned from $100 to $500 a month and expenses. If you want to qualify for a good position on the road and enter the most independent, well paid and pleasant profession in the world where you can increase your earnings from two to ten times, write (or call) our nearest office today for our free book, "*A Knight of the Grip*," which will show you how. Address

Dept. 228 National Salesmen's Training Association,

New York Chicago Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

Stovel's Wall Map of Western Canada

size 32 x 46 showing Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on one side, the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces on reverse side; printed in 5 colors; price $2.50. Address, The Stovel Co Winnipeg.



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Since It Costs No More

to get the richest and finest flavored condensed milk and cream, why should you put up with anything else?

'REINDEER' MILK is 7½% Richer

and

'JERSEY' CREAM is 13% Richer

according to Dominion Government analysis, than any other brands sold in Canada.

There is no difference in the price. Why not get the best?

TRURO QUALITY BRANDS

The
Truro Condensed Milk Co., Ltd.
TRURO, N.S.

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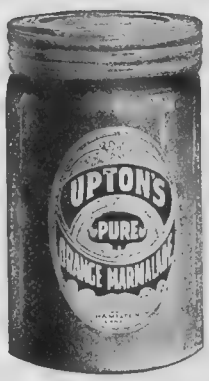
UPTON'S



Orange Marmalade

IS

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Made from the finest Seville Oranges and granulated sugar.

Try it and we know you will be pleased

Sold By Grocers Everywhere

Ask for **BLACKWOOD'S**

HOP BEER

A Temperance Beverage

GUARANTEED NON-INTOXICATING.

BLACKWOOD'S LTD., WINNIPEG

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The System that Saves Time

Taught in 12 Simple Lessons
Shorthand Book and Trial Lesson FREE
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Flowers, Pretty Girls & Views
Large illustrated catalogue free with each order.
GRATTAN POST CARD CO.,
New Glasgow, Quebec, Canada,

Stovel's Atlas of Canada containing 19 maps and twenty pages of historical, statistical and general reference matter mailed to any address on receipt of price 25 cents. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg

Household Suggestions.

Eggless Cake.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, five tablespoonfuls of lard, or butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour, and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Proceed as with other cake recipes, flavoring to taste.

Cornflour Cheese.

Is a very economical and tasty recipe. First grate the cheese you wish to use, and then boil slowly in sufficient milk to dissolve it. In the meantime, for every half pint of milk used mix smoothly a teaspoonful of cornflour with a little cold milk. Then add to the boiling milk and cheese, and cook all together, while stirring, for ten minutes. Season to taste with cayenne pepper, made mustard, and salt, and serve on hot buttered toast.

A Plain Pudding.

Mix together half a pound of pastry flour and six ounces of ground rice Rub in three ounces of butter or lard, one ounce of white sugar, adding a good pinch of ground ginger. Mix with half a pint of milk in which an egg is beaten. Bake for one hour and a quarter in a greased pie-dish, turn out, cut in two, spread thickly with preserve, and put together like a sandwich.

Stewed Green Peas.

Take a pint of peas, one lettuce, one onion, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt to taste, half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. After the peas are shelled cut the onions and lettuce into slices; put all into a stewpan with the butter, pepper, and salt, and only a tablespoonful of water. Stew the whole very gently for about an hour, then add the sugar, and serve. In this manner the nutrition of the peas is preserved.

Baked Cream Custard.

Beat together four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of unfermented grape juice; add half a gallon of rich cream; pour into custard cups and set them in a wide, shallow pan of hot water and put in the oven; bake until the custard is firm. Set the cups on ice as soon as cool, and when needed serve with spoonfuls of whipped cream dusted with a grating of nutmeg on the top of each cup.

German Steaks.

Try this recipe when the Sunday joint of beef is getting shabby: Take half a pound of cold beef, free from fat and skin, one chopped onion, a little mixed herbs, pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and one raw egg—if you have it a little chopped ham or bacon always improves a dish of this kind. Mince the meat and add the other ingredients, binding all with the egg. Form into flat cakes, dip in egg and then bread crumb, and fry a nice brown. Garnish with a liberal supply of fried onions.

An Excellent Cake.

Take one pound of flour, add to it two heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two ounces of chopped peel, quarter of a pound of sultanas, quarter of a pound of currants, and a small half-teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon.. Cream, six ounces of butter and lard mixed, with six ounces of sugar; add two well beaten eggs, and half a pint of milk, then shake in gradually the dry ingredients. Beat well, pour into a greased tin and bake for two hours. A few blanched and split almonds on the top of the cake will greatly improve the appearance. The oven should be hot when the cake is put in, and then should rather cool towards the end of the two hours.

Ambrosia Cake.

Beat the yolks of four eggs very light; add to them one pound of pulverized sugar and the juice and yellow rind of one lemon; stir until it is bleached. Then add alternately, by tablespoonfuls, the stiffly beaten froth of twelve whites of egg and a half pound of sifted flour. Bake in a deep biscuit pan and when cold split carefully. For the filling, whip until solid one quart of sweetened cream, flavored with the grape juice; spread the two halves of cake thickly with quince or other nice fruit jelly, sprinkle it with blanched and chopped almonds, tiny bits of citron, and minced, conserved cherries. Pile the cream on top of this; lay the upper layer of cake lightly on it, and decorate the thick mass of whipped cream on top with the whole cherries and halved almonds.

Baked Ham.

After washing the ham very clean, put it over the fire in a kettle of cold water and let come to a boil; simmer gently one-quarter of an hour for each pound the ham weighs. Then put the kettle on the back of the range and leave the ham in the water all night, closely covered. In the morning, skin it carefully, trim into a good shape, and place it in a baking pan; bake in a slow oven about three hours, then take it out and spread over it thickly a mixture made of a cupful of bread crumbs and a half cupful of dark-brown sugar; dot it at regular intervals with cloves. Set it back in the oven long enough to get brown and crisp, and just before removing it, pour over it a glassful of unfermented grape juice, or lemon juice, if preferred.

Galantine of Veal.

This is quite an inexpensive dish if made at home, and if you will follow my recipe I think you will find no difficulty in making it. Take about three pounds of the middle of the breast of veal, half a pound of sausages or sausage meat, a quarter of a pound of lean bacon, two hard boiled eggs, white pepper, salt, grated lemon peel, and grated nutmeg to taste. Lay the meat flat on a board and take out the bones. Sprinkle it with seasonings, then put on a layer of sausage meat, cut the bacon into thick slices and then again into wedges. Lay these on the sausage meat, and then cover with the rest of it. Roll the meat up firmly, sew the flap, and then tie up tightly in a cloth, binding it round with tape to keep it a good shape. Plunge into boiling water, and then let it simmer for two hours. Take it up and remove the cloth, place it between two dishes with a weight on top and leave it till cold. Then glaze nicely, and cut a piece off each end and send to the table nicely garnished.

Medicated Prunes.

Take a quarter of an ounce each of senna and manna, as obtained from a druggist, and pour on it a pint of boiling water. Cover and set in a jug by the fire for an hour to infuse. When the senna and manna have been an hour by the fire, strain the liquid into a china-lined saucepan and stir in a wineglassful of really good treacle. Add half a pound or more of the best prunes, putting in sufficient to absorb all the liquid while stewing. Cover the vessel tightly, and let the whole simmer gently for an hour, or till all the stones of the prunes are loose. If stewed too long the fruit will taste weak and insipid. When done place in a dish and remove all the stones. These prunes will keep very well in a covered jar.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

The Home Garden.

A New Mission.

In these days of keen business competition even the church seems to have taken on an air of hustle and rush. Money is being raised and men are being engaged to be sent to the unchristian world. But right here in our own country there is a new kind of mission-work waiting to be done, —a new gospel to be proclaimed. It is the Gospel of the Flowers. In our cities and towns, how many broken tumble-down fences, how many old gates clinging by one hinge, how many filthy back yards,—and front ones too, for that matter,—and how many weather-beaten houses and cheerless-looking homes! In the rural districts on every hand we see forsaken-looking buildings, yards strewn with rubbish, and a general air of ill-content permeating the whole place. Not a single flower, not a tree, not a blade of grass,—nothing but dust and mud, stones and old sticks, pieces of cast-off clothes and tin-pans that have served their day. No wonder the boys tie cans to the dog's tail, or find such keen delights in a chase round the house after a young steer. We cannot blame the boys, they must express themselves some way and when the proper means are lacking, improper means must be borrowed to fill the place.

It has been said by someone who was certainly an observer of human life, that a man is judged by the company he keeps. The same thing is true also of the individual house or farm. While one is more than repaid for his efforts and time spent in growing a garden of flowers, by the beauty and fragrance with which he is met at every turn, yet there is more than a little earnest consideration due the man or woman who stops and complains, "What's the use of my working and striving to beautify my place while my neighbor pays no attention whatever to his?" When a traveller passes through a city or a neighborhood in which he sees flowers everywhere, the memories of such a place stay with him and he sets a vastly higher value upon such a place than he does where nothing but the cold, barren, bald, brown earth makes his very eyes weary. The presence of flowers increases the value of property, particularly in a community where everyone has a flower garden. This is the purely material gain.

But beyond and above this there is the culture and refinement. One is moulded very largely by environment. Surround a house with beautiful flowers, arch its porches and doors with flowering vines, fill its windows with rich fragrant plants, and the housekeeper will be cleanly, the wife sweet-tempered, and the mother kind and full of affection. Vicious and evil minded boys are as much out of place in such a home as the proverbial bull in a china-shop,—and, I venture to affirm, will be found about as seldom.

When shall we learn that such things as these come as an important factor in our lives, and cannot afford to be overlooked carelessly. It is a gospel of no mean kind that we should do our part to spread it. Why can we not have our Flower Carnivals and Rose Festivals as well as our Bonspiels and County Fairs? They are just as possible, and could be made to mean as much,—why not more?

To Grow a Pineapple.

As a slight departure from the everyday methods of growing house-plants an interesting experiment may be found in cultivating a pineapple. Get a first, strong pineapple at the store, the fresher from the south the better, cut off the top close down on the fruit, in such a way as to leave a hollow in the fruit to a depth of two inches. Fill a six-inch pot with light soil, and plant the top firmly in the soil. Place in a warm window and keep moist with good drainage. The temperature of the room should not go below 50 degrees at night. If the stem is good it should begin to send up a new head in six months, the fruit growing out of the old stem.

It will be noticed that these are all perennial plants. It is conceded on the best authority that hardy perennials are at the very front of the garden flowers in this country. Our growing seasons are too short for the proper development of most annual plants and our warm dry seasons are not in their favor.

Dig your border deeply; in other words, trench in rich old manure. Instead of giving them a fresh supply of manure each year, just remove the earth from around each of the bushes yearly and put in some bone meal, putting back the soil and tramping it firmly, applying well-rotted manure once only in every three or four years.

As to protection in winter, it is unnecessary, unless in early spring when the snow disappears and the bright sun and dry winds take effect. In such case it might be well to shade the plants with straw or some other material. The process termed "mulching" is strongly opposed by the most reliable authorities on the subject, and should not be given a place in the treatment of the rose.

The Burbank Principle.

In 1886 Luther Burbank came to California, bringing ten potatoes, reserved when he sold the right for two years to J. J. H. Gregory back in Massachusetts to sell his "sport" from the early Rose. He was one among many who were trying to improve the run-down "spud" all of them used the common plan of starting with the seed. In 1880 Mr. Burbank gave the Rural Press an account of his experiment and in this he also explained the principle back of his later successes. Probably he has never given as clear a definition through the thirty years of later experiments. The following statement in his letter to the Press, with extracts from a magazine article by Prof. E. J. Wickson,

BURBANK'S EXPLANATION.

"A few remarks in regard to the means which led to the production of the Burbank potato may be of interest to some of your readers. Having saved a very small and insignificant fruit of the Early Rose potato (a variety which rarely produces seed) I prepared a piece of new ground the fall before planting by thoroughly mixing with it the greatest abundance of every element which the potato requires. The next spring the ground was thoroughly spaded several times, so as to get it into a perfectly loose, light bed. On this the seed was sown, the plants were carefully cultivated and often dusted with plaster and guano, which kept away insects and stimulated the growth.

"There is a law of nature governing the production of seed and bud sports, which has up to the present time eluded the grasp of the most acute observers, which, if once known, will lead to the most brilliant successes in the production of new and valuable varieties in the vegetable world.

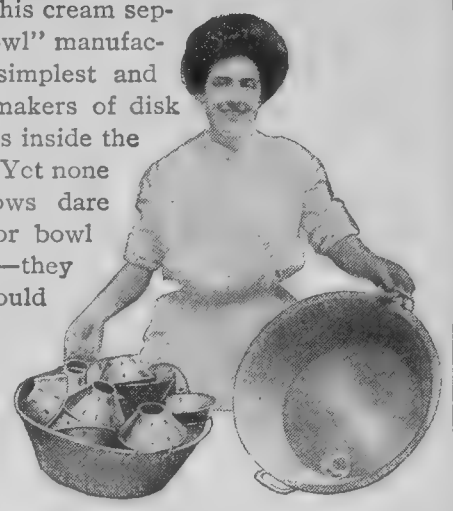
"I must conclude from what I have learned from a somewhat extended study of the subject, that if we wish to perpetuate any variety or species true to the original type, we must select the largest and best seeds which have the greatest vitality; but if we wish to produce new forms or "sports," we must select the most imperfect seeds which have hardly a spark of vitality, and by carefully nursing these into life we obtain a new form which may take on a vigor in a certain useful direction never seen in that species before. I have not time now to elaborate this subject further, but it will be found to be true in all cases."

LUTHER BURBANK.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

Pictures Against Talk

NO matter how complicated his cream separator, every "bucket bowl" manufacturer claims his machine is simplest and easiest to clean. Even the makers of disk machines—with 40 to 60 pieces inside the bowl—make the same claims. Yet none of these "bucket bowl" fellows dare put pictures of their separator bowl parts into their advertisements—they all realize that pictures would make their claims ridiculous.



One pan contains the single little piece used in Sharples Dairy Tubular bowls. The other contains nothing but disks from a single "bucket bowl." Which is simple and easy to clean?

The Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator is, without exception, the **only** simple, sanitary, easy to clean separator made. We put pictures against "bucket bowl" talk. We frequently show you pictures of the light, simple Dairy Tubular Bowl and of heavy, complicated "bucket bowls." Compare them. They tell the whole story. It will take you less than thirty seconds to put "bucket bowl" claims where they belong.

If you want to avoid work, expense and dissatisfaction, get a Sharples Dairy Tubular. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Sales greater than most, if not all, "bucket bowl" separators combined. Write for catalog No. 248.

TRADE Sharples MARK 29 Yrs

The Sharples Separator Co.

Toronto, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.

Inside Facts
About All Kinds of Roofing

Before deciding on *any* roofing, for *any* purpose, send for our free book which will give you the inside facts about all roofings—shingle, tin, tar, iron—and prepared, or "ready" roofings.

This book is fair, frank, comprehensive. It tells all about the cost of each kind of roofing. It tells the advantages and the disadvantages of each, as we have learned them in twenty years of actual test. It is a veritable gold mine of roofing information.

The reason we send it free is because it tells, too, about Ruberoid roofing.

The First "Ready Roofing"

Since Ruberoid roofing was invented, nearly twenty years ago, there have sprung up more than 300 substitutes. Many of these substitutes have names which sound like Ruberoid. Before they are laid and exposed to the weather, they *look* like Ruberoid. But don't let these facts deceive you.

RUBEROID
(TRADEMARK REGISTERED)

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the *under* side of all genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

A roof of Ruberoid is flexible enough to stand the contraction of the cold and the expansion of the sun's hot rays.

It is so nearly fireproof that you can throw *burning coals* on a Ruberoid roof without danger of the roof taking fire.

It is rain proof, snow proof, weather proof. It resists acids, gases and fumes.

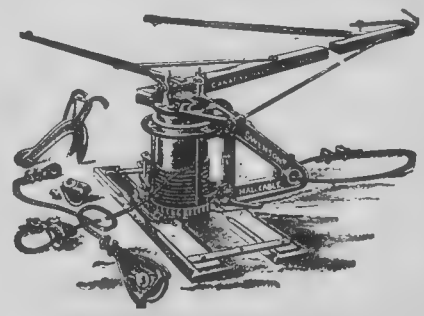
These wonderful properties of Ruberoid are due to the Ruberoid gum which we use —our exclusive product.

Ruberoid roofing also comes in attractive colors—Red, Green, Brown, suitable for the finest homes. These color roofings are made under our exclusively owned patents. The colors of Ruberoid do not wear off or fade, for they are a *part* of the roofing.

If you are going to roof, though, learn about *all* roofs. To get this book, address Department The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

The Standard Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

New York Hamburg London Paris



STUMP AND TREE PULLERS

If you have land to clear, no matter where it is, with stumps, standing trees or small bush alders or willows, we have the machine and apparatus for doing the work, and we sell our machine on a guarantee that it will work faster, be easier and more convenient than any other machine on the market. It is also the only Malleable Iron Stump Machine made.

Do not fool away time and money with old dilapidated cast-iron machines. If you write for **Catalogue H,** you will get full particulars, Address:

CANADIAN SWENSONS LIMITED, Lindsay, Canada.

Another Infringer Nailed.

SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.,

JOHN DEERE PLOW CO. and DEERE & WEBBER CO.

Sued for Infringement of DE LAVAL DISC Cream Separator Patents

For the information and caution of all whom it may concern announcement is made that the DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO. has brought suit in the UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT against the SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO. for infringement of LETTERS PATENT No. 743,428 by the manufacture and sale of cream separators containing DISC bowl construction covered by the claims of said letters patent.

And that similar suits have been or will be filed as quickly as possible against the JOHN DEERE PLOW CO. and the DEERE & WEBBER CO., who are jobbing such infringing SHARPLES separators to dealers in the Western States.

Attention is pertinently called in this connection to the recent hypocritical advertising tirade of the SHARPLES concern against DISC separators. We have known for some time that they were getting ready to bring out a DISC machine and thus moving up in line with more modern DE LAVAL imitators and would-be competitors. We have but now, however, been able to obtain one of these new DISC machines and the necessary evidence of infringement. The facts speak for themselves and require no further comment.

In addition to the above suits the DE LAVAL COMPANY now has infringement suits pending against the STANDARD, IOWA, PEERLESS and CLEVELAND Separator Companies and the Wm. Galloway Co., all covering the manufacture or sale of INFRINGING DISC SEPARATORS, which infringement applies equally to machines being made by different ones of these manufacturers and sold under their own and various other names by several "mail order" and other concerns, as well as to EVERY USER of any such infringing separator bought of ANY of these parties.

To avoid any possible misunderstanding and dispel the pretense of some of these concerns that their machines are similar to the DE LAVAL it is proper that we should add that none of the patents sued upon involve the DE LAVAL "SPLIT-WING" FEEDING DEVICE or its combination with the IMPROVED DISC construction utilized in the up-to-date DE LAVAL separators and that none of the machines is in any degree equal in efficiency, all-around practicability and durability to the IMPROVED DE LAVAL machines of to-day.

We have for years patiently stood the appropriation by would-be competitors of abandoned, discarded or patent expired DE LAVAL inventions and types of separator construction, but have now determined to put a stop to the more brazen utilization of LIVE patents.

There are STILL OTHER infringers of DE LAVAL patents who will be held accountable in due course.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR Co.

MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

About the Farm.

Hog-Killin' Time.

Some seasons er de year you gits puny an' pale,
An' de Doc keeps a-comin' twel you thin ez a rail;
Den, ag'in, sometimes, whiles you feel purty well,
You know sump'n's wrong—what 'tis you can't tell:
De vittles tas'es flat, an' de water's so weak
Dat 'twouldn't answer back ef you cuss it a week!
But one thing sho, you allers feels prime
When de year rolls roun' wid hog-killin' time!
Hog-killin' time! O, de hog-killin' time!
Ef I had my ruthers I wouldn't gi' a dime
Fer de diffunce 'twix' Christmus an' hog-killin' time!

You'll know it, too, kaze you'll hatter shake yo' feet
Fer ter keep um warm in de sprinklin' sleet,
An' ol' Brer Win' will sweep off de skies,
An' de twinkle-little stars will wink wid der eyes;
An' den, come mornin', ol' King Sun
Will shine so weak dat de fros' won't run;
An' you'll hear, at de pen, de squealin' shote,
Wid a-many too big fer one man ter tote!
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
You nee'n' ter tell me freezy-froze don't rhyme
Wid all dat b'longs ter hog-killin' time!

Chillun blowin' up blathers ez fur ez you kin see!
Haslet's a-hanging like fruit on de tree!
Niggers a-singin' ez fur ez you kin hear,
An' all un um grinnin' frum y'ear ter y'ear!
Hoge hangin' up on de gambrel-sticks—
Ef you count um twice, dey's Lev'mty-six!
De house-gal say backbone is "chime,"
But dat's all right at hog-killin' time!
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
Chine er chime, I know it's prime,
Kaze I done had some at hog-killin' time.

Hog-killin' time! Can't tell you all it means!
Kaze it fetches on jowl an' turnip greens,
Spar'-rib baked an' backbone pie,
An' red-ripe sassage ready fer ter fry—
Watch out de red pepper don't git in yo' eye—
An' tubs er fat all ready fer ter try!
An' hogshead cheese, an' chitlin's ripe—
I could eat um all wid des one swipe!—
An' cracklin' pone, an' fatty-bread—
Ez ol' marster say, "Dey's 'nough been said!"
Hog-killin' time! Oh, de hog-killin' time!
Chitlin's an' tripe! I wish you could try'm!
Dey all comes in at hog-killin' time!

The Milk Tank.

Many people who use a tank of cold water in which to cool the milk and cream do not use such tank in cold weather. During the winter this tank is apt to become filled with rubbish of various kinds and maybe with something that will easily taint the milk. Before using such a tank this spring it should be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected. There is probably no one food substance that taints so easily, nor loses so much in value by becoming tainted, as milk, and the utmost precaution should be used to prevent any occurence of this kind.

Young Milch Cows.

The future value of the heifer depends a great deal upon the way that she is handled at her first freshening. At such a time she is naturally apt to be very nervous and easily excited. In handling her the herdsman should be extremely quiet and careful in his treatment. Unless the calf is to be allowed to such for some time it should be removed at once and placed where the mother cannot hear it calling. The heifer's udder at this time is very sensitive and many a chronic kicker has been led into evil ways by careless handling at the first milking time. It will be found a great advantage if the heifer has been accustomed to having her udder handled before freshening.

General Care of Fowls.

HOUSING.—Proper housing is the corner-stone of success with poultry. This holds good in mild climates like that of the Pacific Coast no less than in severe climates where cold and snow keep fowls indoors for montss. In the former, poultry houses may be smaller and of more simple construction, but they have certain requirements in common with good poultry houses everywhere. These requirements are:

Ventilation without drafts;
Dryness without dust;
Simplicity.

VENTILATION WITHOUT DRAFTS.—This means that, while the air in the poultry house must be pure and comfortably cool, there must be no currents of air rushing through pin cracks or any other cracks or openings to give Mrs. Hen the neuralgia, Mr. Rooster the big head and the small fry the sneezes—in short there must not be the smallest draft, the smaller the worse. To be well ventilated without drafts the poultry house must have a tight roof, a tight floor and three tight sides. The fourth side which should be to leeward of the prevailing winds and storms, must furnish air and ventilation, and must be open either in whole or part for this purpose, with the protection of wire netting and an overlapping roof to which may be tacked a burlap curtain to be let down in extreme weather.

DRYNESS WITHOUT DUST.—It is as essential that poultry houses should be free from dampness as that they should be free from drafts. To insure this during the winters of our coast climate they must have tight board floors well set up from the ground. With a dirt floor, even where the drainage is good, the dampness will strike through during our long rains, and the water will be carried in through gopher or rat holes. The expense of making a dirt floor to exclude dampness and burrowing marauders would be much more than the cost of a first-class board floor. Even then the dirt takes up a certain amount of dampness from the air and the droppings, and when dry there is the dust! Many persons, and some of them experienced poultry-men, think that plenty of dust in the air of the poultry house and filling every crack and cranny tends to keep out mites. It is the veriest fallacy. Mites will bed in dust, even lime dust, and dust is a culture-bed for the chicken flea. Furthermore, dust flying in the air penetrates into the nostrils and lungs and is no more healthful to fowls than to persons. By clogging the nostrils and throat with filthy dust a slight cold may be developed into roup or diphtheria. Because a hen dusts it does not follow that dust is her natural element. In fact she does not like a dry dust bath which flies into her eyes; she chooses the moist soil at the roots of plants. That she can work into her feathers and cleanse them with it, and she wallows in it in a perfect ecstacy of enjoyment. A tight board floor some two feet above the graund and lightly sprinkled with coarse sand is durable, easily cleaned, dry and free from dust, and meets all requirements.

Ration for the Calf.

There is nothing better than the ration which nature provides, but unfortunately the farmer on $100 land cannot afford to feed his calves in nature's way. As a rule that would cost him more then they are worth on the market.

In the dairy sections calves are raised on skimmed milk, and the result will depend, not on the amount of skimmed milk that is fed, but on the way in which the ration is balanced. For the first ten days the calf should have nothing but mother's milk. For the next ten days or two weeks it should gradually be put on a skimmed milk ration.

As soon as it has a grain and grass stomach, it should receive all the grass it wants, or good, bright clover and timothy hay. These feeds should be balanced with a carbonaceous feed. The best and cheapest for the calf six weeks old and over is cornmeal.

In milk, nature provides a balanced ration, but in running it through the separator, or removing the cream in any other way, the fat is removed. This must be supplied and the carbohydrates of corn prove an excellent substitute.

The milk should be as sweet as possible when fed and about the temperature of the cow, or about 100 degrees. It may then be balanced with shelled corn and fed in a clean trough.

Many farmers, of course, shake their heads and bring out the old saw: "When creameries come in, good calves go out," but it is none the less true that hundreds and thousands of farmers have shown themselves fully capable of developing a calf raised on skimmed milk that cannot be distinguished in the feed lot from the calf that has run with the cow and been fed in nature's way.

The mistakes farmers make in raising skimmed-milk calves, are feeding the skimmed milk sweet one day and sour another, feeding irregularly and feeding without a balance. If a calf does not do well, farmers double the skimmed milk ration, and the animal naturally becomes spindle-shanked. After two or three months of treatment of this kind, it cannot by any means be developed into a first class steer.

Another common mistake is in feeding oil meal as a balance for skimmed milk. Instead of balancing the ration, it makes it more unbalanced, for skimmed milk and oil meal are both highly albuminous, or nitrogenous products. The skimmed milk itself has this element in excess. Neither will oats, barley or wheat balance the ration.

Skimmed milk may be balanced by corn or Kaffir corn. These are the cheapest and also the best ingredients. Therefore if the calf is not doing well, don't double the amount of skimmed milk, but divide the latter between the calf and the pig and divide the corn between the pig and calf.

Corn alone is an unbalanced ration for the young and growing pig, just as skimmed milk is for the calf. On the ordinary farm the calf needs what the pig gets in excess, and on the average farm where dairying is followed, the pig needs what the calf gets in excess. Divide their rations and you will benefit both.

Growing Fine Tomatoes.

Tomatoes require good, rich soil, such as should be found in all gardens. They should be grown from plants that have been developed in the hotbed and gradually hardened. Care should be taken to protect them from frost. Set the plants out three feet each way and cultivate as you would corn. Alongside of each plant put down a good stake about five feet high and three inches in diameter. As soon as the tomato plant is five or six inches high, take a cloth or soft twine and tie the bottom of the plant loosely to the stake and pinch off all side branches. As the plant develops, tie it to the stake every six inches or so, tying tighter as it nears the top. The side shoots should be pinched off. This insures a vigorous stalk with fine fruit. It will require only a few stalks handled this way to supply an average family.

Econ-omical Paint

When you buy our paint you can rely on getting the best value for your money. We use the purest materials. These are scientifically mixed to obtain the best results. We have

A Paint For Every Purpose

and positively guarantee every brand to give complete satisfaction.

Free color card mailed on request.

THE CANADA PAINT CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL -·- WINNIPEG -·- TORONTO

READ ABOUT THE GREAT INVENTION
THE ECCENTRIC SPROCKET WHEEL

Long spokes give greater tying-power. (See arrow A.)
Short spokes give swifter bundle discharge. (See arrow B.)
When you take hold of a heavy stone, exert all your strength and it refuses to budge, what do you call for? A long crowbar, of course. Why? Because greater power is obtainable with the long lever.
The great Invention—the Eccentric Sprocket Wheel (note arrow C)—is built on the principle of the lever. The long spokes (see arrow A and note how much longer than at arrow B) act as long levers—give greater leverage power.

It works out this way:

On our No. 3 Binder, when the bundle is about to be tied, the chain is pulled over the long spokes, which exert all their great leverage power—fully 16⅔ per cent. more than is obtainable with the ordinary wheel. The grain is compressed far more tightly. You get a neater, more compact bundle and save considerable TWINE. Easier to pick up, Easier to carry, easier to shock.

Immediately after our Knotter ties the bundle, the chain is pulled over the short spokes (see arrow B and note difference in length of spoke as compared with arrow A). The shorter spokes greatly increase the speed of the chain. The bundle is given a swifter discharge than with ordinary wheel, and the needle is speedily brought back, out of the way of the downcoming grain, into position for the next sheaf.

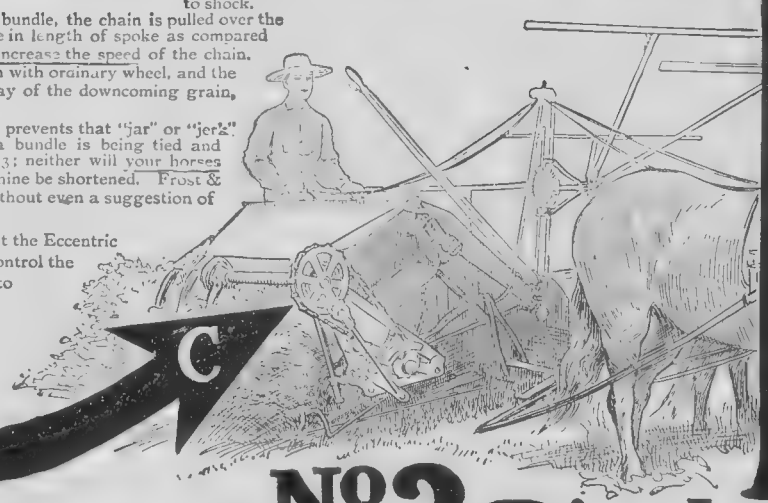
The Eccentric Sprocket does this, too—it prevents that "jar" or "jerk" always noticed on other machines when a bundle is being tied and discharged. You will not feel it on the No. 3; neither will your horses be annoyed by it, nor "the life" of the machine be shortened. Frost & Wood No. 3 runs along and does its work without even a suggestion of that "jerk."

Now, you see why every maker would put the Eccentric Sprocket Wheel on his binder if we did not control the patents for Canada. You see why it's wise to invest a post card and get our Binder Booklet so as to become thoroughly posted on the peer of them all—the Frost & Wood No. 3.

You are on the right track when you start investigating our No. 3—the binder that is built by a purely Canadian Company, who thoroughly understands Canadian conditions. We would like you to read a few of the hundreds of testimonials we have received from Canadian farmers, which back up our claims to the letter.

Just write us for catalogue A

The Frost & Wood Company,
LIMITED,
Smith's Falls, Canada.



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Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all Insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill **1,000,000 bugs.** Leaves **no stain, dust, dirt** or **disagreeable smell.** Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drug trade $1 per dozen.)
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New and Second Hand Machines for sale or rent. Special attention given mail orders. Write or call.

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367 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

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of Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba, in 3 different sizes. Prices and descriptions on application. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

WANTED—Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; Work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses, $4 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

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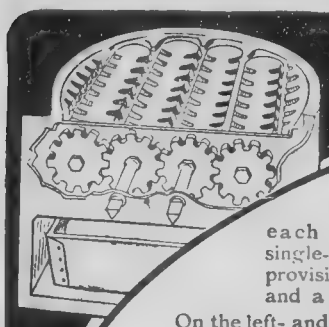

Sunshine grates have maximum strength

Sunshine Furnace has four triangular grate bars, each having three distinct sides. In the single-piece and two-piece grate no such-like provision is made for expansion or contraction, and a waste of coal always follows a shaking.

On the left- and right-hand sides are cotter pins, which when loosened permit the grates to slide out. These four grate bars are made of heavy cast iron, and are finished up with bulldog teeth. The teeth will grind up the toughest clinker; and

SUNSHINE *furnace*

because the grates are made in sections, not only can nothing but dust and ashes pass through, but after each shaking a different side can be presented to the fire. Also, with the Sunshine grate there is no back-breaking movements attached to the shaking. By gently rocking the lever, first on the left and then on the right, the ashes are released on both sides, and fall through into the pan.

McClary's

"The Unexpected Always Happens"

A hackneyed phrase—but with a deal of truth in it. It is to guard against the unexpected that the prudent man takes Life Insurance.

Here is a case in point. A large farmer in Alberta, wealthy in land and prospects, but heavily indebted to the Bank for cash to carry out his wide enterprises, was approached by The Great-West Life Assurance Company concerning Insurance. For some time he refused an application. Like so many farmers he preferred to put all his available money into the farm. Like many—not farmers alone—he counted on future profits and took no account of the "unexpected."

However, after careful scrutiny of the Policy offered, he applied for a large amount.

Three days after the Policy was issued, the insured caught a chill, developed pneumonia, and within a week was dead. The widow has received full settlement of the claim—and is thus enabled to pay off the debt to the bank, hire a manager and continue the enterprises on hand.

The incident carries a double lesson. TAKE INSURANCE WITHOUT DELAY—AND INSURE IN

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Head Office, Winnipeg.

Lowest rates—highest profits. Information on request.

Nothing purer or better made than

Cowan's

Milk Chocolate Sticks, Medallions, Croquettes, Cream Bars, etc. Have you tried Maple Buds?

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO

The Home Doctor.

Have You a Headache?

Take the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame; hold the bulb under your tongue; wait one minute. Now look. It is 98 degrees. That tells you how warm your blood is. Now hold it against your foot. Don't be in a hurry; give it a chance to feel the exact state. Down it goes to 65 degrees. That tells you how warm your feet are,—33 degrees between your tongue and your feet.

Don't you know that equable circulation means good health, and the loss of it means bad health? Let us see. You have a headache. Your head is hot; it throbs. Your feet are icicles. Now put your feet in a pail of hot water. In six minutes you say, "Oh mother, how good I feel! That rush in my head is all gone!" You have headache about half the time? No? Well, then, pain in your side? No? Well, I venture that every day you have some bad feeling about the head and neck or chest or back? Now let me tell you something. It is very rare that a hot foot-bath will not remove all these bad feelings for the time being. What does this mean? Why, it means that there is too much blood in the head or neck or shoulders or back, and that there is a lack of it in the feet and legs. A hot foot-bath draws the blood down below, and takes the excess of blood from the upper parts. That's exactly the philosophy of it. Of course the hot foot-bath is a bad thing, but it serves to illustrate the law.

A Secret.

Now let me whisper in your ear. I will tell you a secret. If, during the damp and cold season, you will wear one or two pairs of thick flannels on your legs, and very thick woolen stockings, and strong, broad-soled shoes, and a sensible dress, you will have all the time that good flow of blood that the hot foot-bath gave you for the time being. This will keep the blood from crowding into the head and upper parts of the body, and will prevent those uncomfortable feelings.

What I have been saying about the legs is true of the arms. The extremities, both upper and lower, will, in our climate, during the damp and cold season, be sure to get cold, and thus the balance in the circulation is lost. Then comes fulness in some organ, or in the head or neck, with heat or pain, or some other uncomfortable feeling. This can all be prevented by keeping the blood flowing equably in all parts. In this climate we must depend upon clothing. Friction is good, exercise is good; but the main dependence is clothing. So you must, for eight months of the year at least, dress your legs and feet and arms with very thick woolen garments.

Just think how women dress. About the chest, the warmest part of the body, they put one, two, three, four thicknesses; then comes a shawl, and then thick-padded furs; while their legs, with one thickness of cotton, go paddling along under a balloon. They go to the family physician, and say, "O doctor, my head goes bumpity-bump. Doctor, it seems as if all the blood of my body is in my head and chest."

"Well, madam, how about your legs and feet?"

"O doctor, they are like chunks of ice."

"Ah, madam, if you ligature your body so that the blood can't get down into your legs and feet, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the body somewhere; and if it can't go down into the legs and feet, it, of course, goes into your head and chest."

Girls, most of you wear too much clothing about your shoulders, chest, back, and hips; but there is a sad lack of it about your legs, feet and arms.

Cure of Stammering.

Many years ago a famous professor came to our town, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate stammerer, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases—ladies; and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away elated, raised the hundred dollars, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without hesitation.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to turn on my sharpest wits and wait upon the magician.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I would. Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased. And now I propose to give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated, the cure has been complete.

The secret is this: the stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. He begins by reading one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the fore-finger or by moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering can continue long if the victim will read an hour every day, with thorough practice of this art, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousands have paid fifty and a hundred dollars for this secret, I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world.

Health Notes.

Red fruits are richest in iron and good for the blood.

Hot water is the best thing for a bruise or a sprain.

To make eyebrows heavy and glossy use a lotion of equal parts of glycerine and rose water.

A soft chamois or felt shield for corns and bunions affords immense relief.

Eat prunes and figs without stint if you wish to avoid taking salts and senna.

Everyone should drink at least two quarts of water each day.

Our bodies are to a large extent moulded and fashioned by our thoughts.

If you suffer from indigestion take a teaspoonful of pure glycerine in a little water after each meal for two or three weeks and be careful what you eat.

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar

Boys and Girls.

The Careful Messenger.

A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

A pound of tea at one-and-three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There, in the hay, the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of—er—new-laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

There's Teddy White flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to make it fly up sky high,
And then—but there——

A pound of three, and one at tea,
A pot of new-laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.

Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run my orders through again;
I haven't forgot; no, ne'er a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

A pound of three, and one at tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new-laid jam.

The Three Golden Heads.

Very long ago there was a king who was much loved by his subjects, and for long all went very well with him; but one day his queen, whom he dearly loved, died, leaving behind her an only daughter, a very lovely maiden of about fifteen.

After a time the king made up his mind to marry again, and chose as his wife a very rich widow, who had likewise an only daughter. Now the second wife was old, ugly, hooknosed, and humpbacked, and it was only to get her money that the king married her. Moreover, her daughter was also ugly, and also envied and ill-natured—in fact, very much like her mother.

The new queen and her ugly daughter had not been long in the palace before they began plotting against the king's daughter, telling him all kinds of tales about her, which he was foolish enough to believe. So in time the poor princess could bear to live at her father's court no longer, and one day asked the king, with tears in her eyes, to give her something to take with her and let her go and seek her fortune.

The king consented, and bade the queen give her some money—as much as she thought needful—and let her go. The queen, however, only gave her a bag of brown bread and hard cheese, with a bottle of water, and no money, these the maiden took, and thanking her stepmother, set out on her journey. She went through woods and valleys, till at length she saw an old man sitting on a stone at the mouth of the cave, who said—

"Good day, fair maiden, where are you going so fast?"

"Aged father," said she, "I am going to seek my fortune." "What have you in your bag and bottle?" "In my bag I have got bread and cheese, and in my bottle clear water," said she. "Will you have some?"

"Yes," said the old man, "with all my heart." With that the maiden pulled out the bread and cheese and water and bade him eat and welcome. He did so, thanked her heartily, and said:—"You will soon come to a thick, thorny hedge, which will look as if there were no way of getting through it. But take this wand in your hand, strike three times, and say—"Pray, hedge, let me come through," and it will open at once and let you through. Then a little further on you will find a well; sit down on the edge of it and there will come up three golden heads, which will speak. Do whatever they ask you."

Promising to do just what he had told her, the maiden took leave of the old man, and presently reached the hedge. She did as he had said, and the hedge opened and let her through.

Then a little further on, she came to the well, and had no sooner sat down on its edge than a golden head came up singing:

"Wash me and comb me,
And lay me down softly,
And lay me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When some one comes by."

"So I will," said she, and she combed the head with a silver comb and put it upon a primrose bank to dry.

Then came a second head, and then a third, and each asked her to comb them and lay them down softly, which she did. She then took out her bread and cheese and water and ate her dinner.

Presently she heard the heads talking together and saying—"What shall we do for this maiden who has treated us so kindly?" And the first said—"I will make her so beautiful that she will charm the most powerful prince in the world"; and the second one said—"I will make her to smell so sweetly that she will be far sweeter than the sweetest flowers"; and the third said—"My gift shall not be the least, for, as she is a king's daughter, I'll make her so fortunate that she shall be queen to the greatest prince in the world."

Then the three golden heads asked to be again let down into the well, which the maiden did, and then went on her way.

She had not gone far before she saw a king hunting in a park with his nobles, and would have gone another way, but the king caught sight of her, went up to her, and seeing her great beauty and smelling the sweet scent about her, fell so much in love with her that he asked her to marry him at once, and took her to his palace.

After a time he found out that his bride was the King of Glouchester's daughter, so he ordered some chariots to be got ready and set out to pay the king a visit.

When the king saw his daughter drive up with her husband in a very fine chariot adorned with gold and precious stones, he was at first amazed, but afterwards very much glad; as for the court, they all rejoiced to see their beautiful princess again and so happily married—all except the old queen and her club-footed daughter, who were ready to die with envy. There were great feastings and dancings held at court, which lasted for many days, and at length the princess returned home with her husband and a rich dowry that her father had given her.

The deformed daughter now thought that she would go and seek her fortune, so her mother got ready for her some rich clothes, quantities of sweetmeats, sugar and almonds, and a large bottle of choice wine. Then she set out on the same road as her half-sister had taken, and when she came near the cave there was the same old man, who said—"Young woman, where are you going so fast?"

"What is that to you?" said she. "Then," said he, "What have you in your bag and bottle?" Good things," she answered, "but they are not for you." "Wont you give me a little bit?" asked her. "No, not a bit, nor a little drop, unless it would choke

"I'm Seeing Harry Lauder All Over Again"

delightedly exclaimed a gentleman when he heard the Victor Gram-o-phone reproduce Harry Lauder's "Wearing Kilts."

So faithful is the reproduction—so true the accent and inflection of the voice—that you can almost SEE Harry Lauder before you as these Records are played.

These are seven New Lauder Records

10 inch—75c. Each

X 52310—The Saftest Of The Family
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and there are eight more. Send for the list.

Have you our latest catalogue? Sent free on request. Over 3,000 Records listed.

THE BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO.
of Canada Limited, - - - Montreal.
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Columbia, Victor, Edison, Berliner Gramophones, simple spring motors, not electric; a child can operate them. We sell all makes. Home Concerts and Dances always available. Every record in stock (16,000). All Columbia Disc records, now double sided, 10 inch, 85c. Columbia Indestructible cylinder records (won't break), 45c. Pianos, Organs, Musical Instruments. Cash or easy monthly payments. Fall payments can be arranged. Our special phonograph outfit $24.75 including 12 records. Pay $5 down and $1 monthly. No more dull evenings. Expert repairs. Interesting booklet free. Biggest, Best and Busiest Music House.

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SHOE POLISH
BRIGHT AND INSTANTANEOUS

One application—two rubs—and your shoes are shined for three days. "2 in 1" softens the leather—keeps out moisture—won't stain the clothes—and emancipates you from bottles, mops, brushes and hard work. No substitute even half as good.

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you." The old man frowned and said: "Evil fortune attend you."

Going on, the ugly daughter presently came to the hedge, in which, however, she saw a gap through which she hoped to pass; but when she tried to do so the hedge suddenly closed up, and the thorns all ran into her, so that she could hardly get away, and she was badly scratched and bleeding. So she looked about for some water to wash herself, and she caught sight of the well. She sat down on the edge of it, and one of the golden heads came up and said—

"Wash me and comb me,
And lay me down softly,
And lay me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When some one comes by."

But she banged it with her bottle of wine, saying—"Take that for your washing!" When the second and third heads came up they were no better treated than the first; so they consulted one another how they should punish the ugly daughter for her ill-usage of them.

And the first said—"Let her be stricken with leprosy in her face;" and the second said—"Let her smell like fennel;" and the third gave her a husband, but not a prince, but only a poor cobbler.

Then the ugly daughter went on until she came to a town, and, it being a market day, there were so many people about who looked at her, and seeing such an ugly face, fled from her, all but a poor cobbler, who went up to her and asked her who she was.

"I am the King of Glouchester's daughter," said she. "Well," said he, "if I cure you of the leprosy in your face and take away the smell of fennel that clings to you, will you have me as a husband?"

"Yes," said she, "with all my heart."

With that the old cobbler put some ointment on her face that an old hermit had given him, and gave her something to take away the smell of fennel, and in a few weeks her face was well again, and she no longer smelt of fennel. She married the cobbler, and a few days afterwards set out for the Court of Glouchester.

When the old queen saw her daughter had married a poor cobbler she was too angry to speak; but the king gave the cobbler a hundred pounds to take his ugly step-daughter a very long journey away, where he could never see her. And there they lived many years, the cobbler mending shoes and his wife helping him by spinning and selling what she had spun at country markets.

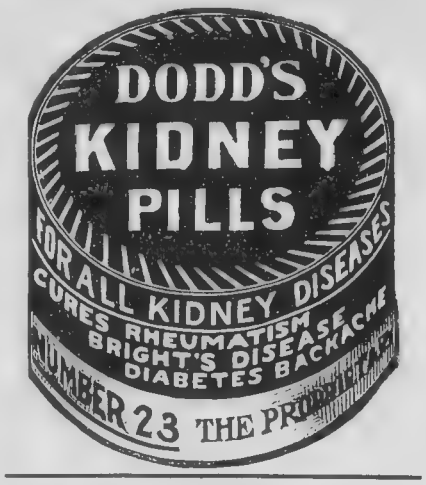
For Church Entertainment.

This affair was given on a lawn of a country place and the attractions were under tents or awnings screened from public gaze. Large posters set forth the contents of the booths, and for a small sum guests were admitted into the following galleries: "Statuary Hall," "Landscape Exhibition," "The Greatest Collection of Miscellaneous Pictures on Earth," "Famous Portraits and Figures."

The catalogue, issued to each person on the payment of a dime, contained the following lists:

STATUARY

1. A Marble Bust — A common marble broken in two.
2. A plaster Cast — A porous plaster laid carelessly on the table.
3. Kids at Rest — Two kid gloves.
4. Bust of Plato—A broken plate and a large letter "O".
5. Bust of Our Next President—A broken plaster bust of indistinguishable features.
6. A Perfect Foot—A twelve-inch rule.
7. Ananias and Sapphira — Two lyres.
8. The Great Solitaire Diamond—The ace of diamonds.
9. Cain and Abel — A cane and a bell.
10. Poor Old Tray — An old tin tray.
11. The Scorcher.—A flatiron.



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Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our booklet and free tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

LAMENESS from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone or similar trouble can be stopped with

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My doctor stated that I must go to the hospital and undergo an operation of scraping the stomach and be fed by the bowels for weeks. All the medicine the doctor gave me I vomited at once. I was dreadfully alarmed, but I dreaded an operation and had refused.

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Mrs. Austin Hainstock.

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12. The Athlete — A common glass tumbler.
13. A Column from Greece—A tallow candle.

LANDSCAPE EXHIBITION.

1. A View of Long Branch — A long branch of a tree.
2. The Early Home of Theodore Roosevelt—A cradle.
3. Down on the Swannee River — Bit of swansdown on the map of Georgia showing river.
4. A Yard of Sweet Peas.—Candy "P's" laid in a row one yard long.
5. A Heaven on Earth.—A mound of earth with "Heaven" written on a card laid on it.
6. View of the Interior of China—Large china pitcher tipped to show inside.
7. A Japanese Landscape.— A Japanese fan with landscape.
8. Out for the Night.—An extinguished candle.
9. Beautiful Spring.—A large steel spring gilded.
10. Prison Scene. — A mouse trap with bit of cheese.
11. An Irish City.—A large cork.
12. A Bad Spell of Weather. — A card with "Wheather" on it.
13. Partial View of a River. — A bowl of water.
14. Ruins in China.—Broken china.

THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS PICTURES.

1. Reflection.—A mirror.
2. Shells of the Ocean.—Clam or oyster shells.
3. The Death of a Camel. — A straw.
4. Saved.—A penny.
5. A Poor Driver.—A screwdriver.
6. Falling Dew. — A promissory note, dated to fall due the date after the entertainment.
7. A Fruit Piece.—A section of orange or apple.
8. A Cause of Tears.—An onion.
9. True to the Core.—A sound red apple.
10. Paradise Lost.—An empty dicebox.
11. Horse Fair.—Oats and hay.
12. The Fancy Ball. — A celluloid ball.
13. Game Piece. — A chessman or checker.
14. True Blue.—A bottle of blueing.
15. Still Life.—A copy of "Life".
16. The Night Watch.— Watch set at midnight.
17. Maine Under Water. — Map of Maine in a plate of water.

FAMOUS PORTRAITS.

1 Queen Victoria. — An English coin or stamp.
2. George Washington.— An American two-cent stamp.
3. Mark Twain. — Two parallel marks on a card.
4. Bill Nye.—A blank bill and the letter "I".
5. Ruskin. — A box containing a tusk.
6. Shelley. — A crab or lobster.
7. Turner. — A tin cake turner.
8. Bacon. — Some bacon strips.
9. Burns.—A bit of cloth full of burned holes.
10. Lo, the Poor Indian. — A heap of Indian meal.
11. Members of the Bar. — A long bar of soap cut in pieces.

FIGURES

1. Sower. — A needle.
2. The Old Colonel. — An old hard grain of corn.
3. Sweet Sixteen. — Sixteen bits of candy.
4. Visions of Old Age. — A pair of spectacles.
5. The Water Carrier. — A pail.
6. Maid of Orleans. — Molasses candy.
7. The Sketcher. — A lead pencil.
8. Rows of Castile. — Several rows of cakes of castile soap.
9. Babes in the Wood. — Two wooden dolls.

A free dish of ice cream was offered to the one who recognized the most of the subjects in each gallery. After they were through, all were requested to go to the "manager's office to have their catalogues examined" and in this way credit was given.

It was a most successful affair, and there were "guides" on the grounds to conduct visitors to the attractions; also "barkers". Of course these individuals turned their tips into the treasury.

The Shoes Which Were Danced to Pieces.

There was once a king who had twelve daughters, every one of them was prettier than her sisters. They slept together in one room, where their beds all stood in a row, and in the evening as soon as they were gone to sleep the king shut the door and bolted it. One morning when he opened the door as usual he perceived that their shoes were danced to pieces, and nobody could tell how it happened.

The king therefore caused it to be proclaimed that whoever could discover where they danced in the night should receive one of them to wife and become king at his death; but whoever should attempt to do it, and after three nights and days fail, must lose his life.

In a short time a prince came and offered himself to undertake the task. He was well received, and at night led to a room which adjoined the bedchamber of the princesses. There he was to watch whither they went, and in order that they might not slip out secretly their room door was left open for him to see. But the prince soon felt drowsy, and when he awoke he found that they had all been dancing as usual, for their shoes stood there with holes in the soles.

The second and third night it happened just the same, and on the morrow the prince lost his head without mercy.

Afterwards came many more and attempted the task, but they all lost their lives.

One day it chanced that a poor soldier came upon the road which led to the city where the king dwelt. There he met an old woman who asked him whither he was going. "I do not know myself, at all," he replied; "but I have an idea of going to the place where the princesses dance their shoes to pieces to find out the mystery, and so become king."

"That is not difficult," said the old woman, "If you do not drink the wine which will be brought to you in the evening, but fain to be asleep." With these words she gave him a cloak, and told him that if he put it on his shoulders he would become invisible, and be able to follow the princessess. He then presented himself to the king as a suitor.

When the evening came he was led to his sleeping room, and the eldest princess soon brought him a cup of wine; but he had fastened a bag under his throat, into which he poured the wine. Then he lay down and began to snore, when the sisters laughed, saying—"He might have spared himself the trouble!"

In a few minutes they arose, opened cupboards, closets and drawers, and pulled out a variety of beautiful clothes, and presently began to dance, but the youngest sister said—"I know not how, but it is as if some misfortune were about to fall upon us!"

"What a goose you are!" cried the eldest sister. "You are always fearing something. Have you forgotten how many have lost their lives? Why, if I had not given this soldier his sleeping draught the simpleton could not even then have kept his eyes open!"

As they were now quite ready, they first looked at the soldier and satisfied themselves all was right, for he kept his eyes shut and did not move; then the eldest sister, knocking on her bed, it sank in the ground, and the princesses followed it, the eldest first. The soldier, having observed everything, put on his invisible cloak and descended with the youngest sister. About the middle of the steps down he trod on her cloak, and

A black brant or a black bear, either is not so hard to bag if you load your gun with *Dominion Ammunition*. The wonderful new *Dominion System* of loading positively proves every single cartridge or shot shell. Each box is *Guaranteed Sure*. Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd., Montreal.

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ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain ditricts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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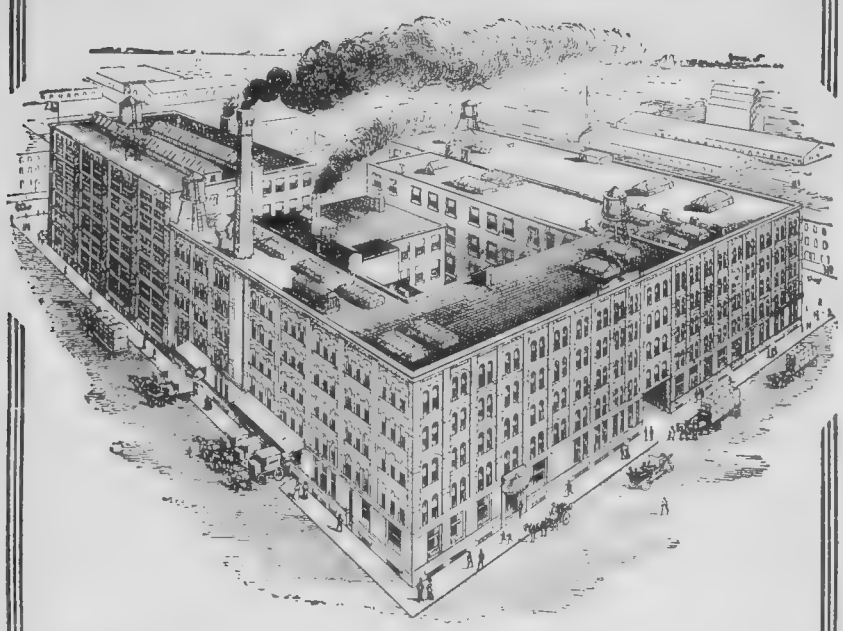

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Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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she exclaimed — "Who is that who holds my cloak?"

"Don't be silly," said the eldest sister; you caught on some nail or other, that is all."

So they went completely down, and at the bottom was a wonderful avenue of trees, whose leaves were all silver, and shone and glittered. The soldier thought he would take one branch for a token, and broke it off, when a tremendous crack sounded as from the tree.

"It is not all right!" cried the youngest; "did you not hear that crack?"

"That is a shot of welcome," said the eldest, "because we have been so lucky."

Then they passed into another avenue where the leaves were of gold, and then into a farther one, where they shone like diamonds. From both he broke off a twig, and each time the youngest princess shrieked with terror, while the eldest declared they were guns of welcome. So they came to a lake on which were twelve little boats, and in each boat a handsome prince, who each took one sister, and the old soldier sat down in the boat where the youngest one was.

"I know not how it is," said the prince, but the boat seems much heavier than usual."

"Perhaps that proceeds from the warmth of the weather," said the princess; "I am myself much more heated than usual."

On the other side of this water stood a noble castle, and one could hear music within. Towards this they rowed, went in, and each prince danced with his own partner, while the soldier danced among them all invisible. The youngest sister again felt very uneasy. They danced till three in the morning, when they had to desist because their shoes were in holes. The princes rowed them back again, but this time the soldier sat with the eldest princess. On the shore they took leave of the princes and promised to return.

When they came to the steps, the soldier ran up first and lay down in bed; and when the sisters came up he snored so loudly that they all cried—"How much safer could we be?" Then they locked up their fine clothes, and, putting their dancing shoes under the bed, they lay down to sleep.

Next morning the soldier said nothing, wishing to see more of this wonderful affair, and so the second and third nights passed like the first, and the soldier, for an additional token, brought away a cup from the ballroom. When the time arrived for him to answer, he first concealed the twigs and cup about him, and then went to the king, while the twelve princesses stood behind the door and listened to all that was said.

"Where have my daughters danced during the night?"

"With twelve princes in the subterranean castle,' he replied; and, relating everything as it occurred, he produced his witnesses, the three twigs and the cup.

The king then summoned his daughters and asked them if the soldier had spoken the truth. They were obliged to confess he had; and the king asked him which he would have for a wife.

"I am no longer young," he replied, "and so it had better be the eldest."

Thereupon the wedding was celebrated the self-same day, and the kingdom came to him at the old king's death.

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly if the patient is to be spared great suffering and permanent injury to the lining membranes of the bowels. The readiest preparation for the purpose is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It can be got at small cost at any drug store or general dealer's, and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

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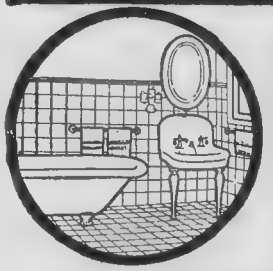

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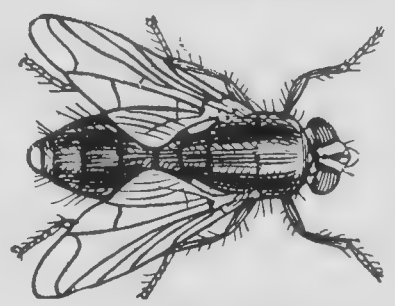

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The Little Ones.

Three Little Girls.

Dolly, Dot, and Dorothy,
With bonnets primly tied,
With father and with mother, now
Are going to take a ride.

Miss Dolly is her father's girl,
And at the end of day,
The hour before the tea-bell rings,
What fun they have at play!

While Dot is grandma's little pet;
She sits and reads and chats,
And hunts for grandma's spectacles,
And makes rag rugs, and mats.

And Dorothy is mother's girl,
And mother's helper, too.
She dusts, and sews, and mends the clothes,
As she sees mother do.

But how can all go out at once?
The carriage holds but four,
And grandmother is going, too,
So that will make one more.

They'll be as crowded as sardines,
For all must go, you see.
Well, I'll explain it now, my dears,
One seat will hold all three!

For Dolly, Dot, and Dorothy
Are all one and the same,
And mother, father, grandmother,
Each has a different name!

Teddy's Princess

There was once a little boy whose mother used to read him stories and the ones he liked the best were about brave knights who rescued beautiful ladies from castles of wicked old magicians.

By and by this little boy began to want to be a knight himself and to play that he really was. Sometimes he borrowed one of his sister's dolls, and made believe she was a princess in distress. The nursery table, turned upside-down, was the enchanted castle, and Joey, the Newfoundland dog, made quite a lively dragon, when he was not the terrible magician himself.

This was delightful; and Teddy spent hours riding his fiery hobby-horse through the dangerous paths leading to the up-turned table, and rescued the lovely lady at least a dozen times a day.

But Teddy's mother thought he stayed indoors too much, so one bright morning in spring she took him out to the garden where Higgs, the gardener, had just pruned a stately rose-bush.

"Teddy," she said, "take this bush for your castle, and what do you think will happen?"

"What will, Mother?" asked the little boy.

"If you guard it well, and keep off enemies, some day a crimson-cheeked princess will look out of a window to thank you," said the mother smiling.

'Oh, oh!" said Teddy; "but, Mother, there aren't any windows in a bush."

"No, dear, and neither will it be a real princesses; but something prettier than Amy's doll will come to the window."

Just then Joey, who had been looking for his playmate, rushed at them, and would have broken the rose-bush had not Teddy driven him off.

"Mind," said Teddy's mother, "if the old magician breaks down the lady's castle, you will never see her!"

"I will guard her," replied Teddy, almost believing himself a real knight by this time.

That night Teddy's father, who had been let into the mystery, brought him a trowel, taught him how to loosen the earth near the roots of the bush, and pointed out some fat green grubs that destroy rose foliage.

"But do not hurt the earthworms," said he, "for they are the lady's own men, who keep her ground in order."

After this Teddy played his game of Knight and Lady a new way. Each morning he mounted his hobby horse, and galloped to the garden, brandishing his trowel as the knights in the story books brandished their swords. When he reached the stately green bush he dug with a will; and the little roots never had to make their way through hard, caked earth as so many little roots do.

Sometimes he found the big green grubs stealing a breakfast off the leaves, and these he carried away in a little pail; but the useful wriggling earth worms he treated with respect. Whenever the big dog came to see what was doing, the young knight waved his trowel-sword valiantly, and chased him away from the castle; and as Joey enjoyed the fun Teddy had to make many a rapid charge against this wicked enemy.

It was all so interesting that he had not much time left for watching the windows of the castle; and it happended that a bud formed, and grew big, without Teddy's seeing it. One day, however, the bud leaves opened and showed a little gleam of crimson.

"Oh, Mother, Mother, the princess is peeping out!" the knight called excitedly, as he ran into the house; "I think that by tomorrow morning she will put her head right out of her castle window!"

And sure enough, the next day, as he came galloping towards the castle, he saw a most lovely crimson rose nodding to him, as if to thank him for having taken such care of her.

The Captain.

Jack's father was a captain in the army, so Jack had always lived in an army post, where he saw soldiers all day long. He knew all the bugle-calls, and he loved to go to parade, and when he became a man he wanted to be an officer just like his father. Even now everybody in the post called him "Captain Jack."

Christmas was near, when one clear, cold afternoon Jack started out, his skates slung over his shoulder. At the end of the row of houses where he lived he met his chum, Tommy Drummond, and off they went together to the pond.

It was almost dark when Tommy skated on some thin ice, and went down into the water. He clutched the edge of the ice to hold himself up and shouted: "Jack! Jack! Help! Help!"

Round the edge of the pond Jack ran. "Hold on, Tom; I'm coming," he called. Then he pushed a hockey stick towards Tom and, bracing himself against a tree, called, "Pull Tom; I'll try to drag you out."

Jack pulled with all his strength, and at last Tommy managed to get up on the ice, and then on the bank. As Jack gave a final pull his foot caught on a root of the tree, and became so wedged in he couldn't move. He gave one great wrench and was free, but something was the matter with his foot which hurt him terribly.

"Take my coat, Tom, I'm warm; but I can't move. I think I've hurt my foot; we'll have to stick it out until some one comes to look for us."

"I can't do a thing, Jack, I'm so stiff; but you've saved my life and I'll give you my best knife when we get home," chattered Tommy, and then fainted from the fright and shock.

Jack crawled over Tommy and managed to cover him with the coat, then sat down and waited for the help which he knew would come.

At last came lights, shining through the bushes, and voices, and "Here they are!" shouted a strong, clear voice. Then Tommy's father and Jack's father and some other men came running toward the boys.

Jack cried. He owned it with shame, when the foot was almost well and he was sitting up in bed on Christmas morning, telling his mother all about it. "You see, I was so afraid Tommy would die," he said.

"My dear little son," said his mother, "you were a brave soldier, and you saved a life. I am proud of you."

Dress Economy

Simpson-Eddystone calico prints are fine long-wearing cotton goods. The patterns are stylish and beautiful, and the colors are absolutely fast. Some designs in a new silk finish. They solve the problem of stylish dressing at little cost.

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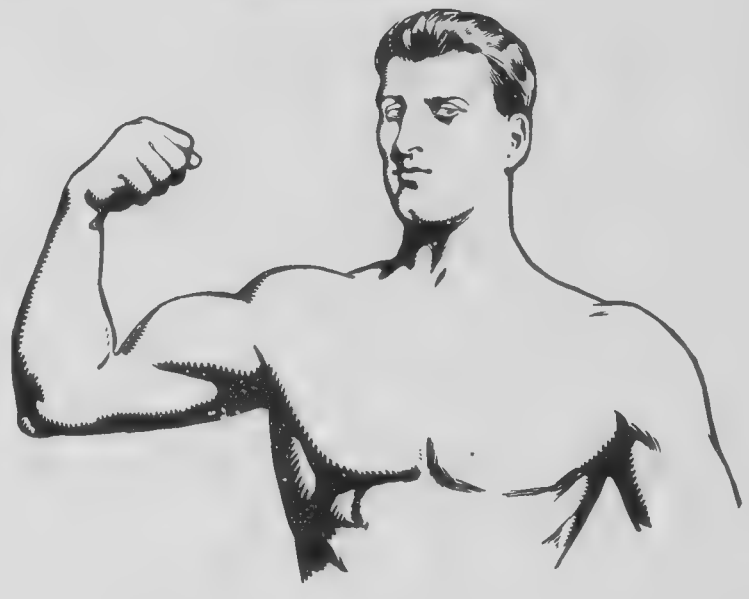
Manly Strength.

How to Regain it Without Cost Until Cured.



Manly strength—strength of brain and body, is nature's highest perfected work. With it man is success; without it failure. Nearly all men have been fitted with a constitution to build such a structure upon, but through overdoing it have wasted the material nature gave them. Men live too fast these days. The search for imaginary pleasures, trying to squeeze the happiness of a lifetime into a few years, exhaust the strength, and they are wrecked in man's grandest ambition—robust strength of brain and body. There are thousands of these weak, timid, puny men—half men—who can be made perfect specimens of manhood when the grand element that has been drained from their system is restored. This element is Electricity. We know there is no strength, no vitality, in fact, no life, without it. This being the fact, can there be a more natural remedy? I say there is not, and tens of thousands of cures during my forty years' practice in Electricity say the same. I have the greatest invention for self-treatment by Electricity the world has ever known, and so sure am I of what it will do that any responsible man who needs it can have the use of my latest model Herculex

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I don't ask one cent in advance or on deposit, but upon request I furnish you the belt, and if you are well or satisfied in, say two months, pay me my price. If not satisfied return it, and the transaction is closed. To those who prefer to buy outright for cash I give wholesale discount.

What would you not give to have our old vim back, to feel as you did a few years ago; to have the same snap and energy; the same gladsome, joyous, light-hearted spirit and the physical strength you used to have? You might as well have these blessings, for my offer must convince you what I feel I can do for you. I can give you the use of the best Electric Belt the world knows—and you probably know I am the father of the electric appliance system of treatment—and advice gathered from the experience of nearly forty years' success in my line. But this does not mean that I am giving belts away, but does mean you are not to pay one penny until you are cured. By this method I do tenfold the business and good I would were I trying to sell "a pig in a bag.' It pays me and it pays my patients. Of course, imitators imitate my goods [what good thing is not imitated?], but my great knowledge, gained from long, successful experience, is mine alone and free to my patients.

This offer is especially to men who want more strength and vitality, who suffer from Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc.; but my belt also cures Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, General Ill-Health, etc., and I give it on same terms. It is simply worn around the body while you sleep; in the morning you wake up full of strength and vim, prepared to face the world however you find it.

Call or write to-day and let me assist you to health and happiness, as I have so many thousand others. I will at once arrange to give you my belt on terms mentioned above, and two best little books ever written upon Electricity and its medical uses. Free, sealed, by mail. Address,

DR. W. A. SANDEN,

140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

OFFICE HOURS: 9 TO 6; SATURDAYS UNTIL 9 P.M.

Dineen Building—Entrance No. 6 Temperance St.

STOP DARNING

Wife or mother need spend no more hours of eye straining, nerve-exhausting labor, darning for the family. She can end it all by simply buying

NEVERDARN

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

6 Pairs for $2.00

As the washing machine banished the wash board, and the sewing machine lightened the labors of the seamstress, so NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery will do away with the drudgery of the darning needle and the mending yarn.

You see NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery is not the kind of hosiery you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn and is

Guaranteed Holeproof for 6 Months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

We use specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian lisle yarn. Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery. This hosiery is made to wear—extraordinarily durable, but not heavy—the **heels and toes** are **doubly reinforced,** made to resist wear where the wear comes.

Holeproof Hosiery is dyed by an **entirely new process.**

Dyeing hosiery in the ordinary way weakens the fabric, making it harsh and stiff, and, in a great many cases, positively unclean as the dye rubs off discoloring the feet.

Our new process makes the Holeproof fabric as clean, soft and strong as undyed hosiery. The colors of Holeproof are absolutely fast.

You do not know what real foot comfort is until you have worn Holeproof Hosiery—it is so soft and easy on the feet.

Holeproof Hosiery is the most cleanly and sanitary hosiery in existence and costs you no more than the ordinary kind.

You buy them **6 pairs $2.00,** with the following guarantee in each box:

Read this Guarantee — **If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.**

No red tape—simply detach coupon from "guarantee" enclosed in every box, and forward with damaged hosiery direct to us.

State size, and whether black or tan. Only one size in each box of six pairs. Send in your order to-day, if your dealer cannot supply you send us money order or bills for $2.00, and start enjoying Holeproof comforts right away. Do it now.

We also make Boys' and Girls' stockings in same quality.
Box containing 3 pair, $1.00.
Guaranteed for three months.

It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good.

THE CHIPMAN HOLTON NEVERDARN Holeproof HOSIERY 6 PAIR GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS REGISTERED

Chipman Holton Knitting Co. Limited

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1008

Let the Children Kodak

Enrich the home life with pictures of them and by them. There are opportunities at every moment of their busy little lives—They pose for you a hundred times a day and do it the more gracefully in that they do not know it—In every movement from "Good morning Papa" to "Now I lay me" they invite the camerist and turn about is fair play—Let the children kodak—The mystery of photography apeals to them and with a simple little Brownie they soon learn to make good pictures.

There's no dark room in photography by the Kodak system—Every step has been so simplified that the merest beginner can now make good pictures from the start—KODAK means photography with the bother left out.

KODAKS $5.00 to $100 Brownie Cameras (they work like kodaks) $1.00 to $12.00.

Write for our illustrated catalogue, IT'S FREE.

ROBT STRAIN & CO.,

Eastman's Kodaks and Supplies. 276 Smith Street.

WINNIPEG.

"But—" A knock came at the door.

"Please ma'am the colonel's orderly wants to see you——"

"Very well, I'm coming."

Mother came back up-stairs, looking happy and excited, and carried a little package tied with gay ribbons.

"Something for you from the colonel. What do you suppose it is?" she asked.

With fingers trembling with excitement Jack untied the ribbon and found a blue velvet box, and inside that box, on a white cushion, lay a small silver watch. On top of the watch was a card, which read:

To gallant Captain Jack in recognition of his distinguished service.
From Tom's Father.

And inside of the watch was engraved:

For promptness in saving life.

"Oh, mother! It's a real watch; all my own, from father's colonel."

Just then they heard someone calling: "Jack—look out of the window!"

Jack leaned forward and looked out. There in the road stood his father, and beside his father stood the most beautiful black pony Jack had ever seen—a pony such as Jack had sighed for, but never expected to own even in his dreams.

Jack was too astonished, too happy, to say one word; he could only wave his hand frantically to his father, and then turn and hug his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going to be a better Captain than ever after this."

The Birdland Morning News

SUN AROSE AT FOUR THIRTY-ONE!

The symphony concert had just begun.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS:

Partly fair —

So the singers were each one there!

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

PARENTS DISTRESSED!

A mower destroyed Mr. Sparrow's nest!

ROBBERY!

From Mrs. Bobolink

Were stolen three eggs! What do you think?

From big stone house (philanthropic feat)

Were thrown out crumbs for birds to eat!

A FEARFUL SCARE!

Boy climbed a tree.

How many robins were hatched to see!

FOR SALE!

Some wool Mr. Finch can spare. Good to line nests! Also some hair!

To let on shares (at easy terms), A lot — just full of angleworms!

WANTED!

By Mr. and Mrs. Cuckoo,

A nest to hatch an egg or two!

Watch next week's issue ('twont be dry)

For

"HOW SWALLOWS CATCH FOOD AS THEY FLY."

A word from the publishers:—

If they're wise,

ALL BIRDS IN THE "NEWS" WILL ADVERTISE.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

CONSTIPATION

IRREGULARITY OF THE BOWELS

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be at once attended to and corrected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

work on the bowels gently and naturally without weakening the body, but, on the contrary, toning it, and they will if persevered in relieve and cure the worst cases of constipation.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with sick headaches, constipation and catarrh of the stomach. I could get nothing to do me any good until I got a vial of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried. I have no headaches or constipation, and the catarrh of the stomach is entirely gone. I feel like a new woman, thanks to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used in all about half a dozen vials."

Price 25 cents a vial, 5 for $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The qualities that go to make the artist are the qualities that are behind the

Gerhard Heintzman Piano

The individuality of the man is displayed in each instrument. They are "Made by a master."

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PEACH'S TABLE DAMASK

Given away. LACE TABLE CENTRE. Sent FREE with Catalogue of CURTAINS, Muslins, Table Linens, Down Quilts, Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Knockdown Makes for Shipping Ladies' Costumes, Underwear, Shoes, etc., Gents' Clothing, Hosiery, Boots, etc. Direct from the Manufacturing Centre.

MARVELLOUS PARCEL Free Postage.

10 Dinner and Tea Cloths **$6.00** Half-Parcel **1** of each **$3.10**

2 White Damask Table Cloths, 2½ yds. by 2 yds, rich pattern hemmed.
2 White Damask Table Cloths, 60 ins. long, 54 ins. wide, special make, in cotton, having the effect of Linen Damask, hemmed.
2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing.
2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths.
2 Handsome Tray Covers, all Irish hand-embroidered and drawn thread.

Marvellous Value. Try One. Write to-day.

SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms, Box 658 NOTTINGHAM, England.

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" (Trade Mark Reg.)

35c 3 FOR $1.00

THIS FINE IMPORTED FANCY CARVED ANTI-NICOTINE SCOTCH PIPE

Sent prepaid anywhere. Looks and colors like Meerschaum. Absorbs the Nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Money back if not satisfactory. Order 3 Today.

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Get this FREE Book before you build. Tells why fireproof metal material is cheaper from first to last—tells why one kind is the cheapest it's safe to buy. No matter what you mean to erect or repair, indoors or out, send for book. Ask nearest office

PEDLAR People of Oshawa

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

In Lighter Vein.

Tattoo.

Once a mealy-bug sedate—
On a rose bush lingered late,
And her giddy heart was blithe and gay.
For an impudent red spider
Had actually eyed her.
As he jauntily swaggered past that way.

"Will you come and do the rose,
Till the half-past-nine gun goes?
(Oh, this blooming bush is just too jolly slow;)
Around a leaf we'll promenade
Across the glacis and parade,"
Said the gallant litte red-coat, don't you know.

Near a dewdrop there they sat—
In the moonlight, and all that;
And they tried to think which loved the other most;
But the Gardener drew nigh—
There was murder in his eye—
And his insect-gun blew out for them "Last Post."

So the bugle-call will sound,
And the Sergeant go the round,
And "Lights Out" will come when all the tunes are played;
But "Reveille" at the dawn
Will make the sumbering trenches yawn,
When we fall in for "Inspection" on parade.

Just Wanted to Know.

The number of unnecessary interrogation points which are inflicted on the world is appalling. The small boy is not the only one who keeps his cartridge-box full of such ammunition, ready to fire upon the unwary. Jim, the boatman who figures in Mr. Emerson's book, "On English Lagoons," bears testimony to the annoyance of silly questionings. The author was taking a cruise in a wherry, remodeled for habitation, and had laid up for the day by the river-bank near a town. Jim was sitting in the stern of the craft, eating his luncheon, when he received the broadside recorded below.

First a tramp appeared.

"Are you feeding?" he said.

"Yes," answered Jim.

A boy came along.

"I suppose she be on the mud now?" he inquired, eyeing the wherry.

"Yes," said Jim.

Two girls walked up.

"Why don't you go for a sail?" asked one.

"No wind."

"Do you have to have wind to sail your little boat?"

"Yes."

A fat man and his wife drew up.

"Well, ain't that the smallest wherry I ever see?" wheezed the wife.

A youth stopped on the bank.

"You're painted all white, ain't you?"

"Yes," responded Jim.

An old man was the next visitor. Pointing to the smoke from the funnel, he asked:

"You're blowing off steam?"

"Yes."

"You've made a nice little ship?"

"Yes."

"She ain't a big 'un, is she?"

"No."

Another tramp halted near by.

"So you're looking about the country?"

Yes," said Jim.

"It looks very nice the day?"

"Yes."

Next came a portly old man.

"Don't she carry nothin'?"

"No."

"I suppose you lay her up in winter?"

"Sometimes."

"A stupid-looking woman approached.

"Will you take me to Newcastle when you go?"

"I am not going to Newcastle."

"Oh!"

"Well, exclaimed the disgusted Jim to his master, "talk of country bumpkins! I never saw such a lot of greenies in my life! The questions they ask are enough to craze a donkey!"

A Retort That "Floored" the Bishop.

Once, at breakfast at a friend's, Phillips Brooks noticed the diminutive but amusingly-dignified daughter of the house having constant trouble with the large fork that she was vainly trying to handle properly with her tiny fingers. In a spirit of kindness, mingled with mischief, the Bishop said:

"Why don't you give up the fork, my dear, and use your fingers? You know, fingers were made before forks."

Quick as a flash came the crushing retort:

"Mine weren't."

He Found the Boy All Right.

Before President Angell, of the University of Michigan, had attained his present high position, a boy entering college was recommended to his consideration.

"Try to draw the boy out, Professor; criticise him, and tell us what you think," the parents said.

"To facilitate acquaintance the Professor took the boy for a walk. After ten minutes' silence the youth ventured: "Fine day, Professor."

"Yes," with a far-away look.

Ten minutes more, and the young man, squirming uncomfortably, said: "This is a pleasant walk, Professor."

"Yes."

Another silence, and then the young man blurted out that he thought they might have rain.

"Yes," and this time the Professor went on saying, "Young man, we have been walking together for half an hour, and you have said nothing which was not commonplace and stupid."

"Yes," said the boy, his irritation getting the best of his modesty, "and you indorsed every word I said."

Word from the Professor to the parents was to the effect that the boy was all right.

The Unlucky Number.

The judge, who is also a philanthropist in a small but practical way, was visiting the cells in a prison, talking smypathetically with the prisoners, some of whom he had sentenced. His efforts were generally well received, but one man was quite unmoved by his friendliness. He returned curt replies and resolutely refused to expand.

"I'm no criminal," he said at last; "I'm only a victim."

"A victim of what?" the judge inquired, with friendly interest.

"A victim of the number thirteen—that's what I am."

"A victim of the number thirteen!"

"Yes—a judge and twelve jurymen."

That Clever Preacher.

A negro preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de gineral deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollar or quatah falls on a

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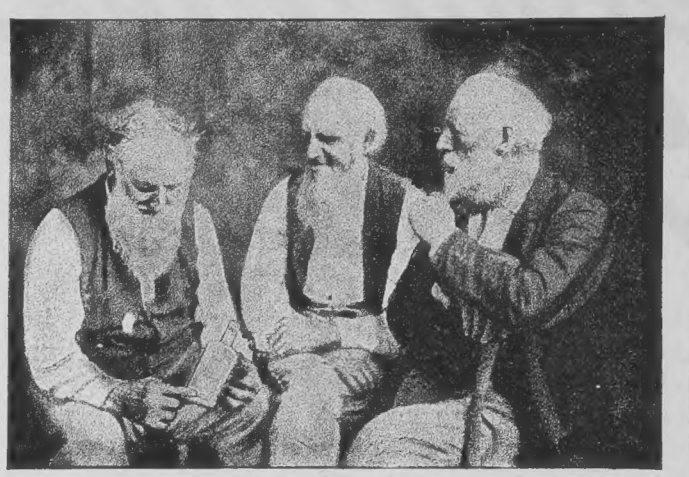
Friends Of a Lifetime



For over 60 years our family physician—it is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Chest or Kidneys, Sore Muscles, Sprains and Strains. It is unrivalled as a preventive and cure for all Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, "Grip" and Pains and Aches of all Kinds.

Also Internally Radway's Ready Relief in Water, for all Bowel Pains and Disorders.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Send for FREE COPY of "HOPE FOR THE SICK, a list of the principal ailments of mankind—with directions for their treatment, to

RADWAY & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

Has Taken No Medicine Since Using Oxydonor

Hamilton, Ont., April 21, 1908

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.

Dear Sirs,

Oxydonor has done so much for me I would not part with it on any account. It will be two years in June that I received it, and I have not taken any medicine since. I used to be taking something or other all the time, and doctored for years for Sciatica, Neuralgia, Stomach and Heart Trouble, my case being of over thirty years' standing. I am happy to say I am very much improved.

Oxydonor certainly is marvellous. It has done more for me than I ever expected. I am much stronger, thanks to the invention of such a grand and most valuable instrument.

Yours truly, a true friend of Oxydonor,

MRS. I CARMICHAEL.

243 Barton Street.

Hercules Sanche

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Oxydonor is a little instrument, invented by Doctor Sanche, that has the power of creating in the human body a strong affinity for Oxygen. When Oxydonor is applied the body absorbs Oxygen freely from the air.

Oxygen is Nature's great purifier and life-giver and this surplus in blood and tissues immediately attacks whatever disease may exist, and so long as no vital organ is destroyed, it quickly restores health and vigor.

Write at once for our free illustrated booklet that tells about the Oxydonor and its wonderful cures.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 356 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal, Que.

MOTT'S DIAMOND CHOCOLATE.
JOHN P. MOTT & Co
HALIFAX. N.S. CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1844

¼ lb. makes 1 qt. of delicious Chocolate

JOHN P. MOTT & CO., HALIFAX, CANADA.

Better. Healthier Women

are known to exist in this country by thousands because freed from pain and suffering by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Could such a record be made without actual and superior merit? Read what this woman says, and realize that the results secured in her case could not have been made except by a very good medicine.

Winnipeg, Man.—"Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth in the uterus. The doctors said it was a tumor, and could not be removed, as it would cause instant death. They found that other organs were affected and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in. After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. Orilla Bradley, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Science in surgery and electricity has advanced much in the past 30 years, but the treatment of disease by the old fashioned roots and herbs method has never been improved upon. The fact that this leader of them all—**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**—is to-day the largest seller of any similar medicine in the world, is proof positive of its value and superiority, for with all our enterprise and advertising we could not keep fooling the people for 30 years. Merit and merit alone is what has made Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the standard medicine for treating diseases peculiar to women.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

It's the Crimp!

That's the part that counts in a Washboard.

And the Crimp that insures Easy Washing and Few Destroyed Linens is the Right Crimp.

And you'll find the Right Crimp in

EDDY'S "2 in 1" "3 in 1" WASHBOARDS

Three Different Crimps in One Board means the Minimum of Wear and Tear on Clothes.

PERSIST IN GETTING EDDY'S!

red plush cushion without noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation, an' a button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiahl off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'oceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."

His Specialty.

Young Foley looked so downcast that the marketman asked why he carried such a long face.

"Fired," returned Foley, concisely.

"Fired?" repeated the marketman. "Give you any reason for doing it?"

"Yep," Foley said, with the air of a martyr. "The boss said he was losing money on the things I was making."

"Is that so? What were you making?"

"Mistakes."

Very Religious.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, discussing a rather finicky attack that had been made on certain recent statements, smiled and said: "But who and what is blameless? It is like the case of the Scottish hen. An old Scottish woman wished to sell her hen to a neighbor. 'But tell me,' the neighbor said, 'is she a'thegither a guid bird? Has she got nae fauts, nae fauts at all?' 'Awell, Margot,' the other woman admitted, 'she has got one fault. She will lay on the Sawbath.'"

Something Lacking.

An Englishman and a Scotsman chanced to meet at a football match, the Englishman, contrary to tradition, possessing the "bottle." A few minutes after the game had started a good run was made by one of the visiting forwards.

"Good run," said the Scotsman.

"Fine," said the Englishman, and applied his lips to the bottle, ignoring Sandy's thirsty glances.

Later on a goal was scored.

"Fine goal," said Sandy.

"Grand," said the Englishman, taking another draught, but still not offering it to his neighbor.

"I presume you're a bit of a fitba' player yoursel'!" said Sandy.

"I am," was the proud reply.

"I thocht so," said Sandy. "You're a grand dribbler, but you're no guid at passing."

He Was Willing to Oblige.

A young North Carolina girl is charming, but, like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a very serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing-party last week, and she wore a brand-new white frock. During the evening a great, big, red-faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well-meaning but moist hands despairingly, and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then said, with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but, if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.

And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

For Father.

The four-year old customer came up to the notion counter with brazen confidence. "Please, ma'am," he asked, "can I have a pipe for father?" But the storekeeper, says a writer in Punch, was experienced in such dealings.

"What does father want it for?" she asked.

"Blowing soap-bubbles," said the customer.

Great Success Whatever it Was.

A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch.

"Where hae you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister.

"Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was it was a most extraordinary success."

Proving His Case.

"Are you aware, sir, what you are doing?"

The stout, florid-faced man in the restaurant, who was about to help himself to a generous portion of mince pie, looked up in astonishment at the nervous, thin, little individual opposite.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I have been watching you," said the nervous man, "eating your dinner, and impelled as I am by a love of humanity, I cannot see you leave this table without a protest at the diet which you are killing yourself with. First, you had fish chowder. No protein but slight hydrocarbonates. Then you had corned beef and cabbage, containing fully eighty per cent. of deleterious matter. Then you had pie, with a mountain of sugar. Are you aware, sir, that this can only be digested by the duodenum? Think of it! You'll be a wreck in a few years."

The stout man he addressed gazed at him compassionately for a moment.

"You don't look as if your diet was doing you much good," he said, quietly.

"That, sir," replied the thin man, "is no argument at all. You were healthy to start with, and I wasn't. You'll go to pieces in a short time, and I'll live to be an old man because I know the percentage of fruit salts the human system can stand."

"You'll live for years beyond your allotted time, will you?" said the stout man.

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Then," said the stout man as he rose and paid his check, "that only bears me out. It only shows what harm can be done to humanity by a fool diet."—Life.

A Good Wage.

An American met his brother who had arrived from Ireland. He had a bad time crossing, and his brother tried to cheer him up. He took him along the front of the river, and paused beside a large dredger at work. As they watched the great buckets going down empty and coming up full of mud, he pointed to the man who was working the lever on the top of the dredger and said: "Do you see that man up there Mike?"

"I do," said Mike.

"Well, now look at that, you see all he's got to do is to pull that lever; and do you know what money he gets a day?"

"I don't!"

"He gets two and a half dollars a day."

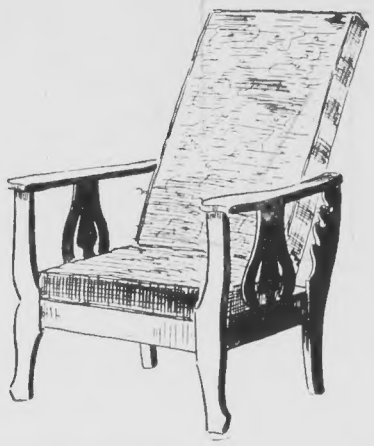
Mike having worked it out into English money, looked aghast, and, expecting further revelations, said, "Good heavens! And what does the poor fellow get that is down below?"

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning.

—Harriet P. Spofford.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and the use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

More Free Premiums for Royal Crown Coupons



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No. 21

Oak Frame, Golden Finish, Cushion covered with velour on one side. A very handsome article, and something that would be appreciated by every person.

Free for 1800 Wrappers.

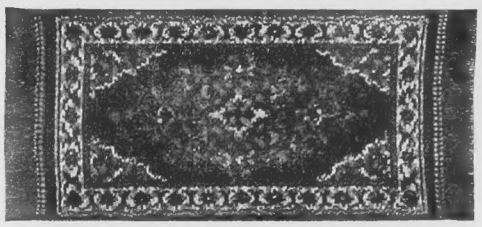
Sent Out at Your Expense for Freight.

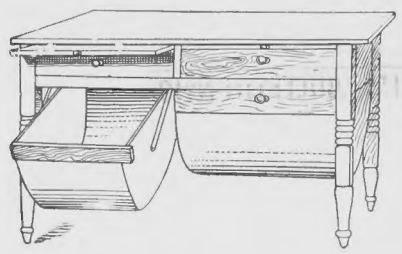
ROYAL CROWN SOAP is the purest and best made. THE PREMIUMS given in exchange for the Coupons are of the highest quality.

BY USING all of our products you can quickly save enough Coupons to get our most valuable and finest premiums.

TECUMSEH SMYRNA RUGS (Reversible)

Made in pretty patterns, animal subjects, orientals and flower designs. Made in 2 sizes. 30in.x60in. is free for 800 wrappers. 18in.x 33in. free for 350 wrappers. Sent out at your expense.





BAKING CABINET

No. 21

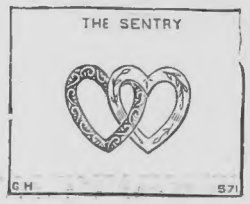
Top 26in.x48in.; two baking boards pull out entirely. The two drawers are roomy and are partitioned for spices, etc. Each of the two bins holds 50lbs. of flour.

Free For 2000 Wrappers.

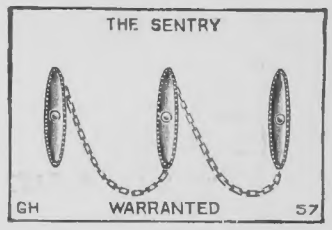
Sent Out at Your Expense for Freight.

JEWELRY

Necklace No. 501
Free for 75 wrappers.



Sterling Silver Lace Pin No. 15906
Free for 125 wrappers.

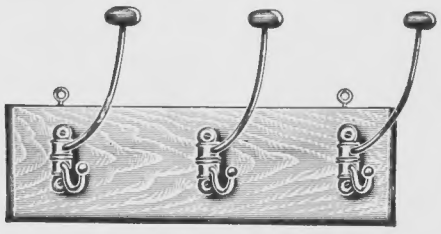


Three Piece Pin Set, No. 543
Free for 40 wrappers.

We have hundreds of other pieces of Jewelry. Send for our Catalogue.

Your Grocer keeps Royal Crown Soap—Ask for it.

Only a few of our premiums are shown here each month. Others are illustrated in our Catalogue.

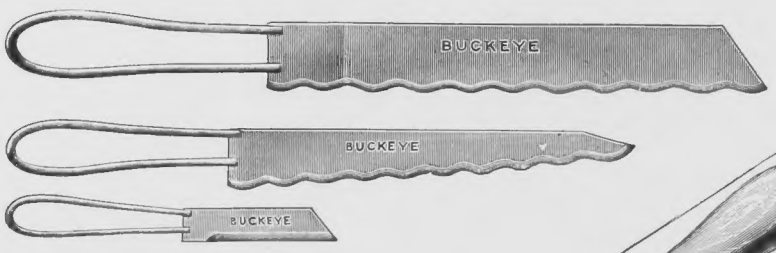


HAT AND COAT RACK

No. 74 (Three Hooks)

Back 17 inches long, 5 inches wide ½in. thick. Hat hook extends 6in' Coat hook 2in. Moveable arms. Oak knobs. Polished Steel, handsomely nickle-plated.

Free for 125 wrappers.
Postage 15c.

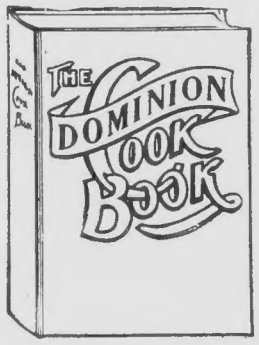


BUCK-EYE SET, No. 76

Consisting of 1 Bread Knife, 1 Carving Knife, 1 Paring Knife. Mailed Free for 100 Wrappers.

Christy Centre Cut Bread Knife

Finest Knife Steel, handsomely finished handles. Choice of pointed or round blade. Without a doubt the best bread knife made. Mailed Free for 175 wrappers.



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A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

Is pre-eminently the best collection of cooking recipes published. 1000 valuable recipes in all departments including Sick Room Cookery.

Mailed Free for 150 Wrappers.

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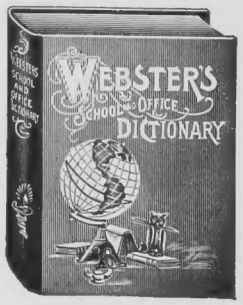
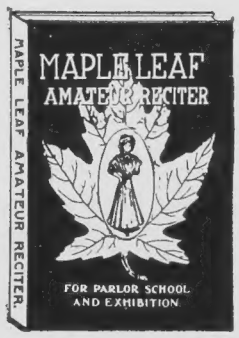
Of the English Language taken from authority of Noah Webster, revised Edition of 1903.

Also a Dictionary of Geographical Names, Foreign Words and Phrases, Business Terms, Musical Terms, Law Tems, etc.

Size 8in. x 6¼in.

Mailed Free for 150 Wrappers.





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The collection contains Witty, Humorous, Pathetic, Tragic and other poems.

Bound in paper.

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